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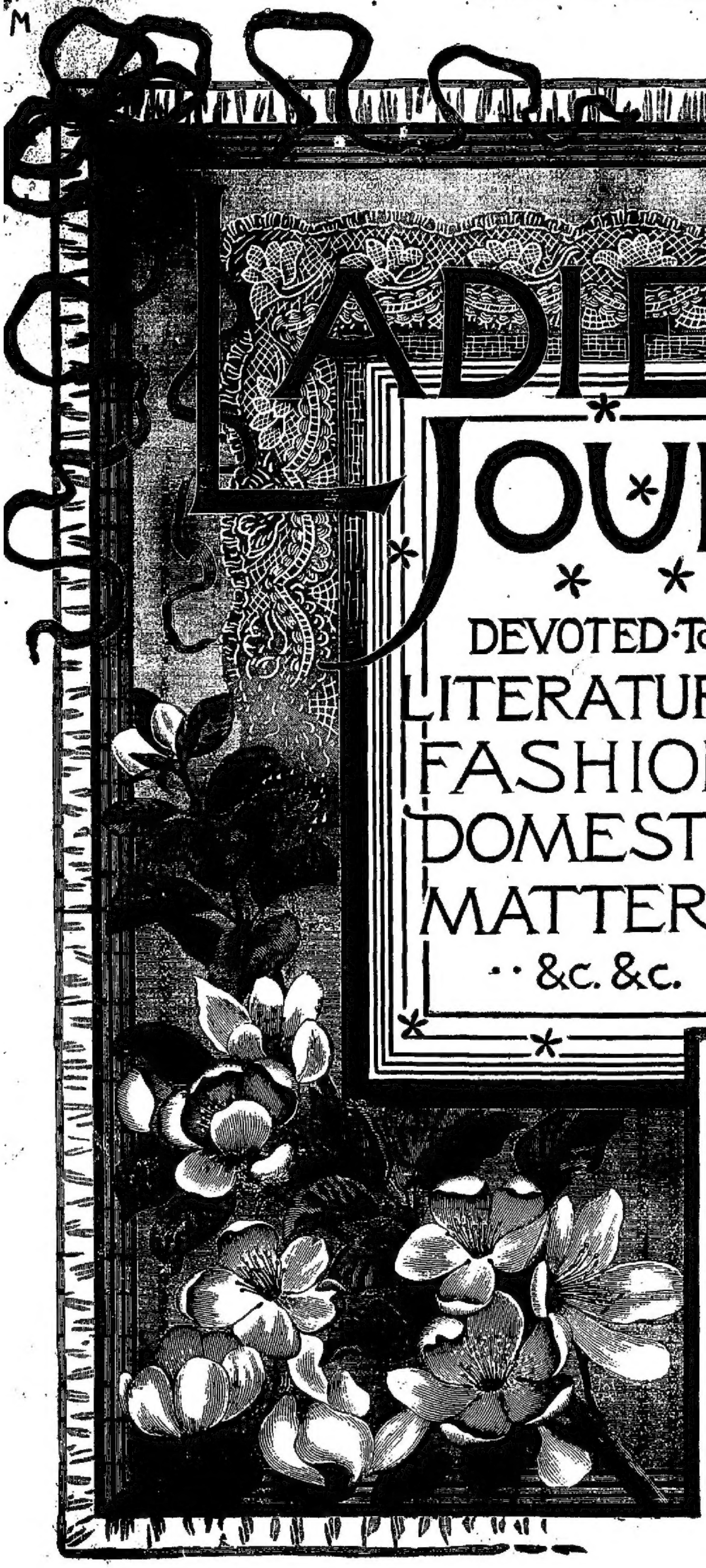

MARCH, 1891.

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WINTER HUMORS

Cold, raw winds of winter fan to fury itching, burning, and scaly humors and diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood. No pen can describe their severity, no language can exaggerate the suffering of those afflicted, especially of little babies, whose tender skins are literally on fire. *Winter is the best time to effect a permanent cure.* **Cuticura Remedies** are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times, are absolutely pure, and agreeable to the most sensitive, and may be used on the youngest infant and most delicate invalid with gratifying and unfailing success. CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most intense itching, burning, and inflammation, permits rest and sleep, heals raw and irritated surfaces, cleanses the scalp of crusts and scales, and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the only medicated toilet soap, is indispensable in cleansing diseased surfaces. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood and skin purifier and greatest of humor remedies, cleanses the blood of all impurities, and thus removes the cause. Hence, the **Cuticura Remedies** cure every humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula, from infancy to age, when the best physicians fail.

"HOW TO CURE DISEASES OF THE SKIN AND BLOOD" mailed free to any address, 64 pages, 300 Diseases, 50 Illustrations, 100 Testimonials. A book of priceless value to every sufferer.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; CUTICURA SOAP, 35c.; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1.50 Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

Pimply Skin, red, rough hands, painful finger-ends and shapeless nails are prevented and cured by **Cuticura Soap**, incomparably the greatest of skin purifiers and beautifiers, while rivalling in delicacy and surpassing in purity the most expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. *The only medicated toilet soap and the only preventive and cure* of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, blackheads, rough, red, and oily skin, and simple humors of infants and children. Sale greater than the combined sale of all other skin soaps. Sold everywhere. Price, 35 cts.

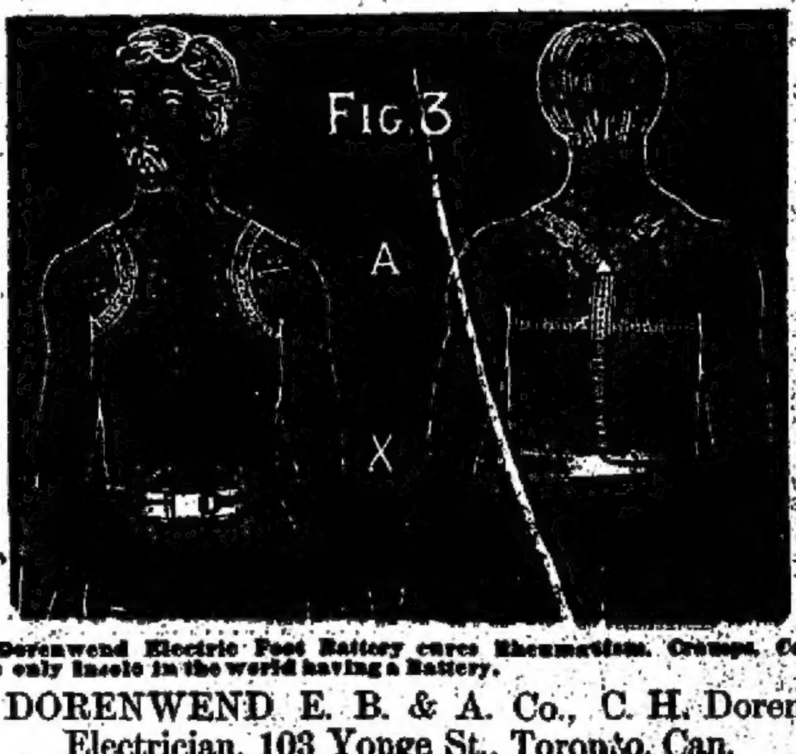
The Dorenwend Electric Belt

Is revolutionizing the application of Electricity for medical purposes. Physicians everywhere recognize its inestimable value, and promise quicker and permanent cures by drug treatment if the Dorenwend Belt is used in conjunction. Why do they advocate the Dorenwend and not others? Simply because in it they find advantages not possessed by any other. It gives a perfect galvanic current, a current that can be increased or decreased at will while the belt is on the body. The attachments are such as convey the current to any part of the body, thus reaching the diseased parts. It is the only Electric body contrivance in the world that is in strict accordance with the laws of electricity. Electricity is nature's remedy for all forms of muscular and nervous diseases. It is the governing principle over all elements, and when applied by the Dorenwend Belt it will cure

Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Weak Back, Gout, Paralysis, Indigestion, Kidney Trouble, Liver Complaint, Heart Disease, Spinal Disease, Nervous Debility, Cramps, Weak Circulation, Lung Trouble, Female Complaints, Varicocele, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, etc., etc.

A few things for the afflicted to think over. Because you have been humbugged by the old fashioned combinations of leather and metal and said to be electric, do not be prejudiced against the Dorenwend Belt. Keep cool, and grant it an examination, and common sense will tell you that there is enough virtue in it to make up a thousandfold for the many disappointments you have met with in others. Always remember that in using the Dorenwend Belt you have the inventions of a competent electrician, and not the "**that is good enough, I think,**" productions of some obscure person. Then, again, in dealing with the Dorenwend Company you deal directly with the originator of the Dorenwend Inventions, and not with some misguided men who tumbled into the Electric Belt Business, thinking they had a gold mine. Better had they left it alone as meddling with what one knows nothing about as a rule turns out disastrous to the meddler. Send name and address and receive book on Common Sense Home Electrical Treatment.

THE DORENWEND BELT



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The Dorenwend Electric Foot Battery cures Rheumatism, Cramps, Cold Feet, etc. The only Insole in the world having a Battery.

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Electricity in Life.

This has almost become an acknowledged fact even by the medical profession. There are many diseases that ordinary treatment could not remove, but which have yielded to electricity in some shape or form. Those who have made this treatment a study and invented batteries, etc., so that every person could administer the mysterious life-giving fluid without the aid of a professional man, are recognised as benefactors. W. T. Baer & Co., of 171 Queen St. west, are now reaping the benefit of their efforts in this direction, as we are told they cannot keep up with the demand for their Belts. If you wish to learn something on this subject that will be beneficial to you, write them for their circulars.

Attention is called to the advertisement of his firm on another page.

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Beware of Imitations.

NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF *Stewart Hartshorn* ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

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THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

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Retail Price only $6.00. Will knit Stockings, Mitts, Scarfs, Leggings, Fancy-work, and everything required in the household from homespun or factory yarn. Simple and easy to operate. Just the machine every family has long wished for. On receipt of $2 I will ship machine, threaded up, with full instructions, by express C. O. D. You can pay the balance, $4, when machine is received. Large commission to agents. Circular and terms free. Safe delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Address

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Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

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Lessons in Phrenology Examinations, Oral or Written. Mrs. Mendon, 237 McCaul Street.

YOUR NAME ...

5¢ For five cents (stamps or silver) to pay postage, etc., I will send you FREE a Royal Package of great value, which leads on to fortune. Arthur Labelle, 126 St. James St., Montreal, P.Q.

1 Scarf Ring, 1 Band ...

ARE YOU HARD OF HEARING OR DEAF?

Call or send stamp for full particulars how to restore your hearing by one who was deaf for thirty years. John Garmore, No. 266 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MUSIC—Send to SUTHERLAND'S MUSIC STORE, 292 Yonge Street, Toronto, for Catalogues of Sheet Music and Music Books. Mention this paper

PENNYROYAL WAFERS.

Prescription of a physician who has had a life long experience in treating female diseases. Is used monthly with perfect success by over 10,000 ladies. Pleasant, safe, effectual. Ladies ask your druggist for Pennyroyal Wafers and take no substitute, or inclose postage for sealed particulars. Sold by all druggists, $1 per box. Address THE EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., Detroit, Mich. For sale and mailed by B. E. McGale, Montreal

SWIM UP STREAM.

IT TAKES VIGOR AND BACK BONE TO GO AGAINST THE TIDE. THE SICK MAN IS SELDOM THE SUCCESSFUL MAN. THE POINT IS: GET WELL AND KEEP WELL. THIS CAN BE DONE; HERE'S A NATURAL WAY: INHALE NATURE'S VITALIZER—OXYGEN. NOT THE AMOUNT WHICH YOU GET IN ORDINARY BREATHING BUT A CONDENSATION OF IT. THIS IS FOUND IN COMPOUND OXYGEN. THIS POWERFUL REMEDIAL AGENT IS NOT ONLY AN INCREASE OVER THE NORMAL SUPPLY, BUT IT IS VITALIZED BY CHARGES OF ELECTRICITY. IT MAKES STRENGTH AND MAINTAINS IT. THE BEST FEATURE OF VITALITY GAINED IN THIS WAY IS THAT IT REMAINS AFTER THE USE OF COMPOUND OXYGEN IS DISCONTINUED.

A BOOK OF 200 PAGES WILL TELL YOU WHO HAVE BEEN RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH BY THE USE OF COMPOUND OXYGEN.

THIS BOOK WILL BE SENT ENTIRELY FREE OF CHARGE TO ANY ONE WHO WILL WRITE TO

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SPRING OF 1891.

At once the largest and most attractive display of Wallpapers we have ever made. Novelties in all lines. An immense selection of Sanitary (washable) papers in beautiful designs, at all prices from 18c. Combined effects for Wall, Frieze and Ceiling. A magnificent stock of Japanese Leathers, Anaglypta Relief, French and English Pressed Papers, Etc. Ingrains in New Shades with handsome Friezes to match.

ELLIOTT & SON, 94 and 96 Bay St., Toronto.

THE LADIES' JOURNAL

VOL. XI. No.2 —NEW SERIES. TORONTO, MARCH. 1891. $1 00 PER YEAR.

FIG. 31. No. 4870.—LADIES' COSTUME. PRICE 35 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 32, 34 inches, 12 yards; 36 inches, 12 1-2 yards; 38 inches, 12 3-4 yards; 40, 42 inches, 13 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 32, 34 inches, 6 yards; 36 inches, 6 1-4 yards; 38 inches, 6 3-8 yards; 40, 42 inches, 6 1-2 yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 6 yards of 42-inch material, 5-8 of a yard of 20-inch velvet, 3 1-2 yards of narrow ribbon velvet, and 2 yards of wide ribbon velvet will be required for the medium size. Cambric for skirt, 5 yards.

FIG. 31.—The very novel and elegant model of a lady's costume, shown in this example and made from Pattern 4870, displays one of the newest fabrics of the coming spring being a pale tan-colored cloth, with moons of velvet richly contrasting with the ground. The top is in the undecorated portion of the "robe," and is made with side pieces like the "tailor"—not the tailor made—jackets, a recent novelty. The sleeves are high, and have the seam on the inside of the arm. The skirt is plain below, folds at top, and gathered at back.

FIG. 32.—No. 4892.—YOUNG LADIES' EVENING DRESS. PRICE 35 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 28 inches, 6 7-8 yards; 30 inches, 7 yards; 32 inches, 7 1-4 yards; 34 inches, 7 3-4 yards; 36 inches, 8 yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 6 1-4 yards of drapery net, 9 yards of 21-inch silk for lining, 3 3-4 yards of lace, and 2 pieces of ribbon will be required for the medium size.

FIG. 32.—This figure displays a young lady's evening dress of great style and effectiveness, having a pointed bodice, with six rows of shirring below full folds, which are richly gathered at the top, which is somewhat low cut. The sleeves consist of a very high puff above shirring and a ruffle. The skirt is gathered all round, and is trimmed at its foot with a pleating above a flounce, and the richness of this beautiful model is added to by a deep festooning below bows and streamers of broad ribbon. At the top of the waist this ribbon is arranged in at jacket effect. The elegance of this model, which is made from Pattern 4892, cannot be exceeded. The material is muslin, adorned with moons, as this decoration is called. Figured silk is equally pretty, however.

Pointing To The Road.

Though my early home was very plain and my father and mother were plain people they lived close up to God, and nobody ever doubted where they went when they died. Oh, I had a glorious starting, and when I think of the opportunities I have had for usefulness, I am amazed that I have done so little! It is with no feeling of can't that I express it, but with deep and unfeigned emotion before God. Oh, it is a tremendous thing to stand in a pulpit, or write in such a paper as this Journal and know that a great many people will be influenced by what you say or write concerning God, or the soul, or the great future!

Suppose a man asks of you the direction to a certain place, and you, through carelessness, thoughtlessly tell him the way, and you hear after awhile that he got lost on the mountains, and went over the rocks and perished. "Oh," you will say, "I will never forgive myself that I didn't take more time with that man! It was my fault. If I had given him the right direction he would have gone the right way." And, oh, the greater responsibility of standing in a pulpit, or sitting in an editorial chair, and telling people which is the road to Heaven! Alas, if we tell them wrong! The temptation is so mighty in this day to smooth down the truth, and hush up the alarms of the Gospel, and pat men on the shoulder, and sing them on down toward the last plunge, and tell them they are all right. Or, as the poet has put it—

"Smooth down the stubborn text to ears polite,
And snugly keep damnation out of sight."

A man of sense and education should mee a suitable companion in a wife. It is a miserable thing when the conversation can only be such as whether the mutton should be coiled or roasted, and probably a dispute about it.

Her Mad Lover.

The Parisians are being treated to another sensational trial. A young Russian, named Vladimiroff, is arraigned at the Assize Court of Versailles for the murder, under romantic circumstances, of a young and fascinating widow with whom he had for some time maintained a "liason pierre." Vladimiroff was only twenty years of age. He is the son of a Russian Government official, and his mother was a French lady of good family. The victim of the crime was the daughter of a notary. She was left a widow at a comparatively early age, with two children, the elder of whom was twelve years of age. She does not appear to have been possessed of much strength of character, agreeable, rich, and of an affectionate disposition. She was attracted by the aristocratic manners of young Vladimiroff. There was some talk of marriage, but in the meantime Madame Dida, in order to lessen her sufferings from an internal complaint, resorted to an excessive use of morphia. Under the influence of this drug her will became more and more passive, and Vladimiroff's control over her increased in a corresponding degree. Her parents sought to intervene with the object of

AVOIDING A SCANDAL,

and opposed the suggested marriage, especially having regard to the declaration of Vladimiroff's father, that he would only consent to the union on condition that Madame Dida's parents should dower her with an annuity of six thousand francs. Her health becoming still more unsatisfactory, Madame Dida was sent to an asylum. Vladimiroff followed her thither, and did all he could to compromise her, continuing somehow or other, to conduct her to various places of amusement. After a time she was allowed to leave the asylum, and her parents managed at length to set her against the projected marriage. Vladimiroff nevertheless continued to pursue her with his attentions, and threatened on several occasions to shoot himself with a revolver, which he always carried, if she did not promise to become his wife. Yielding at length to his supplications, she consented to accompany him upon a pleasure trip to Ville d'Avray. They went to a restaurant situated in the middle of the woods at that place, and while alone together in a room there, called upon her for the last time to marry him. Upon her persisting in her refusal,

HE DREW HIS REVOLVER

and fired three shots at her. She fell mortally wounded, and Vladimiroff despatched her by placing the pistol to her temple, and sending the last remaining bullet through her brain. He then ran out of doors, shouting, "I have killed my mistress, and would have killed myself also, but I have no more cartridges." The assassin was promptly arrested. The trial will clear up the question as to whether he was a mere adventurer or a madman. Little more than ten years ago a double murder was perpetrated in Paris. A chemist, carrying on business in the Place Beauveau was, together with his servant maid assassinated in the night. The object of the crime was robbery. Suspicion immediately fell upon the chemist's assistant, a young man named Wolder, who simultaneously disappeared. No trace of him could be discovered, and after a long-continued but fruitless effort to trace him, the police, as well as the family of the murdered man, abandoned all hope of bringing the criminal to justice. The case, which produced a great commotion in Paris at the time, thus came to be classed as one of those to which no sequel would ever be forthcoming. According to the French law of prescription, however, it appears that a murderer who can elude detection for ten years may then declare himself with impunity. This Wolder has just done. He has caused it to be made known to all whom it may concern that he has during the period of absence been comfortably settled in business as a chemist at Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, under the name of Welsen. He has had the effrontery

TO RELATE THE WHOLE STORY

of his adventures since the night of the murder. The person to whom he thus unbosomed himself was none other than a member of the Venezuelan police. With the utmost assurance he recalled all the circumstances of the murder, and admitted it was he who had assassinated both his employer and the domestic servant. He refrained, however, from mentioning the forty thousand francs that disappeared from the house in the Place Beauveau on the night of the crime, which, he added, was committed in a moment of madness. His first instinct on realising what he had done was to give himself up to the police, but the instinct of self-preservation prevailed. After hiding in the neighborhood of St. Lazare Railway Station for two months, he succeeded in reaching Nantes, and proceeded thence to the port of Paimboeuf, where he embarked for South America. On arriving there he set up in business as a chemist at Caracas. His life in Venezuela has been a somewhat chequered one. In the course of one of the revolutions which not long ago disorganised the country, he served as chief surgeon with the Nicaraguan forces. Now, he thinks he has sufficiently expiated his crime by ten years of exemplary conduct, and so long as he remains in Caracas he is safe, because France has no extradition treaty with Venezuela. It is said, moreover that he, with perfect accuracy, construes the French Law of prescription, according to which the lapse of ten years has placed him beyond the reach of justice. It would, therefore, be quite possible for the confessed murderer Wolder to return to Paris to-morrow, and M. Goron himself, the head of the Detective Department, could not lay a finger upon him. Considering the nature of his confessions, however, it is perhaps doubtful whether public opinion in Caracas will permit him to further pursue his present occupation there as dispenser of drugs.

FIG.—30. No. 4882.—LADIES' GREEK TEA GOWN. PRICE 35 CENTS.

Quantity of Brocade (21 inches wide) for 32 inches, 15 1-4 yards; 34 inches, 15 1-2 yards; 36 inches, 15 3-4 yards; 38, 40, 42 inches, 16 yards.

Quantity of Cashmere (42 inches wide) for 32 inches, 7 5-8 yards; 34 inches, 7 3-4 yards; 36 inches, 7 7-8 yards; 38, 40, 42 inches, 8 yards.

For the medium size, 4 yards of Grecian border or 3-4 of a yard of 18-inch velvet will be required.

FIG. 30.—Brocaded or plain silk, nun's veiling, fine cashmere, or cloth can be used for this truly artistic and harmonious model, which is made from Pattern 4882, price 35 cents. The top is adorned with fur or feather, as also are the front and border, while classic folds droop from the top of the waist. This Grecian effect is continued in the draping across the front. The sleeves are very wide, and gathered into a deep cuff. The back is trained.

Lucky and Unlucky.

It is not long since the Common Prayer Book reminded us specially of the 5th of November, a day the celebration of which is in most parts now dying out. The 5th of November following the union with Ireland, in 1800, was the day on which the title of King of France was abandoned by English Sovereigns after being borne for four hundred and thirty-two years. It was in consequence of this that our foreign official correspondence ceased to be carried on, as up to that time had been the case, in French. Days of the week have frequently had various influences assigned to them, some productive of good, some of bad fortune. But by common consent Friday has been pitched upon as an unlucky day, and is in England still esteemed so, inasmuch as sailors, it is well known, dislike to sail on a Friday, and we have even heard of a popular actress refusing to take her benefit on that day.

But the Americans, who pride themselves on their superiority to the superstitions of our forefathers, have discovered that, for them at least, Friday is a day of good omen. It was on a Friday that Christopher Columbus set sail, on a Friday that he first discovered land, on a Friday that he arrived for the second time at the coast of America. The first American State paper in England is a commission from Henry VII. to John Cabot, dated Friday, March 5th, 1496, and which led to the discovery of North America. The oldest town in the United States, St. Augustine, was founded on Friday, September 7th, 1565, by Melendez. Friday was the day of the arrival of the Mayflower with the Pilgrim Fathers, 1620; of the birth of George Washington; of the surrender of Yorktown; and of the motion in Congress in favour of independence. We are not likely, therefore, to find in America any tradition of an old Lancashire custom mentioned some time ago in *Notes and Queries*. It appears that when a woman comes courting on a Friday in Lancashire the malevolent spirits are averted by beating frying-pans.

The Secret of Living.

"And behold a certain lawyer stood up and tempted Him, saying, Master what shall I do to to inherit eternal life? He said unto him, what is written in the law? How readest thou? And he answering said, Thou shall love the Lord the God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself. And he said unto him, thou hast answered right; this do and thou shall live.—*Luke x.*, 25-28.

One very remarkable thing about the words of Jesus is this, they were not for the most part the result of long, patient study and deliberation. Very frequently they seem to have been entirely spontaneous. In the course of some ordinary day's experience some man in the crowd would ask a question, and without a moment's hesitation Jesus would give an answer. An answer that always was an answer and never an evasion or compromise. Sometimes an answer would stand for much more than the question at first contemplated. When the young man whose brother was wronging him on the matter of some property, came to Christ to have things set right, he received a much larger answer than he expected. Beware of covetousness! Get that out of all your hearts and there will be little need of lawyers to divide the inheritance. It is to be noted in the case now before us that the questioner in this case was in a somewhat flippant mood. This we conclude from this significant phrase, "A certain lawyer stood up and tempted him, saying, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" There was no air of deep sincerity in this important question. And where this spirit is absent, questioning is mainly folly. The answer Jesus gives to this young man is very suggestive. How do you read? What do you know about life? Then the young man goes on with an exposition of the first lines of the moral law. And Jesus says: "That's all right: do this and thou shalt live." This whole episode helps to confirm this conclusion that the difficulty in the way of noble lives is not knowing what to do but not doing what we know. No wonder if we should grow weary of the empty talk so often indulged in about the mystery of life, and about the vast unknowable, and about children "crying in the night," and "with no language but a cry." This at least should be clear, that we have to do with the knowable and the known. The vast unknowable does not, can not concern us. The true secret of living is not troubling about the mysteries and the hidden things. The answer of Jesus to this frivolous, affected lawyer is an answer for us and for all time: "This do and you shall live." We have only to act with reason and with common sense. The bread and meat upon the table this evening were full of mystery, but we ate it, because we know that we must eat to live. We know just as well as we know anything that love and charity, that truth and honesty, that industry and patience are the elements of right, wise, true living; that these constitute righteousness, godliness. If we do these we shall live. Here is the grand secret of living.

A cabinetmaker in Berlin, who was deputed by his fellow-workmen to warn their employer that all work would be stopped if he did not grant them an increase of wages, was recently sentenced by the Provincial Court to six months' imprisonment for attempted extortion.

THE WINNERS.

IN

Ladies' Journal Competition

No.26.

CLOSED DEC. 15TH, 1890.

The following persons have answered the questions correctly and are entitled to the prizes specified. Applications must be made for the prizes in the same handwriting as the answers were originally sent in. Please note our charges for prizes following the list of winners. The questions were as follows: Where in the Bible are the following words first found:

1, HEM. 2, ROBE. 3, GARMENT.

The answers are, 1, Exodus, 28 chapter and 33 verse; 2, Exodus, 28 chapter and 4 verse; 3, Genesis, 9 chapter and 23 verse. The following are the prize winners:

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash. 1 Mabel Carrie, Mechanics St, Jackson Mich. Next fifteen, each superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated. 1 Mrs Beach, 162 James St City; 2 Mrs J W Owen, Carberry Man; 3 Myrtle May Ross, Grassil's Corners; 4 R Fountain, Coleman; 5 Mrs Milford Moffat, Jackson C B; 6 Lewis Zeran, Portage La Pairie Man; 7 Mrs Thos. Smith, Southend; 8 Mrs Jas Hussell, Loughaheton N W T; 9 F W Daniel, Campbellton N B; 10 M McAllister, 522 Water St Halifax; 11 G W Smith. 50 Dagmar St Winnipeg Man; 12 Mrs Ferrie, Calgary N W T; 13 Barbara McKenzie; Malagash Point N. S; 14 Flossie A McKinnon, Medora Man; 15 Mrs John Martin, Grand Falls N B. Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movements. 1 R B Teeple, Ledford Man; 2 Maggie J Ross, ..th St Eleanors; Lot 7, P E I; 3 Jemima E Nicholson, Kirkwell Orkney, Scotland, N B; 4 Jas K Moss, Moncton N B; 5 Chas M Field, Rodger's Pass British Columbia; 6 F. F. Macklim, Victoria B C; 7 Julia Macklim, Victoria B C. Next nineteen, each a Set of a Dozen Tea Knives, heavily plated. 1 Ida Hunter, Lincoln; 2 A B Barber, Vancouver B C; 2 W H Lockwood, Port Haney B C; 4 Mrs H W Hodgson, Tumas; 5 Thos. Duncan, New Westminster B C; 6 Alex Saunders, Watford; 7 Laura Ral, 94 Augusta Ave City; 8 E Christie, Lachute P Q; 9 J. Langdon, Parkdale; 10 Andrew Glenn, Fairburn Man; 11 Mrs D J Switzer, Heaslip Man; 12 Mrs E M Atwatee, Hartley, Man; 13 Mrs R Cabel, Wooddale Cal; 14 Alex Campbell, Elk Rapids Mich; 15 Chas R Calkins, Grafton N S; 16 M E James, Charlottown P E; 17 F H Rudderham, North Sydney, C B; 18 Mrs W J Kennedy, Virden Man; 19 Edwin Naylor Stirling. Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch. 1 Bella Richards, Belleville; 2 Jno Halls Derby Mills; 3 Mrs Geo McDonald, Fort William W; 4 Geok Kyer, Forestville; 5 B F Bayles, Pt St Charles P Q. Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring. 1 Martha Walker, Dorcester Stalion; 2 Mrs Annie Taylor, Guaboro N S; 3 Mrs J Gorrell, Carberry Man; 4 Herald J Hall, Brandon Man; 5 Mrs Arron A Wilson, 290 Princess St, St Johns N B; 6 W J McDonald, Baddeck Bay, N S 7 J M Riddell, Bell's Corners; 8 A M Brymer, Port Sidney; 9 John Armand, jr, Oakfield N S; 10 Mrs B Milne, Wroxeter; 11 John C Tripp, Woodstock N B; 12 A F Babel, Bamfield P O; 13 J Kandale, Port Burwell; 14 Mary Kandale, Port Burwell; 15 W A Ryan, Richmond Quebec. Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair. 1 Mrs. Cannington, 9 Belmont St Toronto; 2 Miss E Kelly, Thamesville; 3 Grace Irvine, 45 St Roch St, Quebec; 4 Chas W Reckworth, Fredericton N B; 5 Mrs William McCullon, Gifford St, St John N B; 6 Maggie Flemming, 45 Smith St, St Roch Quebec; 7 Minnie Fair, South Monaghan; 8 Ellen Elliot, Norton Creek Que; 9 Mrs. Robert Lang, South Monaghan; 10 A Selkirk, Mull; 11 Mrs A E Taylor, South Stukely Que; 12 Mrs D A Campbell, Germania; 13 Mrs J Johnston, Winthrop; 14 Carrie Hainstock, Floradale; 15 Betsy Jones, Hagersville; 16 Wm Robson, Campbellford; 17 C Edwin Marquis, Pickering; 18 Melville W. Rossie, 119 Maple St London; 19 Chas Holmes Somenos, Van Isl B C; 20 Chas Clapham, 158 Drolet St Montreal; 21 Eva S Miller 98 Ste Famille St Montreal; 22 Mrs W J Cowan, 127 Gazelle St Syracuse; 23 Minnie A Baker, box 133 W Duluth, Minn; 24 George Hill, 94 Amelia St, city; 25 Miss G Hamilton, 118 Orange St, St John N B; 26 Lillie G Easton, 396 College St city; 27 Edith Yake, Stouffville; 28 Mrs T D Tompkin, Whippany N Jersey; 29 E MacGregor, New York city N Y; 30 Robt C Smith, Brampton; 31 Wm Wyndham, 24 Alanson St Hamilton; 32 Edith Lowe, box 292 Chatham; 33 Mrs M T Allen, Hamilton; 34 Maggie McTaggert, Kingsmill; 35 Mrs C H Whitaker, Brantford; 36 H Warner, 465 Waterloo St London; 37 Edith Banslaugh, Burtch; 38 J F McMaster, 144 Ontario St Kingston; 39 Mrs C W Gowans, Paris; 40 Mrs J C Chapman, St Catharines; 41 John B Morgan, Truro N S. Next twenty-nine each a Complete Set of Dickens' Works, Handsomely Bound in Cloth. 1 W D Mitchell, Atwood; 2 Mrs H Graham, Point Edward; 3 Mrs W S Lawrence, Clinton; 4 Mrs J L Charles, Glencoe; 5 Mary Gay, Bothwell; 6 Jennie Milligan, Cardinal; 7 Mrs Sam'l Reynolds, 717 Drawer Brockville; 8 Mrs W Preece, Bradford; 9 Beatrice Waite, Rat Portage; 10 Maud Mills, 140 Bagot St Kingston; 11 Mrs G S Gooke, 152 Pork St N Hamilton; 12 Robt. Denwoodie, Box 241 Campbellford; 13 Mrs Thos Patterson, Collingwood; 14 Mary L Campbell, Noyan Que; 15 Blanche DeLacey, Smithville; 16 Harriet Besset, 192 Duchess St city; 17 B McAra, Regina N W T; 18 B Colborne, Smith Falls; 19 Mrs J S Fraser, Wallaceburg; 20 C Lang, 75 Nelson St city; 21 R S Dunlop, Box 559 Chatham; 22 Elizabeth Clarke, 32 St Alban's St city; 23 Willis Fulton, Avonmore; 24 Geo Addy, Newport; 25 Mrs Wm Amos, Holstim; 26 Elsie Doherty, Galt; 27 Geo Wood, Commanda; 28 Mrs H Foxtary, Rodney; 29 R E Harvey, Box 79 Guelph.

Next twenty-one, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, new design. 1 Jennie Anderson, Seneca Fall- N. Y.; 2 Jennie Tait, Concord; 3 Miss H Fitzsimmons, Brockville; 4 Fannie Williams, Markdale; 5 John Stacey, St. Thomas; 6 Mrs. Jas. M. Walker, Huntsville; 7 Annie Thomson, Chatham; 8 Mrs. T. R. Kennedy, 209 Palmerston Ave. city; 9 Mrs. H [illegible] Box 212 Cobourg; 10 Mrs. Thos [illegible]ias; 11 Ruth S. Russell, Aiken St Winnipeg Man; 12 Mrs. Arthur Roberts, Wapella N. W. T.; 13 Wm. H. Curry, Superior P. O. Michigan; 14 Miss Dixie, Springfield on the Credit; 15 Thos. Allon, Thaskworth; 16 Joseph Colwil. "Audley"; 17 Wm. Bradley, Darlington; 18 Mrs. E. A. Stevens, 200 Cowan Ave. city; 19 H. J. Webster, 18 Victoria St: city; 20 Mrs. Isaac Wait, Rat Portage; 21 Mrs. W. Tagg, Pilot Mound Man. Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces), 1 Mrs. Rev. McCunig Welland; 2 J C Blakely, Waterloo; 3 M F Parsons, Fergus; 4 J Bailey, Port Huron Mich; 5 Herlod S Northmore, M D Bath; Next twenty-five, a teachers fine, well bound Bible with concordance 1 Thos W Scott, Alexander Man; 2 Michael Murray, Box 354 Whitby: 3 Henry Athenson, 32 Sheridan Ave City; 4 Mrs H H Davidson, 185 Crawford St city; 5 Ethel Porter, St Thomas; 6 Jas McDougall, 201 West Ave Hamilton; 7 Wm Jameson, Balmerston; 8 Mrs Geo Smith, Coldwater; 9 Geo F Clark, Davenport; 10 Edwin Arthur Pinkman, Barrie; 11 Louisa Carberry, Norwood; 12 Lena Gibson, Kinsale; 13 Mrs John Robertson, Box 76 Prescott; 14 Sadie Northwood, Victoria Ave Chatham; 15 B M Waddel, Hamilton P Q; 16 Mrs Jos Siddall, Glencoe; 17 Katie, Mills, 10 Cook St Hamilton; 18 Jean G Empy, Carlton Place; 19 Mrs J W Barnes, Dutton; 20 Sarah Baskerville, Talbot St., London; 21 Jane T Townsend, 102 Park St. N Hamilton; 22 Emmerline M Ellis, Calgary N W T; 23 Mrs W L Henry, Wroxeter; 24 Jennie Robertson, Whitby; 25 W S Miners, Sarnia.

Notice to Prize Winners.

Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. Prize winners must invariably apply in the same hand-writing in which the original answer was sent, so that the letter and application may be compared before the prize is given out. The following sums must accompany applications for prizes, whether called for at the office or delivered by express or freight —Pianos, $20; Sewing Machines, $2; Silver plated Tea Service, $1.50; Gold Watches Silk Dresses $1; Other Dress Goods, 50c, Cake Baskets, 50c; Rings, 20c; Books, Spoons, Brooches and other small prizes, 10c; Family Bibles, 50c; Dickens' and Eliot's Works, 50c; Tea and Dinner Sets, $1.00

We have had the above notice standing in TRUTH for several months, and yet in previous competitions we have had and are having daily no end of trouble to find the names in our lists of winners, who have neglected to comply with these simple requests. Those who do not in future state clearly and distinctly the name of the prize they are applying for, number of it in the competition as well as the number of the competition (given clearly at head of this list,) we will positively not take any notice of their letters. Now no one need be offended as all have fair warning. It is surely, only right and proper that each person receiving a prize will at once on its receipt acknowledge it by the very next mail. It will help us and not hurt the prize winner in the least to show the prize to their friends and neighbours and tell us when writing just what they think of the prize they win. All applications for prizes must be received within thirty days after the list has been published.

FIG. 53.—No. 4872.—MISSES' DRESS. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 10 years, 6½ yards; 11 years, 6¾ yards; 12 years, 7 yards; 13 years, 7½ yards; 14 years, 8¼ yards; 15 years, 8¾ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 10 years, 3¼ yards; 11 years, 3¾ yards; 12 years, 3½ yards; 13 years, 3¾ yards; 14 years, 4½ yards; 15 years, 4¾ yards.

For the medium size, ⅝ of a yard of 18-inch velvet, and 1½ yards of ribbon will be required.

FIG. 53.—This figure shows a charming model for a miss's dress, and is made from Pattern 4872. It has a circular yoke of black velvet under a round collar of the same. The waist fastens on the left side with buttoning, and is garnished below the yoke with a ruffle, which runs down the side of the buttoning also. The sleeves are high, and their fullness continues to below the elbow, where there is a shirring and a deep ruffle, and below this ruffle a deep cuff of the velvet is used. The belt consists of shirring, and has a bow on the side. The skirt is slightly full in front, and pleated at the back. Figured silk or muslin are equally pretty for this dress.

Curiosities of Wedlock.

The joining of the right hands in ancient times had the solemnity and validity of an oath.

Goethe said that he married to obtain respectability.

Wycherly, in his old age, married a young lady for spite.

There is a story of a man who was married because he inherited a four-post bedstead.

Giving a ring is supposed to indicate the eternity of union, seeing that a circle is endless.

Under the Roman Empire marriage was simply a civil contract; hence we read of men putting away their wives.

Among the Jews the rule was for a maiden to marry on the fourth, and a widow on he fifth, day of the week—not earlier.

In Jewish marriages the woman is set on the right, but throughout Christendom her place in the ceremony is on the left.

In a Roman marriage the bride was purchased by the bridegroom's payment of three pieces of copper money to her parents.

The Russians have a story of a widow who was so inconsolable for the loss of her husband that she took another to keep her from fretting herself to death.

The custom of putting a veil upon the maid before the betrothal was done to conceal her blushes at the first touch of the man's hand, and at the closing kiss.

Kissing the bride the moment the marriage ceremonial ended, though not now prescribed by the rubric of the Western Churches, formerly was regarded as an imperative act on the part of the bridegroom.

How to cure indigestion and dyspepsia. Chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum before and after meals. Sold by all druggists and confectioners, 5 cents.

The first London directory was printed in 1667 and contained sixty-four pages, with the names of 1,790 persons and firms.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

Ladies' Journal,

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, FASHION, ETC.

MARCH, 1891.

Printed and Published by S. FRANK WILSON, 59 to 65 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, at $1.00 per year, or 50c for six months.

OUR PATTERNS.

Any pattern illustrated in these pages can be obtained by addressing S. FRANK WILSON, Publisher, 59 to 65 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. Always remit price of pattern with order

REVIEW OF FASHION.

Although it may seem early to do so, we give in "Seasonable Fabrics" the description of some of the early materials intended for summer wear, though we are still in mid-winter; this will be satisfactory to our readers for the reason that during February and March cotton dresses can be made up at home, some ladies even beginning such work as early as the month of January, and so finishing by the time that woolen fabrics are out of sight.

Black gowns are still stylish, and both Worth and Sarah Meyer, as well as other noted fashioners, have lately issued dresses in black with touches of color that are characterized to an eminent degree by the desirable feature of decided style, yellow being used on the cording and as the background for a gold-thread-worked plastron and cuffs, in a remarkable example in black brocade, with a Louis-Quinze coat as top, this beautiful garment being a creation of Sarah Meyer's.

Such touches as these, with the panel, cuffs and revers in black velvet, give already the keynote of the styles that will reign in the early spring, and which will, by their coatlike top, enable ladies to dispense with any but a light upper wrap, such as a mere pelerine of lace-trimmed velvet, if the weather should prove to be mild.

For indoor festivities the vogue of black China crepe and black lace of the Spanish pattern, seen in the most sought Escurial continues. Such dresses still show the high-shouldered sleeve, the vest of color, yellow or pink being extremely fashionable with black crepe or lace, as well as turquoise blue, as noted by us at the beginning of the use of this charming novelty in the trimming with turquoise beads, while the very decided favoritism of embellishment of metal thread continues to be demonstrated in the most exquisite effects imaginable.

Among the most effective gowns are those in finely twilled white wool with braiding in gold or silver. A ripple or Arab fold is seen at the top of the skirt of such dresses which are of straight shape, and on the border is an inch-wide fur, above which is displayed a design in flowers or leaves in the metal braid. There is a sharply pointed front to the bodice, which has a habit back, and opens over a V-shaped or rounded vest of silk, on which the gold or silver braiding reoccurs. A corselet similarly decorated is also frequently seen, and the high-shouldered sleeve is ornamented at the cuff with fur.

This season had introduced the dinner-coat, as it is called, and sometimes also concert-coat, being a coat of brocade which is meant to be worn with a skirt of silk, cloth, or lace. These elegant as well as convenient garments are of the Louis-Quinze shape, which extends far down on the hips, often as far as in the examples given in pictures of the reign of that monarch, which show them carried to the knee-line and extremely close-fitting, thus giving added elegance to a good figure. There are cross-seams at the sides and an effective embellishment of very large pocket flaps. The deep pointed vest is of unfigured silk and has its revers in brocade. These spread out to the shoulder, and at the back show points, and are adorned with gold bullion and silk cord. The cuffs are pointed and much wider than the wrist-measure, while the collar shows a slight flare.

The brocaded silks used for these elegant dinner coats are of every variety, and among the most elegant is a fabric of ivory-white with black velvet tulips; another is in celadon green with leaves in a darker green Gray is brocaded with mauve or with dark brown leaves, pale green with oranges or with lemons in black, and the same fruit, in natural colors as to the flowers and leaves as well as the oranges or lemons themselves, is seen on black, the ground work being in velvet and the fruit in satin, in this instance.

For visiting toilettes there is a decided tendency to the selection of the darkest and richest hues in both velvet and brocade. The colors seen are imperial blue, blue-flag purple, so called from the blue lily or flag, dark leaf-green, fur-brown, dahlia-red, clematis blue, and chinchilla gray, named after that portion of the fur which shows its darkest shade. These colors are seen enhanced by the richest furs. Two shades of any of the colors enumerated are also seen in one toilette. The decorating furs are sable, mink, and beaver; and chinchilla is now used as a trimming to dark chinchilla gray. All dark greens are adorned with silver, where metal trimming is used and, as above stated, this accessory continues to be extremely fashionable, while for browns, such as tan, bark, nut, and a new brown called sabot—it being named after the color of the wooden shoe of the French peasantry—a preference is shown for gold braid or passementerie, and rich jet, or else silk in *vieille-rose*, pale green; or, of late, a peculiar blue resembling cobalt, but not quite so vivid, and which, being used in heraldic painting, has the name of *bleu heraut* or heraldic blue, is used for trimming such browns.

The shapes for visiting toilettes show a severely plain skirt as a rule, while florid fancy revels in the variety shown in the bodice.

Among the charming designs for such tops are those which have a yoke-like display of velvet on the top of the bodice, parting to show brocade, there being gathers and a belt at the back, while the fronts on which the velvet runs down to their edge, suffer the tight-fitting portion of the brocade to be seen between these extended revers.

A narrow edge of fur on such a bodice runs all round that portion which is in the velvet, as well as on the cuffs of the brocade sleeves. On the straight skirt are either three narrow bands of fur of one inch or of graduated width, or a wide single border. At its top such a skirt is gored.

There are two extremes in the fashioning of the stylish all velvet gowns worn for visiting, for, while some are severely plain others are lavishly adorned with a new and costly passementerie simulating jewels, or with gold braid displayed on silk, or, again, with gold passementerie in a lace-like effect, and still further heightened in picturesqueness by the use of ostrich feather tips on the collar and cuffs.

The use of black lace and jet is singularly effective on ruby red velvet and on imperial blue, bringing out, as these accessories do, the sombre yet rich tints alluded to, and such effects are seen in some of the most elegant of present visiting toilettes, the character of which will be well suited to a cold or what is called a late spring.

The waist being in velvet is warm in such dresses, and is made high, with the back and front pointed. An apron of black lace, crossed by narrow bands of black velvet ribbon elaborately wrought with jet, has on each side a band of stiff jet trimming so arranged as to stand away from the apron, and that widens to the hem. On the waist, after forming a flaring collar, the same trimming narrows to a line of single and small beads at the waist-line. At the top of the high-shouldered sleeves black lace forms bristling puffs with bands of the jetted velvet ribbon crossing them, while battlement squares of the lace, bound by the ribbon are seen on the hips, a superb fringe of spear-head jet being set on the edge of these squares. At the back the skirt is half-train.

For evening dresses nothing is as yet preferred among novelties to the crinkled muslin unless it should be the silk muslin and the satins showing either flowers or stripes in the design.

The iridescent effect in some new tulles seems to have found favor, dresses of which show frills around their *decollete* top. With tulle dresses a bodice in satin only is preferred. There is a skirt of crepe over the foundation, then a tulle skirt, and a second of the same tulle, which is designed to display the ribbons in bows, waves, criss-crossing or round-running rows. The mixture of black and rose color in the flowers or feathers of a trimming is much liked, and in some very fashionable toilettes black and yellow feathers occur.

Violin Playing For Women.

There are three essentials necessary to violin playing for a woman: Musical talent, health and application. The first is God given; and unless a girl possesses perfect physical strength, she can never endure the extremely rigorous practice necessary in such a training—a training which requires from two to four hours of practice daily, standing with the violin in position, in order to acquire even ordinary execution; and from four to seven hours, to attain to the highest artistic excellence. For a girl in good health the training is most beneficial if the position held during practice is the correct one. For then the shoulders are so thrown back that the lungs and chest secure proper expansion and development. An standing motionless, for even the space of five minutes, is so intensely wearying, the usual method of practising should be while quietly and gently walking about. This calls into play all the muscles of the arms and back. The exercise tends to impart a graceful carriage, a flexibility and grace in the use of the arms, wrists and hands, and a roundness and firmness to the flesh of the arms.

"But may I not sit to practice?" I hear some would-be student ask. You may indeed; but it is not wise to make a habit of so doing. The draperies of your gown are apt to entangle your bow, and the position thus taken is not one of equal freedom or grace. Women do sit in *ensemble* playing, i. e., trios, quartets, etc., but for ordinary practice and solo work the standing pose is the better one.

So much for the second essential, which seems to have led very naturally into the third and last application. In addition to the fatigues caused by the long hours of practice and study—back of which must be a genuine love for the work—devotion and sacrifice are necessary. Many social pleasures must be denied, and intense must be the application of the girl who would become proficient.

And to her who would become a professional *artiste*, let me say with "Punch" when addressing those about to marry—"Don't." The life is one of such incessant work—at least to the true artist—of nervous strain, of such denial and loss of social life, of home and family, that the rewards are but lightly to be weighed against it.

An interesting discovery of scientific importance was made at Revel, Russia. Digging the ground at some distance from the sea to lay the foundation for a sailors' bath, the laborers discovered the frame of a vessel. By order of the architect, with the approval of the local authorities, a thorough search was made. The whole contour of the sunken vessel was dug up, and vestiges of cannons and other appliances were found in the frame whose manufacture belongs to this century. This proves that within this century the sea has receded in that place a distance of a verst or more. At the same rate the sea recedes in St. Petersburg.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, Mandrake, Dandelion, and other valuable vegetable remedies, every ingredient being strictly pure, and the best of its kind it is possible to buy.

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Is certified to by thousands of voluntary witnesses all over the country whom it has cured of diseases more or less severe. It is sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

100 Doses One Dollar

About Some Wedding Belongings.

Somebody is going to get married to the man she loves. I wish the dear little somebody all the happiness possible, and I congratulate the man she loves on gaining her. This somebody wants to know what she shall get for her wedding belongings, and by them she means what kind of linen and how much. Funnily enough, a bridegroom in prospective who had been told of the enormous trousseau that his future bride was getting, said that it was not very complimentary to him, inasmuch as there seemed to be a doubt in the mind of the family as to whether he would ever be able to buy her a flannel petticoat or not. And you know really he told the truth; though it was in an odd sort of a way.

Pretty underwear, bought by the dozens, is packed away, and grows yellow and old. So that this is my advice to somebody: With what you already possess half a dozen of everything you are in the habit of wearing will be quite sufficient, and, if the money which you have is more than enough for that number, be wise and put it in the bank as a little nest-egg for the future—a nest-egg that will hatch out the dollars when you want to give somebody a present, or remember the birthday of the dearst man in the world, and don't care to ask him to give you the money to buy his own gift. And don't get too many dresses. They go out of style, and unless you are going to entertain and be entertained a great deal, you will really have very little need for them. I tell you a very good mantle to provide yourself with—that famous one of Charity. Don't leave it out of your trousseau, and use it continually to cover the little faults of husband and friends. It will be of more use to you than almost anything you can buy. And you certainly can not afford to be without it. God bless you, little bride, and take care of you and yours forever.

Even a blind man can see that more clearly than daylight, or else why should so many continue to use ill-smelling, oily, and often useless preparations for the relief of pain, when a preparation just as cheap, elegant, more powerful, and penetrating as Nerviline is can be purchased from any dealer in medicine? Nerviline cures instantly aches and pains. Nerviline is the most efficacious remedy for internal pains. Nerviline applied externally subdues the most intense pain almost at once.

WOMAN IN THE YEAR 2000.

By Edward Bellamy.

(Author of "Looking Backward" etc., etc.)

It is assumed that the year 2000 will see Nationalism fully established as the basis of the industrial system and of society, so far as dependant upon it. Judging from the signs of the times I think it would be quite safe to make the date seventy-five years earlier, but for the benefit of those weak in the faith it is set well ahead. As there are doubtless some who do not understand very clearly what Nationalism is, it may be well enough just here to explain, so far as may be done in a phrase that it proposes turning over all the business of the country to a single firm, of which all the people, women as well as men, shall be employes, and in the proceeds of which all shall be equal partners. Leaving wholly aside, for the present purpose, all the explanations as to the details of this plan, and all questions as to its feasibility, it is simply proposed to point out certain ways in which the position of women would be affected by its successful introduction.

We are to suppose that every adult woman in the United States—while required, like every adult man (except as modified by sex conditions), to perform some self-elected useful work—had coming to her a regular annual income in the form of credit to be expended as she pleased, equal, say, to the present purchasing power of $1000, $3000 or $5000, more or less, according to the prosperity of the national firm, said income to be the same in amount with that received by her brother, husband or father, but not to come to her through them or through any other intermediary, but directly from the national administration, as a matter of constitutional right.

Now, considering the fact that woman, owing to her comparative physical disqualifications as a worker, has hitherto been, as a rule, wholly or partially dependant upon the favor or affection of man for the means of a secure and comfortable existence, it is evident that a system like that described, would, by rendering her entirely independent of men in this respect, make a great alteration in her position.

Obviously the most important single respect in which it would be altered would be as to her attitude towards marriage. She would no longer be obliged, as most women now are, to look forward to marriage as offering, if not absolutely her only means of support, yet at least as constituting her main hope of a secure and comfortable life. The only possible motive which would then impel her to give herself to a man would be that she loved him. May and December might still mate, Beauty might still wed the Beast, but the sourest cynic would no longer be able to attribute an unworthy motive to the bride. However sordid she might become under temptation, then there could be none, for not only would she be under no necessity of marrying at all, but the wealth of all her possible suitors being the same, she could have no motive, save love or admiration for marrying one more than another.

Not only, however, would Nationalism guarantee woman dignity and independence before marriage, but equally afterward. That event in no way would affect her rights as a citizen and a partner in the national concern. The humiliation of complete pecuniary dependence upon their husbands, of being obliged to ask for all they have, beyond bare bread and meat, which the best and noblest of wives now have to endure, the wife of the year 2000 would never know.

Let us suppose, on the other hand, that the heart, remaining untouched, she had preferred to remain single.

At the present time, a popular presumption exists that all girls wish to marry, and fail to do so only because they lack an eligible opportunity. This presumption exists on account of the obvious fact that women, being able with difficulty to support themselves, have in general a greater material interest in marriage than men have. Surely there can be few incidents of an unmarried woman's condition more exasperating than her knowledge that because this is the undeniable fact it is vain for her to expect to be popularly credited with the voluntary choice of her condition. She must endure with a smile, however she may rage within, the coarse jest or innuendo to which it would be worse than vain to reply. Nationalism, by establishing the economic independence of women, without reference to their single or married state, will destroy the presumption referred to by making marriage no more obviously desirable to one sex than to another.

Would you gain a realization of the position of the "old maid" in the year 2000? If so, look at the lordly bachelor of to-day, the hero of romance, the cynosure of the drawing room and of the promenade. Even as that bright being, like him self-poised, serenely *insouciant*, free as air, will the "old maid" of the year 2000 be. It is altogether probable, by the way, that the term "old maid" will by that time have fallen into disuse.

But while the unmarried woman of the year 2000, whether young or old, will enjoy the dignity and independence of the bachelor of to-day, the insolent prosperity at present enjoyed by the latter will have passed into salutary, if sad, eclipse. No longer profiting by the effect of the pressure of economic necessity upon woman, to make him indispensable, but dependent exclusively upon his intrinsic attractions, instead of being able to assume the fastidious airs of a sultan surrounded by languishing beauties, he will be fortunate if he can secure by his merits the smiles of one.

In the year 2000 no man, whether lover or husband, may hope to win the favor of maid or wife save by desert. While the poet, justly apprehending the ideal proprieties, has always persisted in representing man at the feet of woman, woman has been, in fact, the dependent and pensioner of man. Nationalism will justify the poet and satisfy the eternal fitness of things by bringing him to his marrow-bones in earnest. But, indeed, we may be sure that in the year 2000 he will need no compulsion to assume that attitude.

It implies no disloyalty to the womanhood of to-day to believe that the personal dignity and moral freedom, unknown before to her sex, which will be the birthright of woman in the twentieth century, cannot fail to react most favorably upon herself, ennobling her graces, clothing with a new majesty her beauty and making her every way more worthy than ever before of the reverence and devotion of man.

There is another and profoundly tragic aspect of the relation of the sexes, which by no means may be passed over in considering what Nationalism will do for womanhood. The same economical pressure which brings the mass of women into a relation of dependence upon men, rendered more or less tolerable according to the degree of mutual affection, reduces a great multitude of women, who are not fortunate enough to find adequate masculine support, to a form of slavery more morally degrading than any other, and more complete in its indignity. This most ancient form of bondage, which has grown up with the race and flourishes to-day in the face of civilization and Christendom as widely and vigorously as ever, which no wisdom of the economist, no zeal of the philanthropist has ever availed to diminish, Nationalism, by the necessary operation of its fundamental principle, will at once and forever extirpate. Want on the one hand will then no longer drive the virtuous woman to dishonor, nor on the other will wealth, in the hands of unscrupulous men, tempt her frivolous sister.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

If I Were You, My Dear.

I wouldn't turn my head to look after fine frocks, or impertinent men.

I wouldn't forget to sew the braid around the bottom of my skirt, or the button on my shoe.

I wouldn't conclude that every man who said something pleasant to me, had fallen in love with me.

I wouldn't feel that I was an ill-treated personage because, though I could play pleasantly, my friends didn,t count me a modern Mozart.

I would not when I could only have one frock, choose a conspicuous one that would mark me as the girl in the red plaid.

I would not, because I was tired and nervous give snappy, ill-natured replies to questions asked me by those who really cared for me.

I would not get in the habit of speaking in a familiar way of the men I know; when you make them Tom, Dick or Harry they are apt to consider you as Kate, Nell or Molly.

I would not permit any girl friend to complain to me of her mother—it is like listening to blasphemy.

I would not when I brush the dust off my hat forget the cobwebs of distrust and suspicion in my brain.

I would not tell my private affairs to my most intimate girl friend, nor would I ask her impertinent questions.

I would not write silly letters to young men, or permit them to be familiar with me.

I would not grow weary in well doing—instead, I would keep on encouraging myself by trying to live up to my ideal of a woman, and the very fact of my trying so hard would make me achieve that which I wished.

Hush money is what the young husband parts with for soothing syrups, etc.

Golden Thoughts for Every Day.

Monday—

When the worldling, sick at heart
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his father's love;
When the proud man from his pride
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

—*Anonymous.*

Tuesday—

O Thou, who hast spread out the skies,
And measured the depths of the sea,
Twixt heaven and ocean shall rise
Our incense of praises to Thee.

We know that Thy presence is near,
While heaves our bark far from the land;
We ride o'er the deep without fear—
The waters are held in Thy hand.

Eternity come in the soud
Of billows that never can sleep!
There's Deity circling us round—
Omnipotence walks o'er the deep;

O Father! our eye is to Thee,
As on for the haven we roll;
And faith in our Pilot shall be
An anchor to steady the soul.

H. F. Gould.

Wednesday—"Nothing new under the sun." I compare life to a little wilderness, surrounded by a high dead wall. Within this space we muse and walk in quest of the new and happy, forgetting the insuperable limit, till, with surprise, we find ourselves stopped by the dead wall; we turn away, and muse and walk again, till, on another side, we find ourselves close against the dead wall. Whichever way we turn we see the same.—*John Foster.*

Thursday—

O smile of God, fair sunlight of our being,
Shine in this soul of mine;
Grant me that larger sight, sweet visions seeing,
Light from thy soul divine.

O smile of God, if o'er me darkness hovers,
The sun eclipsed in night
Pierce through the gloom which for a moment covers
This hungering for the light.

O smile of God, in thee nor storm nor danger;
All dark forebodings cease.
Walking in thee my soul, no more a stranger,
Finds light and home and peace.

—*Anonymous.*

Friday—The true definition of life is a power to gather the material of the universe to ourselves, make it our own, and use it under the control of a will. This constant accretion involves constant waste. Living involves dying. But right life is such a use of material that we do not die in such a way as to destroy our organic power and selfhood. Sin is self-destruction. To save yourself is the charge of Jesus. He gave it as His mission to help us to save ourselves. Our souls are not nothings, mere expressions, thoughts, conceptions, but they are our organic selves, the subtler something, that is the result of life. The soul lives. To save the soul is to save the soul in all its functions from dying.

Does this seem a trifle abstract. Well, nature always gives us chestnuts inside of burrs and shells. The life of the chestnut is ever hidden when you get at the meat; it is in a little cell in the heart of the nut. Now I have got down at least to the nut, and we will see about the life germ that is in it.

E. P. Powell.

Saturday—

There are times when the troubles of life are still;
The bees wandered lost in the depths of June,
And I paused where the chime of a silver rill
Sang the linnet and lark to their rest at noon.

Said my soul, "see how calmly the wavelets glide,
Though so narrow their way to their ocean-vent;
And the world that I traverse is wide is wide,
And yet is too narrow to hold content."
O, my soul, never say that the world is wide—
The rill in its banks is less closely pent;
It is those who are shoreless on every side,
And thy width will not let thee inclose content.

Bulwer Lytton.

A Much-Named Family.

There is a family living near the fair grounds in Athens, Ga., consisting of seven children. The parents seem to like a superfluity of names.

The first child is named Mary Magalina Mandy Mectum Elizabeth Betsy Polly Mack Barrett.

The second child is named Alice Georgia Ann Yorona Barrett.

The third child is named Mattie Francis Anna Tranna Barrett.

The fourth child is named Emory Seper Walker Buster Barrett.

The fifth child is named Tila Cory Coston Estelle Liniment Ettie Isiduler Barrett.

The sixth child is named Effice Bozma Mondenay Virginia Barrett.

Child Life Insurance.

The subject of child life assurance is at present attracting considerable attention in England. Statistics show that out of a total number of about five million insurable children, four millions, or eighty per cent, are on the books of the insurance companies. The purpose of the insurance is to make provision for funeral and other incidental expenses in case of the death of children. It is charged against the system that it tends to child murder. This is the opinion of the Bishop of Peterborough, of Justices Day and Wills, and of many English Coroners. So convinced of this tendency is the Bishop of Peterborough that he has brought forward a measure in the House of Lords limiting the sum for which a child may be insured to about the cost of burial and prohibiting the insurance of children under ten years of age. Mr. Justice Day has spoken of the child life insurances societies as "those pests of society; those deadly societies which insure children, which seem to be instituted for the destruction of children, for the perpetration of murder"; and Mr. Justice Wills has said: "Oftentimes it would be a much more correct definition of these so-called life insurance societies to say that they are death insurance societies." On the other hand the practice is not without defenders. In an article in the *Fortnightly Review* Capt. Pembroke Marshall contends that the opposers of the practice have not made out a good case. He states that while only 45 Coroners have expressed the opinion that child life insurance is an incentive to murder, 118 Coroners have stated that "insurance for burial money had not the evil influence alleged." He argues that the deaths of insured children from neglect and starvation are due to the ignorance and poverty of the lower classes, and that the privilege of child life insurance is an advantage to the thrifty poor and greatly valued by them. He quotes one authority as saying that "in case the system is interfered with the independence which the working classes of the country so much value would be seriously sapped, and the practice might be restored of taking around the hat, which was now looked upon as a disgrace." One of the opposers of the present practice suggests that instead of life insurance societies, burial clubs be established on a plan similar to that of the "sick clubs" in which the payment goes not to the parent but to the doctor. So in burial clubs let the payment go, not to the parent but to the undertaker. The burial clubs, he thinks, would serve the purpose of the insurance societies and would prevent no temptation to crime.

Neatness in Dress at Home.

The importance of neat and tasteful house dressing cannot be overestimated. The matron who appears before the members of the family in a shabby soiled wrapper and makes the excuse, if indeed she takes the trouble to make one at all, that "it is so much more comfortable," has little idea of the possible consequence of such a course. Could she but realize that her dress is an evil example to her daughters, and one productive of consequences that will reach far beyond her own span of life; that her husband and sons cannot fail to draw comparisons between her dress and that of the ladies they meet in other homes, and that these comparisons cannot fail to decrease their respect for her, she might be induced to give more attention to her personal appearance.

Not even the burden of care and constant employment can furnish sufficient excuse for careless personal habits, for few things are more important to the well being of a family. There is an old saying to the effect that an untidy mother has disobedient children, and while neither parents nor children may realize the why or wherefore of it, yet there is always a lack of respect and an indifference to the authority of a mother who takes no pride in her personal appearance.

And it is not the mother alone upon whose shoulders rests the burden of responsibility for home neatness and order in dress; the father has his duties to look after as well, and should never fail to insist upon the younger members of the family presenting themselves with well kept hands, clean faces, neatly brushed hair and orderly dress, at least at every meal where the family assembles.

During the past one hundred years the members of a certain family in Paris have all closed their lives by suicide. Each body, as it was conveyed to the morgue, had a plain gold ring on a finger of the left hand. This plain ring has passed from father to son, from mother to daughter, and the attendants at the morgue called it "The Fatal Ring." A few months ago it made its appearance on the finger of a young man—the last of the race. As there was no claimant of the body on this occasion, the ring was buried with the corpse.

The Law of Christ.

'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."—Paul.
'A new Commandment I give unto you: that ye love one another."—Jesus.

This is surely all the fulness
Of the spirit of "I ought"!
That pure law, which—in our dulness
And our selfishness—we thought
Fashioned only for our getting
And receiving; in our pride
Thinking, for our souls besetting,
Jesus did its help provide.

But we listen to his teaching—
Illustrated by his deeds—
And discern His love out-reaching
Toward our feeble human needs,—
Then, it comes to us so clearly,
As we try to comprehend,
That to love is more than merely
Being kindly to a friend.

God is rich; yet all his treasure
Is for them, who need it most;
There is neither stint nor measure,
And He never counts the cost;
Aiding, blessing, helping, guiding,—
Though no upturned faces plead,
Still, His infinite providing
Throbs to every pulsing need.

God is wise: yet whoso calleth
From this shadow-land of doubt—
Wherever the bonds of error galleth
And the truth is from without—
Unto Him, He surely answereth
With His wisdom (and its might),—
For He giveth—nor upbraideth—
Though we, constant, cry for light.

God is great: sublime resources
Wait, His mandates to fulfill!
All omnipotential forces;
Are obedient to His will.—
Yet, the deed, in time's compiling,
Which the universe shall hand,
Is His gift, when reconciling
Sinners unto Heaven and God.

God is love: but love is giving—
So He teaches in the Word—
Holy, helpful, earnest living:
To His image there restored
And the lost Edenic measure
Sin and selfishness did end,—
We may walk and talk with pleasure
With our God, as with friend.

So—my sister and my brother!—
When we give ourselves away
For the well-being of another,
Then, do we Love's law obey
And step-shod across our Jordans—
We shall find—and fully prove—
When we bear another's burdens,
God's supernal realms of love.

LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.
"The Elms," Toronto.

Life for Which I Long.

When on my day of light the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou, who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay:
O, love divine, O, Helper ever present,
Be thou my help and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O, Father! Let thy spirit
Be with me, then, to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through thy 'bounding grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place—

Some humble door among thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last beneath thy tree of healing
The life for which I long.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

After the Snow and Shroud.

What if we all lay dead below;
Lay 'neath the grass low, cool and dead
In God's own holy shroud of snow,
With snow-white stone set feet and head,
With all earth dead and shrouded white
As clouds that cross the moon at night?

What if that infidel some night
Could then rise up and see how dead,
How wholly dead and out of sight
All things with snowy winfoot and head
And lost winds wailing up and down
The emptied fields and emptied town?

I think that grand old infidel
Would rub his hands with fiendish glee
And say: "I knew it, knew it well!
I knew that death was destiny;
I ate, I drank, I mocked at God;
Then as the grass was, and the sod."

Ah me the grasses and the sod
They are my preachers, Hear them preach,
When they forget the shroud, and God
Lifts up these blades of grass to teach
The resurrection! Who shall say
What infidel can speak as they?

JOAQUIN MILLER.

His Answer.

"Is the Church of England worth preserving?"—Mr. Gladstone.
What is the Church? Is it a place
For holy antic and grimace?
A sort of Sunday opera bouffe,
Performed beneath a Gothic roof?
Parade, with priest for fugleman?
Burlesque upon the latest plan,
Of things the most sublime and serious
Where mummery, veiling the mysterious,
Yields mumbo motley as result
Of search for an "esthetic" cult?
Is this the church you mean? If so
John's answer's an emphatic "No!"

Is it a stage where bumptious boys
May wrangle over gauds and toys,
Fuming whene'er some scrap of flummery
Is strip from their too florid mummery?
May vent on Luther, or on Tait,
Ecclesiastical billingsgate!—
Much like an angry housemaid, chidden
For finery that is forbidden:
Who strikes an attitude as martyr
Because her Sunday rig's not smarter.
Is this the Church you mean? If so
John's answer is a ready "No!"

Is it a "scene" where cleric pride
May be supremely glorified:
And every pretty priestling hope
To play the part of petty pope—
Shining in foolish virgin's eyes,
With sacerdotal sanctities:
And greatly dazzling, now and then,
Some greasy and molluscous men:
While gaily decked in stolen plumes,
"Meist pompous rites and fragrant fumes,
The emptiest dew may musk and mum
Ecclesiastical Tee-Haw Fum?
Is such your thing your "church?" If so,
John's answer's an explosive—"No!"

Is it a word of Life or Death?
A sacerdotal Shibboleth?
A proud abstraction, vague and vast,
Veiling the tyranny of Caste?
A verbal Fetish, shaped to rule
The flexile fancy of the fool?
A web of forms, traditions, creeds,
Stretched 'twix, the soul and the soul's needs
Is church the "Priest's Preserve?" If so,
John's answer is—"Preserve it! No!"

—*Punch.*

A Skating Song

Hurrah for the wind that is keen and chill,
As it skirts the meadow and sweeps the hill!
Hurrah for the pulses of swift delight
That tingle and beat in the winter's night,
When over the crystal lake we glide,
Flying like birds o'er the frozen tide!

Hurrah for the lad with the sparkling eye,
For the joyous laugh and the courage high!
Hurrah for the health that is glad and strong,
So that life is gay as a merry song,
For the motion fearless, smooth and fleet,
When skates are wings to the flying feet!

Hurrah for the landscape broad and fair
Spread boldly out in the brilliant air!
Hurrah for the folds of the sheeted snow,
On the mountains high, in the valleys low!
Hurrah for the track where the skaters glide,
Fearless as over a highway tried!

Hurrah for the girls who skate so well—
Dorothy, Winifred, Kate and Nell!
Hurrah for the race we're bound to win,
And the curves and figures we mean to spin!
Hurrah for the joy that wings our feet,
When, like dancers gay, we pass and meet!

Who chooses may boast of the summer time,
Hurrah, we cry, for the frost and rime,
For the icicles pendant from roof and eaves,
For snow that covers the next year sheaves!
Hurrah for the gleaming, glassy lake
Where the skaters hold their pleasure take!

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A Difference.

Yesterday she turned away,
Everything seemed dark and gray—
Now she is my fiancee.
Life seems all a holiday.
I don't want it yesterday,
And it's not.

* * * *

Now my hair has turned to gray,
And my wife's long bills I pay,
Life don't seem a holiday—
Ergo, now, I sadly say,
Oh, that it were yesterday!
But it's not.—*Life.*

To ——.

Sweet melting Love: thy shadow slowly falls,
Born, while I gazed thy inmost soul upon:
Dear mimicks one whose dreamy orbs I bless,
Since now they rest on me and hate forget;
Fathomless my love for thee, and as the boundless sea,
So is its width:
I dream of thee and wish the night were longer far,
But dream I still, although the shadows flee,
Dreary the world was, 'ere thy gentle voice
Stirred my hard heart and framed a sweeter thought;
Night never seemed so dark, nor day so fair,
As when thou smilest on me and taught me Love.
Stay not thy flight then, O winged joy,
But, like the flooting clouds from storm-swept sky
Speed on thy course and chase the awful Gloom,
That sure will crush me should I lose thy love.

Toronto. B. KELLY.

It is great fun teaching a pretty girl how to skate, and the more successful the teacher is the longer she is getting to be expert.

Why?

"The things which are seen are temporal;"
"The unseen things are eternal."

We stand by the bier of our dead,
And weep with a sodden despair:
Repeating the words which they said
As they passed from the reach of our care.
We see but the clay and the cold:
Not the spirit with God.
We feel but the gloom of the tomb:
For the odorous bloom
And the balm of the evergreen hills,
Where the fragrance and beauty distil,
Hath never yet burst on our sight
Or ravished our souls with delight:
We see not,
We know not
One, mighty to save:
We see
And we know
But the shroud and the grave.
We toil and we labor, alone,
For that which is sordid and low;
We hope that some good will atone
For the gifts, we on folly bestow.
We see but the clay and the clod:
Not the glory of God.
We feel but the pulse of our need
Not the throb of a deed
Reaching out to a fulness of bliss
In a life that is higher than this,
We trust for the things we believe,
And passion's fruitage receive,
We see not
We know not
The good which obtains,
We see
And we know
But our getting and gains.
We live, but on such a low palin,—
(Though we deem that our doings adorn
And are helpful to God and to man)
It were better we ne'er had been born.
We see but the clay and the clod,—
Not the purpose of God.
We feel but the forces of earth:
Not a thrill of the birth,
When the spirit—divine—in the word
By peace and by pardon restored
Finds glories, immortal, in bloom,
And Heaven, by the gate of the tomb.
We see not
We know not
The true life, within:
We see
And we know
But the human and sin.

LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON

Dreams of Thee.

I saw thee in my dreams
Altho' we had not met,
The glory of thy vision
I never can forget.

In the dark and dreary days
It cheered me on my way,
Tho' 'twas thy dream face only
I knew that you'd come some day.

Thou wert the star of lonely night,
My hope in each dark hour,
And softly did thy loving light
Shed on me soothing power.

When weary I sought repose
Thy voice came o'er the sea,
Heart met heart in visionland
In those sweet charms of thee.

N. LAUGHER.

The Trystitg Tree.

The winds are here, the woods are sere,
The swallows south have fled
The beech tree in the whitethorn lane
Is robed in ruby red,
The dear old beech, beneath whose boughs
We lingered, love, and told
Our first fond love and mutual vows,
Ere green had changed to gold.
The kiss you gave, your whispered word,
None marked, and no one knows,
None save the little singing bird,
The wild bird and the rose,
The rose that clambered o'er the hedge
And blushed to see you blush,
What time we plighted love's long pledge
That golden even-hush.
I bore away a leaf to-day,
That burned beneath the beech.
Perchance of you in days to be
'Twill find a fairy speech.
Some day when fortune's frown is black
'Twill woo me with your voice
To that sweet summer trysting back,
And make my heart rejoice.
Sure other flowers of other hours
The memories will recall;
But this red leaf may wake 'mid grief
That dearest day of all.
That day 'neath the trysting tree
In summer weather blue,
When you, sweet, gave your heart to me,
And I gave mine to you.

Her Prayer.

The darkest hour is just before the dawn they say;
Ah me! how long the weary night,
Dear Lord in mercy usher in the glorious day,
And pierce the vale of darkness with Thy Kindly Light.

Long have I fought with grief and bitter pain,
My step is growing feebler, Lord I fail;
Prayers seem unanswered, yet I pray again.
And wait and hope for health and brighter days.

Ye who can feel the tide of youthful strength,
Flowing in healthful currents thro' the veins,
Count not by hours the night's dark weary length,
Nor fret beneath the load of earthly cares.

Teach me Oh Lord, some simple rule of faith,
By which to bear my lot in simple love.
To ease my fretful heart of discontent,
And bring me safely to Thy Home above

And when my pilgrimage on earth is safely o'er,
And earthly scenes are fading from my sight;
Triumphant then on wings of faith I'll soar,
And sing forever in Thy Presence bright.

Toronto. B. KELLY.

A Morning Message.

Listen, my soul, to the morning message
Borne from afar on the sunlight's wings,—
Shimmering clouds are its bright embassage,—
Laughing woodland to greet it springs;
All the world with its gladness rings.

Listen, my soul, in the bush, to hear it
Whispering softly in wisdome ways;
Every soul, with a heart, is near it,
Heareth its holy roundelays,
Joins its jubilant hymn of praise.

"*All things are pure and are planned for pleasure,*"
Pure as the light from the golden east:
Life, pure life, is the wondrous treasure
Each altar beareth, e'en the least——
Every man is a conser'd priest.

'*All things are true by their gracious making,*'
Hear the symphony rung abroad!
Choirs—divine—in the groves, awaking,
Blend their voices to praise and laud;
All things are true by the love of God.

"*All things are right*": O, my soul, rejoicing
At lowly lot, canst thou weigh or trace
By the beams from the halls of the morning shining
Atom or universe out of place:
It is thou who lackest the Builder's grace.

"*All things are good.*" It was thus He made them,
Form'd and fashioned at love's behest;
When th' Lord of life in His robes array'd them,
Finished, complete, (He knoweth best)
"*Very good,*" was the final test.

LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON
"The Elms," Toronto.

Domestic Felicity in Russia.

The *Listok* of Odessa reports an interesting instance of conjugal felicity. A wealthy landowner of one of the suburbs of Odessa married a woman of 30 years while he was 50. They lived peacefully together for a short time, but soon they began quarrelling and often exchanged blows. A few weeks ago they indulged themselves in a fight by which the good lady got worsted. She had an arm dislocated and was sent to the hospital, where she remained about three weeks. When she got well again she went home. Her husband, meeting her at the entrance, asked with a smile: "Are you quite well again, my dear?" "O, dear, yes," answered the woman. "I am so far recovered that I feel strong enough to send you to the place from which I am coming." And before the husband had time to appreciate the full meaning of this answer, he was lying bleeding on the floor with his jaw broken. He is now in the hospital occupying the bed which was vacated by his wife. He flatly refuses, however, to bring action against her in the court, or even to seek a separation from her. "Such little troubles between husband and wife," he said, speaking with one side of his mouth, "must not be taken so seriously in practical life."

Russian Red Tape.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg brings the news of an extreme case of very red Russian tape. At a large meeting held at the London Guildhall a few weeks ago a memorial in behalf of the Russian Jews addressed to the Czar was adopted. This memorial was forwarded to the Imperial Commission on Petitions of Russia, the London meeting concluding, as it was warranted in doing, that the proper way to reach the Czar for the purpose in question was through that body. But the Commission has returned the memorial to London, explaining by means of a letter addressed to the Lord Mayor of that city, that it is not authorized to present such papers to the Czar. It is to be hoped for the Czar's own sake that this performance means nothing more serious than red tape. If it is to be interpreted as indicating the Czar's determination not to listen to anything that the outside world may have to offer in reference to the treatment which the Jews are receiving at his hands, then it assumes a much graver aspect. He would do well to find and make a note of Shakespeare's remark that it is excellent to have a giant's strength, but tyrannous to use it like a giant.

A Slippery Problem.

Teacher (shrewdly)—"Now, Willie, supposing a dozen pair of skates cost $24 and your papa was saving $1 a week for each seven days, how long would it take to get one pair?"

Willie (promptly)—"Two days."

Teacher (anxious to correct)—"Now, show me how you work the problem and get this answer."

Willie (confidentially)—"One pair equals two skates. Ma says pa gets a skate every day. If it takes one day to get one skate, two skates will take two times one day, or two days. Therefore, it would take pa two days to get one pair."

It is singular that when a man gets full he is most apt to indulge in a vacant stare.

AN OLD LADY'S LOVE STORY.

I sat spinning at my little wheel, in the sun, for the autumn day was cold, when I heard some one whistling; and, looking up, there was young Squire Turner, with his arms folded on the gate, looking over. When he caught my eye he laughed, I blushed, and I arose and made him a courtesy.

He was a handsome gentleman, the Squire, and the hand from which he pulled the glove shimmered in the sun with pearls and diamonds; and he was bonny to look at with his hair like spun gold in the October sunlight.

When I courtesied he bowed, making his curls dance over his shoulders, and said he, "I've spoiled one pretty picture that I could have looked at all day, but I've made another as pretty, so I'll not grieve. May I come in?"

"And welcome, sir," said I, and I set a chair for him, for he was grandfather's landlord; but for all that I felt uncomfortable, for I was not used to fine company.

He talked away, paying me more compliments than I was used to, for grandmother, who brought me up, said, "Handsome is as handsome does," and "Beauty is but skin deep."

Since I'm telling the story I'll tell the truth. I had done wrong about one thing. Neither of the old folks knew that I wore Evan Locke's ring in my bosom, or that we'd taken a vow to each other beside the hawthorn that grew in the church lane. I never meant to deceive, but grannie was old and a little hard, and that love of mine was such a sweet secret. Besides, money seems to outweigh all else when people have struggled all their lives through to turn a penny, and they knew Evan was a poor, struggling young surgeon. I thought I'd wait a while until I could sweeten the news with the fact that he'd begun to make his fortune.

Grannie came in from the dairy five minutes after the Squire was gone, and heard he had been there. I didn't tell her of his fine speeches, but there was a keyhole to the door she came through, and I have a guess she heard them.

That night we had something else to think of. Misfortunes had come upon grandfather; but I didn't foresee that, when the half year's rent should come due, not a penny to pay it would be found.

All this time Evan Locke and I had been as fond as ever of each other, and he came as often as before to talk with grandpa on the winter nights; and still every little while our young landlord, Squire Turner, would drop in and sit in his lazy way, watching me knit or spin. Once or twice he was flushed with wine and over bold, for he tried to kiss me. But Squire or no, I boxed his ears for his pains, and no softer than I could help either.

I could not help his coming, nor help seeing him when he came, and I did not deserve that Evan should be angry with me. But he was. Eh, so high and mighty, and spoke as though one like the Squire could mean no good by coming to so poor a place as the schoolmaster's.

He made me angry, and I spoke up.

"For that matter, the Squire would be glad to have me promise to marry him," said I. "He thinks more of me than——"

"May be you like him better!"

"I don't say that," replied I. "But bad temper and jealousy scarce make me over fond of another. I pray I may never have a husband who will scold me."

For he had been scolding me. No other name for it.

Well, Evan was wroth with me and I with him—not heartdeep, though, I thought—and I did not see him for more than a week. I was troubled much, though. I knew he would come round again, and mayhap ask my pardon. For before you are wed you can bring your lover to his senses.

So I did not fret after Evan's absence, nor quite snub Squire Turner, who liked me more than ever. But one night grandfather came in and shutting the door, stood between grandmamma and me, looking at me, and so strangely that we both grew frightened. At last he spoke:

"I've been to the Squire's," said he. "For the first time I had to tell him that I could not pay the rent when due."

I opened my lips. Grandmamma's hand covered them. Grandpa drew me to him.

"Thou'rt young, lass," said he, "and they are right who call thee pretty. Child——could'st like the Squire well enough to wed him?"

"Eh!" cried grandma. "Sure, you're not wandering!"

"Squire Turner asked me for this lass of ours to-night. Of all women in the world there is but one he loves as he should his wife, and that is our Agatha."

"I dreamt of golden rings and white roses on Christmas eve," cried grannie. "I knew the lass would be lucky."

But I put my head on grandfather's shoulder and hid my face. The truth must out I knew.

"Wilt have him and be a rich lady?" said grandpa.

And when he had waited for an answer, I burst out with "No" and a sob together.

"She's frightened," said grandmamma. "Nay, we must all wed once in our lives, my child."

Then grandpapa talked to me. He told me how poor they had grown, and how kind the Squire was, and I had but to marry him to make my grandparents free from debt and poverty their lives through. If I refused and vexed the Squire, heaven only knew what might happen.

"She'll never ruin us," sobbed grandmamma.

Ah! it was hard to bear—bitter hard; but now there was no help for it. I took the ring from my bosom and laid it on my palm, and told them it was Evan Locke's, and that I had plighted my truth to him. And grandmamma called me a deceitful wench, and grandfather looked as though his heart would break.

Oh, I would have done anything for them—anything but give up my true love.

That night I kissed his ring and prayed heaven that he might love me always. In the morning it was gone, ribbon and all, from my neck. I looked for it high and low, but found no sign of it. And I began to fear the loss of that dear ring was a sign that I would never marry Evan Locke.

The days passed on and he never came near me.

"Oh, it was cruel in him," I thought, "to hold such anger for a hasty word he had provoked, when I spoke it that he must know I loved him so."

And grandma would scarcely look at me (I know why now), and grandpa sighed, and moaned, and talked of the work-house. And I thought I should die of grief among them.

One day grandma said to me, "It seems that your sweetheart is not over-fond of you, nor over-anxious to see you."

"Why not?" said I.

"Where has he been this month back?"

"Busy, doubtless," said I, with a smile, though I thought my heart would burst.

"You're going with him, maybe."

"Where?" said I.

She went to the kitchen door and beckoned in a woman who sat there—Dame Coombs, who had come over with eggs.

"I heard you rightly," she said. "You told me Evan Locke and his mother were making ready for a voyage."

"They're going to Canada. My son, a carpenter—and a good one, though I say it—made the doctor a box for his things. The old lady dreads the new country, but she goes for the doctor's sake. There's money to be made there."

"I told you so," said grandmother.

"I don't believe it," said I.

"They've sold the house, and gone to Liverpool to take ship; and you may find the truth for yourself, if you choose to make trouble," said Dame Coombs. "I'm no chatterbox, to tell falsehoods about my neighbors."

And still I would not believe it until I had walked across the moor and had seen the shutters fast closed and the door barred, and not a sign of life about the place. Then I gave up hope. I went home all pale and trembling, and sat down at grandmamma's knee.

"It's true," said I.

"And for the sake of so false a lad you'll see your grandfather ruined and break his heart, and leave me, that have nursed you from a babe, a widow."

I looked at her as she sobbed, and I found strength to say:

"Give me to whom you will then, since my own love does not want me."

And then I crept up stairs and sat down on my beside, weak as though I had fainted. I would have thanked heaven for forgetfulness just then, but it wouldn't come.

The next day Squire Turner was in the parlor as my accepted lover. How pleased he was, and how the color came back into grandfather's old face! And grannie grew so proud and kind, and all the house was aglow, and only I sad. But I couldn't forget Evan—Evan whom I had loved so—sailing away from me without a word.

I suppose they all saw I looked sad. The Squire talked of my health, and would make me ride with him over the moors for strength.

The old folk said nothing. They knew what ailed me; only our little Scotch maid seemed to think there was aught wrong. Once she said to me:

"What ails ye miss? Your eye is dull and your cheek is pale, and your brawr grand lover canna make ye smile; yeare na that ill, either."

"No, I am well enough," said I.

She looked at me wistfully.

"Gin ye'd tell me your all, I might tell ye a cure," she said.

But there was no cure for me in this world, and I couldn't open my heart to simple Jennie. So the days rolled by, and I was close on my marriage eve, and Granuie and Dorothy Plume were busy with my wedding robes. I wished it were my shroud they were working at, instead.

And one night the pain in my heart grew too great, and I went out among the purple heather on the moor, and there knelt down under the stars and prayed to be taken from the world; "for how can I live without Evan?" I said.

I spoke the words aloud, and then started up in affright, for there at my side was an elfish little figure, and I heard a cry that at first I scarce thought earthly. Yet it was but Scotch Jennie, who had followed me.

"Why do ye call for your true love now?" she said; "ye sent him fra ye for sake o' the young Squire."

"How dare you follow and watch me?" But she caught my sleeve.

"Dinna be vexed," she said. "Just bide a wee, and answer what I speer. It's for love of you, for I've seen ye waste like the snaw wreath in the sun sin the Squire wooed ye. Was it your will the lad that loved the ground ye trod on should have his ring again?"

"What do you mean?" said I.

"I'll speak gin I lose my place," said Jennie. "I rode with the mistress to young Doctor Locke's place past the moor, and there she lighted and gave him a ring, and what she said I know not, but it turned him the tint o' death, and said he: "There's na a drop o' true bluid in a woman 'gin she is false." And he turned to the wall and covered his eyes, an' your grammie rode home. There, 'tis all I ken—will it do?"

"Ay," Jennie," said I; "heaven bless you!"

And had I wings on my feet I could not have come to the cottage door sooner.

I stood before my grandmother, trembling and white, and I said: "Oh, don't tell me, grannie, you have cheated me and robbed me of my true love by a lie. Did you steal the troth ring from my neck and give it back to Evan, as if from me? You I've loved and honored my life long—"

She turned scarlet.

"True love!" said she: "you've but one true love now—Squire Turner."

"You have done it!" I cried. "It's written on your face."

And she looked down at that and fell to weeping.

"My own true love was breaking his heart," she said. "My husband and I had loved for 40 years. I did it to save him. Could I let a girl's fancy, worth nothing, stand in my way, and see him a beggar in his old age? Oh, girl, girl!"

And then I fell down at her feet like a stone. I knew nothing for an hour or more; but then, when I was better, and they left me with Jennie, I bade her fetch my hood and cloak and her own, and come with me, and away I went across the moor in the starlight to where the hall windows were ablaze with light, and asked the housekeeper to let me see the Squire.

She stared at me for my boldness—no wonder—but called him. So in a moment he stood before me in his evening dress, with his cheeks flushed and eyes bright, and let me into a little room and seated me.

"Agatha, my love, I hope no mischance brings you here." But I stopped him.

"Not your love, Squire Turner," I said. "I thank you for thinking so well of me, but after all that has passed, I—"

I could say no more. He took my hand.

"Have I offended you, Agatha? he said.

"Not you. The offense—the guilt—oh, I have been sorely cheated!" and all I could do was to sob.

At last strength came to me. I went back to the first and told him all—how we had been plighted to each other, waiting only for better prospects to be wed, and how, when he honored me by an offer of his hand, I angered my grandmother by owning to the truth, and of the ring grannie had stolen from my breast, and the false message that had been sent my promised husband from me.

"And though I never see Evan Locke again," said I, "still I can never be another man's true love, for I am his until I die."

Then as I looked, all the rich color faded out of the Squire's face, and I saw the sight we seldom see more than once in a lifetime—a strong young man in tears.

At last he arose and came to me.

"My little Agatha never loved me," he said. "Ah, me! The news is bad—I thought she did. This comes of vanity."

"Many a higher and a fairer have hearts to give," I said. "Mine was gone ere you saw me."

And then, kind and gentle, as though I had not grieved him, he gave me his arm and saw me across the moor, and at the gate paused and whispered:

"Be at rest, Agatha. The Golden George has not sailed yet."

I liked him better than I had ever done before that night when I told grannie that I would never wed him.

Eh! but he was fit to be a king—the grandest, kindest, best of living men; who rode away with the break of the morrow and never stopped till he reached Liverpool and found Evan Locke just ready to set foot upon the Golden George and told him a tale that made his heart light and sent him back to me. Heaven bless him!

And who was it that sent old grandfather the deed of gift that made the cottage his own, and who spoke a kind word to the gentry for young Dr. Locke that helped him into practice? Still no one but Squire Turner, whom we taught our children to pray for every night. For we were married, and in a few years had boys and girls at our knees; and when the eldest was nigh two, the thing I needed to make me quite happy happened—and from far over the sea, where he had been three twelve months, came our Squire, with the bonniest lady that ever blushed beside him, and the hall had a mistress at last—a mistress who loved the Squire as I loved Evan.

Eh! but it's an old story. She that I remembered a girl I saw in her coffin, withered and old. And then they opened the vault where the Squire had slept ten years to put her beside him; and I've nothing left of Evan, my life and my love, but his memory, and it seems as if every hope and dream of joy I ever had were put away under tombstones. And even the Golden George, the great strong ship that would have borne my dear from me, has mouldered away at the bottom of the sea. And I think my wedding ring is like to out-last us all, for I have it yet, and I shall be 90 to-morrow.

Ninty! It's a good old age, and it can't be long now before I meet Evan and the rest in heaven.

Religion and Geniality.

"There is something very winning in this thought that true religion has its genial side. There is great comfort in believing that God is more like man, and heaven more like the most perfect home-life of earth, than people commonly supposed; and Christmas does help us to believe this. When the spirit is overburdened by thoughts of the more awful verities of the faith, or weary with pondering the insoluble problems of man's origin and destiny, there is the same sort of relief in turning to this exquisite picture of the angels and the shepherds which a harebell, or a violet, or a delicate spray of fern, gives the eye, when one catches sight of it springing out of some mossy cleft in the rock at the foot of a great waterfall or on the face of a mountain steep. The cataract or bluff has filled us with thoughts of our own utter insignificance; we feel cowed, dwarfed, dismayed; but the delicate pencilling of the flower reassures us. The same hand, we say, made both rock and leaf; the same Creator who seemed to frown on us from the greater work seems now to smile upon us in the lesser. In the Child of Bethlehem, God-head and manhood meet and are knit together. 'Is God, then, like this?' we ask, in pleased surprise. 'Are the characteristics which so strongly attract us in the person of Jesus really a reflection of Deity?' If so, the meeting him may turn out to be better than the meeting with one's dearest friend."—[W. R. Huntington, D.D., D.C.L.

The fact that the death of King Kalakaua, which was announced Tuesday, the 20th., occurred outside the Sandwich Islands is likely to have considerable effect upon the political future of his majesty's dominions. The King had been on a visit to San Francisco for several weeks and was there taken with pneumonia, which resulted fatally. David Kalakaua was the seventh King of the Hawaiian Islands. He was born in Honolulu Nov. 16, 1836, and was consequently 55 years of age. He was the son of C. Kapaakea and Keohokalole and is descended on his mother's side from Keawe, an ancient king of the Island of Hawaii. He received an English education with about 15 other hereditary chiefs in the royal school at Honolulu. On the death of Lunalilo in February, 1874, without proclaiming a successor, both Kalakaua and the Queen-dowager Emma, relict of Kawehawa IV., announced themselves as candidates for the throne, and the Legislature elected Kalakaua and he was installed as King the same day. His successor will be his sister, Princess Lilinokalani, who has been acting as queen regent during Kalakaa's absence from the islands.

Well Worth Winning.

CHAPTER I.—THE DEAD HAND.

Mr. Lawson Loring, of Priors Loring, died somewhat suddenly at Brighton in the early days of February, and left matters in a melancholy state for his only son and heir, then a young fellow [not yet twenty-two, and reading for his degree at Oxford.

It was a pity, because Arthur Loring was worthy of better fortune: but it was the hard fact all the same. He had partly expected this result, but not wholly; and the completeness of the ruin was only brought home to him by the solicitor of his late father, within a month after the funeral, when the mansion was already advertised "to be let, furnished."

"It is well, Mr. Arthur," said the lawyer that memorable day, in the late Squire's study, "that you have no sisters or brothers—sisters especially. I think you are stout enough to face the world by yourself; for you must face it now."

"How much is the house and property supposed to be worth in the market."

"A hard question to answer in these times," said the lawyer, shaking his head. "The mortgagees will have to find it out one of these days."

"You mean they will foreclose and sell the property?"

"They must, in order to save themselves. The Moon Insurance Company hold a first mortgage of a hundred thousand at four and a half per cent., representing a charge of four thousand five hundred a year, which is more than the estate is able to pay."

"Then they haven't been paid?"

"Just a moment. Last year the interest was considerably in arrears, and they threatened to foreclose. You remember, another mortgage was effected—you didn't look into it much at the time—but we got thirty thousand pounds, and paid up the arrears of interest. There were other debts which swallowed the rest. Now, for their own protection, the first mortgagees will foreclose, and by a forced sale recover their principal before it melts away."

"And the second mortagagees?"

"Their money is probably lost, Mr. Arthur," said the lawyer, shrugging his shoulders. "They have no one to blame but themselves. However, it was a transaction into which other considerations entered that you may hear of some day. I need not say any more now."

"So I have just nothing, Mr. Harding?" said the heir, looking the situation full in the face.

"Nothing, Mr. Arthur. You see how plainly I put it," he added, in a changed tone, "for I want you to comprehend it clearly."

"My comprehension of the case is quite clear, Mr. Harding," Arthur Loring answered, with a smile in which the mixture of courage and melancholy was winning.

"I know you are a brave boy. The world will not beat you."

"All I want to take is the picture of my mother and my own private effects."

The old solicitor looked at the picture, which hung over the mantel-piece, and from it to the boy—for he really looked a boy—beside him. "Arthur, how like her you are," he said, reverently. "You hardly remember her. Ah, me! the sunny day she first came to Priors Loring, and the dark day she left it; for there never has been light in the place since.—So you are going to-day?"

"I am going to-day; but you shall hear from me often, Mr. Harding."

The two walked out to the front of the house and there parted; and then Arthur Loring went back to pack up his things.

He was in his old room at this sad task, with as brave a heart as could be expected, when a kitchenmaid—almost the last of the household now left—tapped at the door to say that there were two ladies below.

"Ladies?" he repeated with surprise. "What ladies?"

"Strangers, sir, come to view the house; and there's no one in but me."

"Very well, Jane; say I shall be down directly."

There was no reason why he should not have followed at once, save for vexation and shame. It was mortifying to have to "show" the house to inquisitive and captious strangers just as he was leaving it. If they were vulgar, they would probably offend him; if they were gentlewomen, no doubt they would pity him. Either prospect was bitter enough to the beggared heir. He went down, his pale face showing some of the colour which he could not quite drive back, and found two ladies standing at the drawing-room window looking out—apparently mother and daughter. The latter, a girl certainly under twenty, turned her face as he entered, and some singular influence in the modest radiance of her beauty for an instant surprised him. But he at once bowed, and gave his attention to the older lady—a cold and handsome woman of middle age, of tall and graceful figure. This lady presented her card of admission, and hoped, with quiet dignity, that their visit was not inconveniently timed. To which he answered, "Not at all," and expressed his readiness, for want of a better guide, to show them all they wished to see.

Preceding them from room to room, and briefly but courteously answering the few questions which the elder lady addressed to him—the girl not opening her lips at all—he conducted them through the several reception rooms. Once, before a certain picture, he knew that they both turned and glanced at him, though his face was directed another way; but the likeness was one that nobody could have missed.

Arthur Loring sent the maid to show them the rooms in the upper part, and waited in the hall until they came down, which was not long. Passing the door of the study, he noticed the elder lady glance towards it.

"It is a book-room," he said, "with nothing to recommend it except the view from the window. Pray look at it."

He led them in, and pointed out the fine view which the window commanded. Then he took the opportunity of explaining that everything in the house would be left exactly as they saw it.

"Except that," he added, seeing them looking at the picture of his mother, "which is all I wish to take with me."

"A sister?" said the lady very softly, with a delicacy in her tone which seemed to deprecate offence.

"My mother, madam; the portrait was painted very soon after I was born."

Then the curious influence which had startled him on first seeing the young lady's face was explained. It struck the girl's mother at the same instant, for she withdrew her gaze suddenly from the portrait and looked at her daughter with considerable surprise. The girl's eyes might have been painted for those of Arthur Loring's mother. A blush of interesting consciousness suffused her face; and then without a word spoken on the subject, they withdrew from the room.

The fly from the station was waiting at the door, and in a couple of minutes they had thanked him and driven away. He only recollected after they were gone that the card—which was still in his hand—was made out to "the bearer;" but he put it in his pocket-book, so that he could find out from the agents in London who the visitors were.

The same evening, at eight o'clock, found Arthur Loring, in London, with the world before him.

Without as yet bestowing much thought upon a change of life which he had still to realise, Arthur Loring instinctively kept away from those localities he had hitherto known best, and put up for the present at the *Midland Hotel* at St. Pancras. He put off thinking until he had dined; and having dined, found the thinking not so easy a matter. In fact, it was a failure, for he knew no more what he was fitted for in the battle of life than a girl from a country boarding-school. And in truth, in whatever direction his thoughts turned, they never failed to meet the sweet eyes of the young lady who had visited Priors Loring that afternoon.

He had two uncles residing in London, one reputed to be a rich man, whom good fortune had raised above his deserts; the other was a bachelor engaged in business, and possessed of nothing beyond the salary he earned. However, there was an old attachment between Arthur and the poorer uncle—who was the youngest of the three brothers—and to him he went.

He knew his uncle's house in Chelsea well, for in his brighter days he had been a frequent visitor. Over a draper's shop in the King's Road, Mr. Ralph Loring had his three respectable but by no means genteel rooms.

"Arthur?" he said, glancing up from his evening paper; "how is this? Glad to see you, my lad, but something's the matter."

Arthur Loring laughed—not very cheerfully—and without more ceremony told his uncle the whole "matter" in a few words.

"I want your advice, Uncle Ralph. What had I best do?"

"Of course I expected there would be nothing left, Arthur, and I'm not surprised at seeing you. The question is what can you do? It strikes me your school acquirements are of little practical use, except you can impart them to others—and there are too many teachers.—Wouldn't some of your old friends provide a berth for you?"

Arthur reddened. "You don't suppose I would ask them, uncle?"

"Well, then, you must go to school again, Arthur. That is to say, you must learn the ways of business in some office."

"I suppose that's it."

"But here let me tell you, my boy, that it isn't so easy to get the chance. There are a hundred eager applicants for every vacant stool in London, and although none of them has an education like yours, the least qualified of the lot is far ahead of your in point of utility."

"It isn't encouraging. But something I must get, or"——

"Just so. But whatever you may get will be ill paid. Do you think you can live on thirty shillings a week? You will hardly get that to start with, for it will be some time before you can be of much use. You will have to learn book-keeping and shorthand, which are now elementary requisites in every business office."

Arthur Loring sighed, and thought it might be better to enlist as a soldier at once and have done with anxiety.

"It strikes me, Arthur, your only course is to apply to your uncle Henry; he is at the head of a large office, and could give you a place at once."

"You know he was my father's enemy."

"I know he was, and that he has as little love for you. He is the most unmitigated scoundrel in London, though he lives in a square and keeps carriages. However, his day is coming.—But all that is beside the question; you must apply to him."

"Tell me this, uncle," cried the young man with sudden energy: "did my father ever injure him, that they should be enemies?"

"That depends on the way you look at it. Henry admired your mother; but your father won and wedded her. Before you were born, Henry came down to Priors Loring, half tipsy, and acted in so outrageous a fashion that your father horsewhipped him out of the place. He has never been there since. I know a good deal of his subsequent history, which I may tell you some time. He is now manager of a company, the Annuitants' Investment Association, and Heaven help the annuitants! It was he who advanced that last mortgage on Priors Loring."

"And it is all lost?"

"All lost. Do you know why he did it? Of course it was the company's money, and his name was not in the transaction—at least your poor father was ignorant of it. He wanted to see your father's ruin. He was in treaty with the insurance people for the transfer of the first mortgage, so as to be able to strike the blow with his own hand. Instead of what he hoped for, he received two heavy blows himself. The insurance people declined to transfer their mortgage on the terms offered, and your father has died. Net result, thirty thousand lost, without the anticipated equivalent of breaking your father's heart."

Arthur Loring turned this over in his mind for a few minutes. "And will the mortgagees foreclose and sell the place?" he inquired anxiously.

"I don't think so, if they can get in their four and a half per cent. There will be no charge on the estates now—no Squire to keep up—and the rent of the house and park and shootings will be considerable. I'm afraid, though, your prospects of going back, Arthur, are very poor."

"I was not thinking of that, uncle," he answered sadly. "I have bid farewell to Priors Loring. All the same, I shall be glad if it is not sold, though it will be much the same thing to have strangers living there.—Only fancy! I had the pleasure of showing two "viewers" over the house to-day."

"Who were they?"

"I don't know; they were ladies—mother and daughter. Curiously enough, they seemed to be specially interested in the house, for they said very little; and"—— It was on his tongue to mention the incident of the portrait, but instead he added: "They didn't say a word as to whether they liked the place or not, but merely thanked me, and drove away to the station in a fly."

"Any one who rents Priors Loring will require money to keep it up," observed Ralph Loring. "What were the ladies like?"

He described them briefly, only referring to the younger lady as being very beautiful and quiet.

"What kind of eyes has she? When I hear a lady described, Arthur, I make it a rule to know all I can about her eyes. A woman's eyes are everything, to my mind."

"Well, as it happens," said the young fellow, laughing, "this young lady's eyes are very interesting."

"What colour are they?"

"I don't know about the colour, Uncle Ralph; but," he added softly, "you remember my mother's eyes?"

"Ah!" said the old gentleman quickly. "Just what I suspected. You would never guess who the tall woman was, who seemed so deeply interested in Priors Loring?"

"No."

"Your enemy's wife, Arthur—Mrs. Henry Loring."

The young man started with an uneasy feeling. If the ladies' visit foreshadowed the coming of Henry Loring to occupy the place of master of Priors Loring, the heir would rather see the old house sold by public auction to any stranger in the land.

"Are you sure about mortgagees, Uncle Ralph?" he asked with dim fear.

"Well, I don't think your uncle will get the mortgage, though he is a clever man.—And now, hadn't you better see him to-morrow? I know you don't like it, but I think it will be best."

Arthur Loring confessed to himself as he drove back to the hotel that night, that whatsoever odd humor his uncle Ralph might have been in, his words had not administered comfort. Ralph evidently detested his brother heartily, and Arthur was not disposed to deny that Henry entirely deserved it. But the young fellow was far from willing to approach the prosperous uncle who hated him as his father's son—or his mother's?—in the character of one in distress. He meant to try other resource first.

He tried them day after day for a week, and the vain applications he made here, there, and everywhere, left him sick at heart. At the same time—he left the hotel and took a lodging in Marylebone.

One day, after failing in two new quarters to which he went in answer to advertisements he took a sudden resolution and went to the office of the Annuitants' Investment Association in Pall Mall. But his heart failed him when, in answer to his inquiry whether Mr. Loring was in, a supercilious clerk shortly demanded, "What name?"

He reddened, and declining to give his name, walked out.

He now resolved that he would go to Cadogan Square and leave his card with a request for an interview. This would be more dignified, at all events; and if his uncle should then suggest appointing him in the Annuitants' office, it would take away the humiliation of having to make the request himself.

Poor Arthur Loring was both startled and mortified when the door of the mansion in Cadogan Square was opened to him by one of the Priors Loring footmen.

"You here, Brooks?" he said.

A sense of shame coloured the menial's face as he answered: "Yes, Mr. Arthur. Mr. Loring has taken on all of us as was willing to engage.—It isn't quite so comfortable as Priors Loring, sir, but we hope soon"——

"Never mind," interrupted Arthur, cutting him short; "give my card to Mr. Loring." So saying, he turned from the door.

How the transfer of these servant's allegiance, and the half-spoken prospect of soon going back to Priors Loring with their new master, made his pride smart! But the heart of a young man is more prone to other emotions as Arthur Loring immediately found before he had descended the last step from his uncle's door.

A carriage drove up and stopped, and carelessly glancing towards it, he met the eyes of his cousin. The girl slightly coloured with surprise, and smiled a timid recognition. A young man who sat opposite to her noted these things, and treated Loring to a stare of haughty astonishment as he raised his hat to the lady; but Arthur Loring gave no thought to the presence of the gentleman—until he next met him—and walked away under the magic influence of a new feeling, which was, of course, kindled by his fair cousin's bright eyes.

"You are right, Uncle Ralph," he observed that night, as he sat sipping a cup of that epicurean bachelor's cocoa—"you are right in what you hold concerning ladies' eyes."

"Oh, said Uncle Ralph with a short cough, "so you have met her again, have you?"

"I didn't mean that—I wasn't thinking"——Arthur stammered, red and laughing. "However, I suppose that was what put the thought in my head."

"Very good," was the dry remark.—"Well?"

"Well—I hadn't anything else to say. Of course Miss Loring's eyes are very attractive."

"Of course.—And now, tell me how it happened."

"Simply enough. I was leaving a card for my uncle, and she drove up as I came away—that was all."

"Anybody with her?"

"Only a gentleman, who, by the way, seemed to resent the courtesy of raising my hat to her."

"He resented you knowing each other, Arthur. That man, now, will be your natural enemy if you meet him again, as very likely you shall."

"Why should he be my enemy?"

"Because he wants the girl for himself."

"But I don't want to take her from him," said Arthur Loring; "and if I did," he added, "there would be little probability of my succeeding.

"Let me tell you, though," said his uncle, "she is a prize worth the winning. Is there her equal for beauty in London? You admit there isn't. Furthermore, she owns none of your excellent uncle's blood; and her name is Maud Lavelle, and I believe she has a fortune of a quarter of a million."

The young man heard this with amazement. "Not my uncle's daughter? Whose daughter is she, then?"

"Her mother's, of course. Mrs Loring is an American lady, and was a widow when your uncle married her. She has money, too, but it is her own, though Henry enjoys the income of it. I suppose the mother's money will eventually go to the daughter. Think of Priors Loring again, Arthur, with such a mistress as Maud Lavelle!"

The suggestion, touching as it did his own secret sentiment respecting this lovely girl, sent the blood coursing through Arthur Loring and mounting to his very forehead. "Ah, well, uncle," he observed presently with a sigh, "it is no use thinking of such things. I have other matters to attend to at present. I suppose Uncle Henry will not notice my card. Mrs. Loring seems to be a—a stern lady."

"She has been deceived, Arthur," answered his uncle; "and would have revolted if she had been able. But her husband inspires her with fear, and she is a mere slave to his will. So, for that matter, is her daughter. If Mrs. Loring had the power to give him her money, he would have had every penny of it from her long sinces. It is a pity, for your sake."

"What is a pity?"

"That the women have no will of their own. If they had, you could go in and win the girl in spite of him."

"So, then, the case is this, uncle." Arthur Loring replied with a bitter laugh—"that Miss Lavelle is not to be won without my uncle's consent. That's a hopeful prospect for me, is it not?"

"All the same, your father's son shouldn't be dismayed. I should try, if I were you."

"And fail. But failure in such matters involves a good deal, Uncle Ralph; and I think I will spare myself the unhappiness. I have enough without it."

CHAPTER II.—Maud.

Arthur Loring sat down to his breakfast with the resolution that if no message came from his uncle he would proceed straight to Charing Cross and enlist with a sergeant of hussars whom he had noticed near the National Gallery. This act would cut the knot of his anxieties and separate him effectually—under another name—from the harassment of his present situation and every vain thought of Maud Lavelle.

There was a certain desperate comfort in the prospect, from which he was drawing that satisfaction that comes from a mind made up, when the landlady's little girl came in and put a letter on the table. It was a civil invitation from Mr. Henry Loring to call at his office between two and five and to dine at Cadogan Square in the evening.

"I will go," he said, "and find out what he means. I wish I could see Uncle Ralph first, but it is impossible.—Perhaps, after all," his thoughts suggested to him later on, "it might be wiser to pass by his office and go straight on to the sergeant. My uncle has no love for me, and—and"——There was a certain danger ahead, which for the moment he possessed sense enough to appreciate; yet it was the fatal fascination of that very danger that was drawing him on towards his enemy.

The same supercilious clerk took his card looked from it to Loring with cool surprise, and tossing it to a junior, directed him to take it to "the secretary."

Now Arthur Loring thought this proceeding an insult, and it was with no very gracious feeling he presently followed the junior into an adjoining room with the word "Secretary" on the door.

The secretary looked at him with an expression of cold curiosity when he entered. Loring was not even invited to take a chair, an incivility which he overlooked in recognising the secretary as the same gentleman whom he had seen in the carriage with Miss Lavelle.

"Well, Mr. Loving," observed the secretary, referring to the card, "can I do anything for you?"

"Not that I am aware of," said Arthur. "I have called to see my uncle, Mr. Loring, with whom," he added, catching at the business formula, "I have an appointment."

"Ah, an appointment?" said the secretary doubtfully. "Mr. Loring generally advises me of his appointments, and I was not aware of this one. Are you sure it was for to-day? Perhaps, however, if you will state your business to me"——

"Perhaps, *sir*," interrupted Arthur, "you would have the goodness to send my card to Mr. Loring? My business is with him, and I need not trouble you further."

"Well," said the secretary coolly, "if you will wait outside, I shall see. One of the clerks will give you an answer."

The secretary, smarting from the brief encounter, laid the card on his table for a quarter of an hour before he rang for the clerk to take it in.

The clerk came for Arthur Loring just as he was putting on his hat to go; and he was ushered into the presence of his uncle, whom he saw standing on the hearthrug, waiting for him with a smile most unpleasantly like a grin.

"So you have bid adieu to Priors Loring, Arthur," he observed, fixing his eyes on the young man's face. "Have you any plans for the future? I suppose your expensive education is not thrown away?"

"You know the value of an expensive education, uncle," said Arthur courageously, when you want to earn bread by it. It is not worth much."

"Do you want me to help, or merely to advise you? I presume it was not out of mere courtesy you left your card at my house.'

"I want to earn my living," said the young man, swallowing a lump in his throat. "I want no further help than to be put in the way of doing so."

"Very well," replied Mr. Loring quietly; 'I will do as much as that for you. But 'the salary you will be worth—for a long while yet—will hardly keep you in the clothes you have been used to."

"I want no more than I may be worth; and I mean to live upon it, be it ever so little, without disgracing either yourself or your office."

"You will come to dinner this evening, of course? Very well.—And now let us understand each other, Mr. Arthur Loring. I may ask you to my house again; but you will clearly understand that no intimacy shall ever exist between you and me. There is that in the past which does not allow it."

In this sentiment Arthur fully concurred, but from another point of view. What followed rather took him by surprise.

"When I speak of intimacy, I refer only to myself. With my wife and daughter you may be as intimate as they, and your opportunities, permit. You see I am not unreasonable or unjust. Am I quite understood?"

"I think so, sir."

"You have met my wife and daughter already, I understand. Perhaps I ought to explain why they went to Priors Loring. It is because I do not intend to allow the house I was born in to be occupied by strangers. I have more reverence for the old roof-tree than your father had, who brought it to this sad pass."

"Then you have rented the house, sir?"

"I have rented it, pending another arrangement whereby I shall possess it."

"It is not for sale."

"What have you to do with it, that you should know whether it is or not?" he demanded sharply.

"Nominally, at least, it is still mine, although that, I admit,' amounts to very little."

"You have been talking to my brother Ralph," said Mr. Loring. "But if you take my advice yourself, you will avoid your uncle Ralph; his counsel will be of as little value to you as it has been to himself."

Arthur Loring had all this while been standing, and now he thought the interview had gone far enough, and observed: "If it is your intention to give me a trial in your office, sir, I should be glad to know when I am to come here again."

"Mr. Longfield, the secretary, will arrange that with you; he has entire control of the office." He touched a bell, and the secretary came in. "This young gentleman, Arthur, is my nephew, Mr. Arthur Loring. Hornby may leave the office this day week, and you will put Mr. Loring in his place, or at such other work as you deem best."

"Very well," said the secretary, without deigning to glance at the young man; "let him be here this day week at half-past nine."

Arthur Loring went down the stone stairs full of shame and mortification, and half tempted to go back and decline to serve under two such men as his uncle and the secretary. But now that he had gone so far he set his teeth with the resolution to follow it up. That secretary, especially, he felt to be his enemy.

Arthur made the most of his opportunities that evening. The secretary was there; and during dinner Arthur exerted himself to the utmost in his attention to the mother and daughter; and as Mr. Loring seemed secretly amused, they gave themselves freely to the enjoyment of their guest's good spirits and constant rattle of small-talk. After he had held open the door for them to withdraw, he returned, and rested his elbows on the edge of the table.

"Won't you take some wine, Arthur?" said his uncle.

"I don't care for any wine; but if you don't mind, uncle, I will join the ladies?"

"All right," said Mr. Loring; "we shan't be very long after you."

Arthur Loring proceeded to the drawing-room, where he found Miss Lavelle alone. The girl gave a little start of surprise, and looked pleased.

"Mamma has gone up for a handkerchief," she said. "You have left the dining-room very soon, Mr. Loring. Will they not think you unsocial?"

"And what will you think me, Miss Lavelle?" he asked. "I hope not intrusive?"

"Oh no," she said.

"Will you tell me now," he asked, "what you think of Priors Loring? Shall you like to live there?"

"I have never been in so lovely a place, Mr. Loring."

"When are you going down to live there?"

"Oh, I don't know at all," she answered, looking frightened, as he thought.

"You will grow attached to Priors Loring. Wait until you know it better, and have seen the woods in their full dress: there isn't another place like it in England. I wish I was there to show it to you, I know it so well!"

He spoke with a little enthusiasm, for a very light touch of the subject made his heart warm; but Miss Lavelle recalled him to sober reality by an innocent suggestion.

"Perhaps you will come down—perhaps Mr. Loring"—she never spoke of her mother's husband as her father—"will ask you to come down and stay a while with us. I should be so glad."

"Thank you, Miss Lavelle. No; my uncle will not ask me down to Priors Loring; and if he did, I could not accept his invitation, even to meet you."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, indeed, Mr. Loring," she quickly said, pink with distress. "I did not think of what I was saying."

"There is nothing to pardon. But I shall never stand in Priors Loring again."

"Isn't 'never' a long time, Mr. Loring?" she inquired with a pretty smile, "and you are not very old as yet."

"True enough; but even earlier in life, people often have to say "never"—something is always coming to an end, you know—like this pleasant little conversation," he added, as Mrs. Loring returned to the drawing-room, and the other gentlemen came in. Mr. Longfield, with a glance of contempt at Loring, walked over and seated himself beside Miss Lavelle on the couch.

Arthur Loring was taken aback for a moment by this proceeding. He was standing by the couch, and the situation became awkward for a minute or two, until, in spite of his self-control, the blood mounted to his face, and he moved away to where Mrs. Loring sat. Longfield laughing softly as he retired—either at him or at something else—made his ears tingle, and gave him the first inspiration of a craving for retaliation, which afterwards led to singular results.

The rest of the evening was wretchedly uncomfortable. Mr. Henry Loring stood mostly on the hearthrug, a silent observer of the scene. What he thought of it, no one could guess from his inscrutable face. Longfield was whispering to Maud Lavelle; and Arthur Loring doing his painful best to maintain a conversation with the cold and reserved mistress of the house. Perhaps an unexpected, and it may indeed have been unconscious, cordiality in her manner of saying good-night was a tribute to the spirit with which he had carried off a trying hour; perhaps, on the other hand, Mrs. Loring was glad it was over.

Arthur, considerably on his mettle now, did not allow himself to be annoyed or abashed by the man's supercilious stare as he approached to take leave of the younger lady.

"Good-night, Miss Lavelle," he said in his pleasantest manner, "or—will you let me say Maud, for we are cousins, you know?"

"Oh, certainly," answered the girl, taken a little by surprise, but reddening and smiling at the same time.

"Thank you, Maud.—Good-night."

Returning Mr. Longfield's courtesy by forgetting to notice him, Arthur took a cheerful leave of his uncle and went away.

There was a minute's silence. Miss Lavelle rose and went to her mother. Then Mr. Longfield, recovering from his temporary stupefaction, observed: "Well, I admire that impudence! I wonder you allowed it, Maud."

That the girl possessed some spirit her suddenly rising colour made manifest, without the sharp rejoinder which she made to this observation.

"Mr. Loring is a gentleman," she said, "and my cousin."

"A gentleman, is he?" replied Longfield. "I should hardly have thought it."

"Perhaps you are not a good judge;" the girl quietly retorted; and then she and her mother retired.

Arthur Loring, singular to say, was in excellent spirits as he walked out into Sloane Street from the square—he was satisfied that he had given Mr. Longfield a good knock-down, and his gratitude to Maud Lavelle for permitting him knew no bounds.

"She's a glorious girl!" was his fervid thought as he halted a minute, looking back into the square. "Oh Maud, Maud! does that or I mean you to be his?"

That the "end" meant it, there could be no doubt; and indeed it looked as if the matter were already removed beyond the province of speculation. The conviction made Arthur Loring smart; but his step was firm and elastic, and he carried his head defiantly as he walked up the street and turned into King's Road.

From the opposite side of the street he saw light in the window of his uncle's sitting-room, and he immediately crossed the road and obtained admittance.

"Well, Arthur," inquired Ralph with considerable curiosity, "how did it come off?"

"Delightfully, uncle," the young fellow dryly answered, throwing himself in a chair and stretching his rather long legs.—"Do you know, I wished you were there."

"It's a pity I wasn't. Perhaps, if you gave him a hint, Henry might invite me next time you dine there!" The old fellow seemed to enjoy the fancy.

"I'm afraid that will never happen, uncle," said Arthur, laughing. "Indeed, I doubt whether I shall myself be again honoured, only there's no accounting for things. Do you know, I had a palpable brush with that fellow Longfield?"

"You don't say? Tell me all about it."

Arthur did so, and Uncle Ralph enjoyed it immensely. The bold way in which the young fellow had made up to the girl and called her "Maud," quite carried him away.

"And you took her hand, I suppose?"

"Of course I did."

"Squeezed it, I hope?—Hang me, Arthur," he broke out, laughing, "I'm sorry you didn't complete the business with a cousinly kiss! But that's coming, I take it."

"Gently, uncle; I'm not so sure about all that. Miss Lavelle, as far as I can see, is engaged."

"No doubt of it, but she isn't married Would you have scruples about cutting ou Mr. Longfield?"

Arthur Loring made no answer to this question. He was not conceited enough to suppose that, after a couple of hours' acquaintance, the young lady would be in the least inclined to encourage him as a lover. These reflections were disheartening, for Arthur Loring was head and ears in love with Maud Lavelle already; thus, as he felt, illustrating the proverb that misfortunes never come singly.

He proceeded to relate to his uncle, next, the friendly references made by Mr. Henry Loring at the office that afternoon. In his admonition to the young man to beware of following his uncle Ralph's example and advice, Ralph freely admitted that his excellent brother had a good deal on his side—from which, however, Arthur resolutely dissented. In regard to the intimation that he, Mr. Henry Loring, meant to "acquire" Priors Loring, Mr. Ralph Loring was more serious.

"He means it, sure enough," he said gravely; "and he will do it too—and play ducks and drakes with the old place—out of pure malice—which is the worst of it. First of all, he will cut the woods till you won't recognise the ragged remnant."

"Uncle," said Arthur Loring, jumping up with flaming face, "I thought you said the mortgages would not foreclose?"

"My dear fellow, I merely said what I thought. The men do not live who will risk a thousand pounds if they can help it. Priors Loring at a forced sale might not realise the money. There is a fair prospect of getting in the interest, but at present it is precarious at its best; and a proposal to transfer the mortgage is too tempting to be resisted."

"Who offers to take over the mortgage?" he asked in dismay.

"Your uncle Henry—nominally, Miss Lavelle's trustees, whom he has persuaded to the step; but, in fact, your uncle. Priors Loring is to be acquired with that charming young lady's money, for of course they will

foreclose and buy the place in, sending you unceremoniously about your business. So that Priors Loring will be virtually your uncle's, nominally Miss Lavelle's, and actually Mr. Longfield's, as soon as he marries the girl. That's the little scheme, Arthur."

Arthur Loring lay back in the chair, pale with speechless pain and indignation. That he should lose his old heritage was hard enough to bear; that it should be wrenched from his powerless hand by the sinister agency of his father's enemy was worse; but worst and most torturing of all was the thought that the fellow Longfield should eventually lord it as master over Priors Loring and Maud Lavelle.

"I'd kill the fellow in the public street before I would suffer him to own Priors Loring or"——

"Maud Lavelle—just so," said Ralph sententiously. "But killing men generally ends very unsatisfactorily, and other methods should be tried first. If I were you, now, I should see my course clearly before me—and you have a fairish start, I think."

"What is it?" he asked blankly.

"Cut the fellow out. If I couldn't get into the house, I would waylay her—write sonnets—capture her, and run away with her; and the frightened little thing would love you all the better for it."

It was dangerous advice to give a young man with, especially a young man in Arthur Loring's circumstances; but then, as Mr. Henry Loring had warned his nephew, and as Ralph Loring himself admitted, the adviser was a notoriously bad adviser. Arthur, however, did not think of this, but took it all to heart—rather despondently, when he cooled down on the way back to Marylebone, and reflected on the extreme improbability of such a programme ever becoming feasible. He had come upon the ground too late; had he known Maud Lavelle before she became engaged to Longfield, there might have been a chance. But an engagement, even to a man she doesn't like, inspires a girl with a certain loyalty which makes her strong against the approaches of a new wooer, even without reference to the armour of honour which protects her in this introductory stage of a new condition of life.

On reaching his lodgings, Arthur Loring flung himself dressed on the bed, tretful and depressed. A review of the situation convinced him that it would be better if he had obeyed the impulse to go to the recruiting sergant; had he done so, he would have been spared all this present as well as prospective mortification. But by taking the course which he had taken, he should have to swallow and digest the mortification, and should be driven to the recruiting sergeant in the end. He saw no other end to it. It was all going like a knife through him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How to Wash the Hands.

Now, about your hands. Wash them in hot water, using almond meal instead of soap, just before you go to bed, and during the day don't wash them too much in cold water. A woman who has very beautiful hands told me that during the daytime she wiped off any stain that might be upon them with a piece of kid on which was a little vaseline. However, I am a bit old-fashioned and prefer water to this. Then when you have the time, sit with your finger-tips in a bowl of hot water, and after they have soaked well, dry them and trim the nails, keeping the skin at the base of each down in its place. Push it down either with the end of a soft ivory file, or a bit of wool, but do not cut it off. Do not point your nails, and do not polish them too much. The first makes the skin supersensitive and causes it to grow thicker, while the second and third are counted vulgar.

Measure for a Housewife.

A certain wise old lady said to the writer recently: "I always judge a woman by the hearth she keeps. Show me the fire she sits by, and I'll tell you her character." She was right, as you will know if you think a minute, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. From time immemorial the cheery hearth has been a symbol of home and its comforts, but when it is disorderly, unswept or choked with ashes, it ceases to be a joy or a luxury. The room may be poor, and the fire a tiny one, but if the dog-irons are bright and erect, the poker, tongs and shovel marshalled side by side in military order, the hearth swept clean, the bricks as red as scrubbing brush can make them, and the fire blazing cheerily, the scantiness of the furniture will not matter, and home will seem the dearest thing on earth. By the way, will anything ever take the place of the old open fire-place? Beside it the furnace in the cellar is an abomination, and the grate is a newfangled make-believe.

Obstinate Mr. Bowser.

I had been suffering with a soft corn for about a week before Mr. Bowser suddenly inquired:

"What on earth makes you limp as you walk?"

"I didn't know that I did limp. I have a corn, however."

"Corn—yes! Evidence that the fools are not all dead yet! Good enough for you or any other woman who'll jam her No. five feet into No. three shoes! Hope you'll have a dozen!"

"Corns don't always come from wearing tight shoes."

"Don't they? Bet you a million dollars to a cent they do! Can't come any other way; and a man or woman who will wear shoes too small for them ought to be published to the public at large as *non compos mentis*."

On the third day after the above conversation I noticed that Mr. Bowser limped as he came home at supper.

"Had a fall?" I queried.

"No, ma'am."

"I notice that you are lame."

"Not much! I'm not one of the lame sort."

I was sure that he was uncomfortable, if not suffering, but nothing more was said until after supper. Then he dodged upstairs, and when I went up stairs after him a few minutes later I found him with his shoe and sock off.

"Foot was cold and I thought I would rub it a little, you know," he explained.

"Mr. Bowser, you've got a corn!"

"Never!"

"I'm certain of it! Hold your foot up here!"

"Bosh! My foot is cold—that's all. Corn! I'd like to see a corn come on my foot!"

"Hold it up here! There! There, Mr. Bowser, if that isn't a corn between your toes, then I never saw one! It's a soft corn. It comes from a tight shoe. Your toes have been pinched until they rubbed together."

"It can't be."

"But it is."

"A man or a woman who will wear shoes too small for them ought to—"

He drove me out of the room and locked the door, but I had the satisfaction of knowing that he suffered for a whole week. The nearest he owned up to it was when he came home and said:

"No wonder I suffered. Carbuncles are tender things. It would have put you in bed."

"I never heard of a carbuncle between the toes."

"Perhaps not. There are several things in this world you never heard of, smart as you are."

I expected a new dress to come up in time for a party to which we had been invited. At six o'clock he began to grow uneasy and queried:

"Why in earth didn't you have it here this morning?"

"It wasn't done."

"Then you should have given your order farther ahead. Mrs. Bowser, you are a very soft mark."

"But the dress will be here by seven."

"Bet you two farms to a cent! Never knew anything of yours to come up within twenty-four hours of the time promised. This is a nice state of affairs, I must say!"

"The dress will come."

"Not until to-morrow, and we might as well make up our minds to stay at home."

It was there at half-past six, and he got out of it by saying that it was a mistake for which the dressmaker would probably commit suicide. A day or two later he ordered a new suit, stipulating that they were to be sent up at noon on a certain day. We were to go to a party that night, and at breakfast I queried:

"Do you feel certain of your new suit?"

"Do I feel certain that I live?" he replied, with a grand wave of his hand.

"But it may not come up."

"And the sun may burst its biler and the pieces tumble to earth. The clock will not have struck twelve before that suit is here."

But when he came up to dinner I had to inform him that no suit had arrived.

"Oh, well, the parcel boy is taking it slow," he answered. "It will be here before I go."

But it wasn't. He waited ten minutes over time and then went to the telephone and called the tailor up and said:

"I suppose that suit has started on its way up?"

I could not, of course, hear the reply.

"Why, that suit I ordered a week ago."

[Tailor's reply unheard.]

"Well, you see that you do! If it's one minute after six I'll leave the suit on your hands."

"How about my dressmaker?" I asked, as he hung up the trumpet.

"How about nothing. Dressmakers deliberately perjure themselves, while this is a mere oversight. It'll be up at six."

"And if not?"

"Didn't I say it would be up at six. Make all your arrangements to go to that party."

When he came up at six and failed to find the suit he turned five shades whiter. Going to the phone he yelled to the tailor:

"Where in Halifax is that suit of mine?"

[Tailor's reply unheard.]

"No, it hasn't! What do you mean by this conduct?"

[Tailor's reply unheard.]

"Yes, if it comes at sharp seven, but not a minute later! You folks down there must have all been on a drunk this week!"

"Is it coming at seven?" I asked.

"Certainly. I didn't expect it before, but I wanted to hurry 'em up a little."

"Well, I hope it will come."

"Hope! It will come and that's all there is about it."

But seven o'clock came without the suit. It didn't come at half-past, nor at eight, and Mr. Bowser called up the central and was told that the tailor shop was shut up. He danced up and down, rapped on the box, kicked the cat and told baby to shut up and finally he fell into a chair and looked at me in a cold, and icy way.

"Well, how about dressmakers?" I asked.

"Not a word, Mrs. Bowser—not a word! I see how it is!"

"How what is?"

"More of your revengeful work! You wanted to get even with me and you have done it."

"But what did I do?"

"Never you mind! Let your own conscience answer! I'm going down town and if I shouldn't return you can communicate with any lawyer you see fit."

But he was home and in bed by eleven, and glad to drop the subject."

Sacred Trees.

The palm, the oak and the ash are, according to a timely and interesting article in the June number of the *Deutsche Rundschau*, the three trees which, since time immemorial, were held to be sacred trees. The first among them which figures on the oldest monuments and pictures of the Egyptians and Assyrians is the date palm hometan. Tradition of a latter period says that when Adam left Paradise he was allowed to take with him three things—a myrtle, because it was the most lovely and most scented flower on earth; a wheat ear, because it had the most nourishment, and a date, because it was the most glorious fruit of the earth. The date from Paradise was in some marvelous way brought to the Dejaz. From it have come all the date palms in the world, and Allah destined it to be the food of all true believers, who shall conquer every country where the date palms grows.

The oak was always considered a holy tree by our ancestors and, above all, by the nations of the north of Europe. When Winifred of Devonshire (680-754 A. D.) went forth on his wanderings through Germany to preach the Gospel one of his first actions was to cut down the giant oak in Saxony which was dedicated to Thor and worshipped by the people from far and near. But when he had nearly felled the oak and while the people were cursing and threatening the saint a supernatural storm swept over it, seized the summit, broke every branch and dashed it, quasi superni motus, solaris, with a tremendous crash to the ground. The heathens acknowledged the marvel and many of them were converted there and then. But the saint built a chapel of the wood of this very oak and dedicated it to St. Peter.

The Celts and Germans and Scandinavians, again, worshiped the mountain ash, and it is especially in the religious myths of the latter that the "Askr Yggdrasil" plays a prominent part. To them it was the holiest among trees, the "world tree," which, eternally young and dewy, represented heaven, earth and hell. According to the Edda the ash yggdrasil was an evergreen tree. A specimen of it (says Adam of Bremen) grew at Upsela, in front of the great temple, and another in Dithmarschen, carefully guarded by a railing, for it was in, a mythical way, connected with the fate of the country. When Dithmarschen lost its liberty the tree withered, but a magpie, one of the best prophesying birds of the north, came and built its nest on the withered tree and hatched five little ones, all perfectly white, as a sign that at some future time the country would regain its former liberty.

To become an able man in any profession three things are necessary,—nature, study, and practice.

Story Telling.

'I'll tell you a story 'bout Jacko'mimory—
And now my story's begun;
I'll tell you anoth r 'bout Jack and his brother—
And now my story is done."

"That is an art falling somewhat into disuse nowadays," said the woman who so generously elaborated her ideas on nursing life to a writer in the *Illustrated American*. "The pretty art of story telling, I mean. There are hundreds and hundreds of well-ordered, rosy babies and small children in this country who have every luxury, and devoted mothers and nurse-maids at hand, who have never known the fascination of well told fairy tales. Some never heard of goblins and bad godmothers, the giants and good fairies, because their elders believes such tales put false and ugly ideas in little empty, childish brains; and others give the children bright story books—"Mother Goose," etc.,—and never take the pains to explain in simple but exaggerated language to the small ignoramuses what it all means.

"Sometimes, yet very rarely, a good natured nurse-maid takes upon herself the task of explaining the real, true, romantic meaning to the "Sleeping Beauty" pictures, and sings a bit of verse from "Mother Goose," and such a maid gains a strong hold on the hearts of her young charges. She finds they would rather hear a story than play any games, and by the mere promise of such entertainment she can wheedle them into good humors, or hold her silence as a terrible penalty to some refractory lamb. Those maids are rare, and even the best go about this duty in a blundering way.

"Negro nurses are, for this very reason, wonderfully adapted to nursery management and are usually beloved by children. They, being untutored themselves, find small boys and girls quite companionable, and never think it beneath their dignity to take part in any frolic, play bear or tiger under the bed with admirable, good-natured ferocity, and for story-telling the old-fashioned southern negress possessed a genius.

"Every incident and object in the nursery served to point a moral or adorn a tale, and by this subtle attraction she held potent influence with the babies. Now it seems to me, as we can no longer, or only very seldom, secure just the perfect nurse, running over with a happy flow of innocent fancy and fiction, 'tis the plain duty of mothers to try, as far as lies in their power, to relieve the long hours of boredom that hang very heavily, sometimes, on the empty, baby minds.

"One hour in the morning and one late in the afternoon I devote to the entertainment of my own little flock. I try as far as possible to lay aside all air of authority, and become only a big child, ready to take part in any game, invent frolics for them, and propose new pastimes. The evening hour is given up to talks around the fire and to my fairy stories, or tales of my youth. There isn't a good old-fashioned fairy they don't know all about, nor a standard tale they could not repeat by heart. Every incident of my childhood holds for my hearers never-flagging interest. It gives idle little brains something to think on, and through the tales is poured out, in most attractive form, such item of information as the pleasant association with the story serves to fix forever in their minds. Sundays we tell the Bible stories.

"Many mothers, I know, hold it as a bad actice to sit by a child and sing or talk it to sleep. Yet seldom does it harm for a mother to usurp the place sometimes at the bedside of a tearful, wide awake little one, and chant the thrilling story of the pig who would not cross the stile, of the 'House That Jack Built,' of 'Taffy the Welshman,' and so on through 'Mother Goose,' till the fretful child is soothed into sleep. In cases of illness when nothing else will quiet a feverish child, in the dim light of a smouldering fire and flickering night light, sleep and rest often come when 'The rat began to gnaw the rope, the rope began to hang the butcher,' and the well loved lines melt into the peaceful baby dreams.

Big Feathers—Fine Birds.

The biggest of all really powerful flying birds are the wandering albatross and the South American condor. Seen on the wing, or even with the wings expanded merely, both these great existing birds have a most majestic and colossal appearance. But feathers in such cases are very deceptive; they make fine birds out of very small bodies. The albatross, though its expanse of wing is said to exceed that of any other known bird, amounting sometimes to nearly 10ft from tip to tip, does not average in weight more than 15 lb. As for the condor, while he spans from wing to wing some 8ft. his length from beak to tail is only 3½ ft. and it is doubtful if he would pinch into anything corresponding to his magnificent outer show.

A Sermon by Dr. Joseph Parker.

My son, keep my words, and lay up my commandments with thee. Keep my commandments, and live; and my law as the apple of mine eye. Bind them upon thy fingers, write them upon the table of thine heart. Say unto wisdom, Thou art my sister; and call understeaning thy kinswoman: that they may keep thee from the strange woman, from the stranger which flattereth with her words."—Prov. vii. 1—5.

The father gathers himself together as for a final effort to rescue his son from the temptations and perils of life. The appeal really begins with the twenty-fourth verse of the preceding chapter. By a description the most vivid and graphic ever drawn by human genius, the young man is warned of a vital danger. The only security of the "son" is to keep the commandment of the father, and to make his law as the apple of the eye. The father exhorts the son to bind the paternal commandments upon his fingers. It appears that the thong of the phylactery for the left arm was wound seven times round the middle finger. This represents the idea of trusting to other than merely human power, and being well prepared against the day of danger. It was not enough in the judgment of the father that the young man should be warned against evil, the wise father proceeds to fill up the very mind and soul of the child with wise words and useful occupations. "Say unto wisdom, 'Thou art my sister, and call understanding the kinswoman." Thus the negative and positive are happily combined in the school of Scriptural teaching. The greatest danger of all is a vacant mind, and a heart that has no supreme affection and law is exposed to the seductions of sense. Our only security is in high and useful employment. We ought to be able to say with Nehemiah to every tempter and to every enemy, "I am doing a great work, and cannot come down." The enemy is always on the alert, and, as represented by the figure of the text, night is as day, and day is as night; every form of blandishment and eloquence is pressed into the unholy service, and the demon-possessed heart is resolute upon the accomplishment of one object. The process which is described vividly represents the reality of life. First, we are accustomed to the sight of evil; secondly, we become enamoured of it; thirdly, we are prepared to listen, to its voice; fourthly, we are entitled to look upon its charms and then suddenly, if after such a course there can be any sudden action, we lose our foothold and distroy our own soul. No man can take fire into his bosom without his clothes being burned, nor can a man walk upon hot coals without his feet being scorched. The pain immediately follows the pleasure. The drop from earth to hell is instantaneous. Awful, indeed, is the position of tempted lives. That which is revolting is hidden, and that only which is beautiful and fascinating is allowed to be seen. The bed decked with coverings of tapestry, with carved works, with fine linen of Egypt, may be spoken of with artistic appreciation, and taste itself may delight in the perfume of myrrh, aloes and cinnamon; but gates of pearl may open upon perdition, and at the end of the flowery way may be found the very gulf of hell. Pitiful is the picture of the man who is allured by mighty temptations. "He goeth as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks; till a dart strike through his liver as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life." It is a blind irrationalism which attempts to ignore all the machinery of hell which is working on the very surface of the earth. We may draw down the blind, and exclude the light, but the mighty engine is working to the destruction of all that is noble in youth, beautiful in manners, and hopeful in progress. The wiser piety will go out and confront the evil, exposing its subtle policy and its cruel design, and speaking about it with the holy audacity which can utter even corrupt words without being corrupted by their pollution.

"Hearken unto me now therefore, O ye children, and attend to the words of my mouth. Let not thine heart decline to her ways, go not astray in her paths. For she hath cast down many wounded; yea, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death." (Vers. 24-27.)

In the twenty-seventh verse there is an energetic expression full of mournful suggestion, "Her house is the way to hell." Observe, it is not the place itself, but the way to it! In this case, what is the difference between the way and the destination? Verily, the one is as the other, so much so, that he that has entered the way may reckon upon it as a fatal certainty that he will accomplish the journey and be plunged into "the chamber of death." No man means to go the whole length. A man's will is not destroyed in an instant; it is taken from him, as it were, little by little, and almost imperceptibly; he imagines that he is as strong as ever, and says that he will go out and shake himself as at other times, not knowing that the spirit of might has gone from him. Is there any object on earth more pathetic than that of a man who has lost his power of resistance to evil, and is dragged on an unresisting victim whithersoever the spirit of perdition may desire to take him? Like the young man in the parable, he is taken to the fire and to the water, and the infernal spirit does what he pleases with the victim. It is true that the young man can plead the power of fascination: all that music and color, and blandishment, and flatter can do has been done; the cloven foot has been most successfully concealed; the speech has been all garden and paradise and sweetness and joy; the word hell or perdition has not been so much as mentioned. The young man might have been on the way to heaven, so flowery was the path and so many birds sang brightly in the blue air as he passed along as upon wings rather than upon feet. How could such a path lead to aught less than a home beautiful as summer and blessed as heaven! This is what is meant by seduction; leading a man out of himself and from himself onward and onward by carefully graded processes until fascination has accomplished its work and bound the consenting soul in eternal bondage. Sometimes indeed men have awakened to the reality of their condition, and with heartrending cries have appealed for help. Then it has been found to be too late. Are there any words in the speech of man so solemn and so awful as the words "too late" when addressed to the soul that feels the extremity of pain? Whilst we have no right to dilate upon this possible aspect of human experience merely for the sake of mocking human agony and despair, we are entitled to dwell upon it in the hope that the tempted and imperilled souls of the very gay may be alarmed and excited to consideration. That there is a hell no man of experience can deny,—a hell here! a hell of remorse, self-reproach, appalling memory, hopelessness—a despair compared with which all darkness is as midday. How difficult to forewarn men with any success! The exhorter himself has been overwhelmed, the teacher victimised, the saintliest soul is conscious of a ministry not divine. Still, on every hand the word of exhortation and persuasion must be spoken, and the prayer of entreaty must be breathed with eagerness and passion if haply one soul may be rescued from the way to hell and the chambers of death.

Potato Scab.

Some very interesting experiments have been conducted by Prof. J. C. Arthur of the New-York Experimental Station at Geneva on the cause of the trouble known as the scab in the potato. This has been believed to be due to fungus action, or to minute insects, the believers in neither being able, as Prof. Arthur suggests, to give any reason for the faith that is in them. The author reminds us that a potato may lie for days exposed to the full sun, and yet not shrink in the slightest degree. It will resist the most exsiccating efforts to induce evaporation. He finds this to result from the impervious character of the thin skin covering the tuber. It is a delicate layer of cork. The cells composing it are flat, in seven or more layers, fitting together so closely as to leave no space between, and without a trace of the starchy matter so abundant in the great mass of the potato tuber. It is the destruction of these cells that causes the scab. No trace of fungus growth appears through any of the destructive stages, nor is there any trace of insect depredation. Just what does bring about the destruction of the cells Prof. Arthur was not able to discover; but it is certainly neither of these influences that have been attributed to it. So far as his observations went, he found more scab in potatoes where stable manure had been employed as a fertilizer than elsewhere. This leads him to suppose that it is some chemical element combating the water-proof character of the cuticle that causes the trouble. Just as in other dermic wounds, the potato has the power of healing these by forming new skin under that which has been destroyed, by transforming the starch-bearing cells to these flat, corky ones. This can readily be shown by macerating a potato in water when the scab is pushed off, and the clear, smooth skin exposed beneath.

A contemporary starts the query: "Why do shoes squeak?" Probably for the same reason that opera singers do, because of the music in their soles.

A Reverie.

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Twenty years with their lights and shades have passed and I am standing once more on the threshold of the old home. Yes, it is twenty long years since I was a little barefoot boy tramping to school in happy innocence, and the scenes of childhood are fresh and bright in my memory as though it was but yesterday that the school bell called me for the first time.

But alas there is a depth of sadness in everything, and as I gaze around I miss the ringing laughter of youthful playmates, and fail to catch a glimpse of the lovedones whose forms have been laid in the silent churchyard that slopes so gently towards the sleeping valley. Where are the children who hand in hand trudged to school in the summer sunlight? Where are the friends of youth and early manhood? The shadows creep up from the waving cedars, and as the chill evening winds moan dismally around me, they seem to whisper gone! Yes, gone. Like the fluttering autumn leaves that are now borne to my feet with a gentle murmur before being whirled with many grotesque gyrations down the sloping hill, they have been borne out upon the bosom of the great ocean of life; and I miss them all. The old house is deserted now, and the grass and weeds are growing over the path that was once so smooth and firm. I move out from the gloom that surrounds the weather beaten structure, and stand where my eye can trace the distant line that marks the horizon. So far away that line of blue hills seemed to me once, that in fancy I could almost discern the steeples in some distant city; and could almost hear the chiming of church bells.

Hark! I hear the old school bell. It alone has remained untouched and unharmed, and its solemn clang brings back a flood of half-forgotten memories. What scenes that old bell has witnessed, and what stories its iron tongue could tell. But to me the stories are as plain as though written in letters of fire, and turning back page after page of the book of memory, I see again my early life—I and the old bell.

* * * * * * * *

Ding Dong. It is summer morning, and the laughing sunlight gleams through the tangled leaves of the old maples, and sparkles on the flowers so ruthlessly crushed beneath our childish feet. My first day at school, and light as the wings of the chirping wren in the thicket by the bridge my heart bounds in joyful anticipation of the coming pleasures, which alas! were soon found to be less bright than my childish fancy had pictured. But time heals nearly all things; and peace settled calmly down in my youthful breast.

Ding Dong. Ten years have passed away, and I'm standing by the grave of a loved one. My school days are over now, and as I watch the growing mound, I realize how rebellious I have been, and how unworthy I am to face the storms of life alone, and the gentle words of the pastor "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away," do not I fear, convey their true meaning to me. Oh Death! Oh bitter parting; how soon shall we cease to mourn on this earth, and when shall our tears be dried never again to flow.

Ding Dong. And the Angel of earth still goes on. The grass is waving over the grave of the old schoolmaster, and a little plot not far away from his marks the resting place of an old school-fellow.

Ding Dong, and the faces of old friends seem to rise up before me in the gathering dusk.

The far far West gives up a welcoming face Long, lank Henry M——, the amateur showman in the playground, who was always building castles in the air about the wonderful things he would do when he was a man—he waves his hand and disappears as suddenly as did his boyish dreams. Poor Henry, he did not carry out his bright plans for he holds a plough on the far off plains of Montana, and when his little children beg for pennies to see the clown in the traveling circus, he smiles, and pats the head of the youngest, and tells him not to think too much about clowns and circus rings.

And Will H——, the boy who was always climbing trees and building caves in the woods, and who was found one day in the top of the old beech that waved its fantastic arms over the school-house. His wandering disposition remained with him when he reached manhood, and he now sleeps beneath the troubled waters of the Atlantic.

And happy, frolicking Tom P——, who was always in mischief, and who loved sweet winsome Nellie Moore. Poor Tom, his bones bleach on the far off field of Atlanta, and the wild winds that sweep over the plain seem to bear with them the sad, sad tale. With his heart beating high with martial ardour, with the stirring notes of the bugle in his ears and the flash of steel before his eyes he gave up that life which he so often risked for the sake of others.

And Nellie, sweet dainty Nellie. Poverty alas, came to her happy home, and she was forced to work for her daily bread in the great city of Washington. But her sweet disposition and her love for Tom kept her up through many trials and temptations. She was found one morning with her face pillowed on an old cap belonging to Tom, with a paper in her hand containing the news of the Battle of Atlanta, and an account of the death of Lieutenant Tom Powers.

Her pure face was as sweet as in the days when she wandered around the lanes and fields with him she loved, but the light had left her eyes for ever.

And thus they all come before me, and as I muse my eyes fill with tears, for I seem to hear their voices calling me. I can almost hear the click of the cricket bat, the murmur of merry voices and the sound of many feet.

Ding Dong, and the holidays are near. We are standing together and singing our favorite hymns, and the light is streaming through the windows lighting up the battered seats and shining like a crown on the old teacher's head.

Ding Dong, Ding Dong. I start suddenly, for I hear the sound of wheels, and here stands the old horse that is to take me to the nearest station, the same horse, I believe, that scampered as a colt a score of years ago, and as I pat his soft nose he turns his meek eyes upon me, as if he too recollects it all, as well as I. Then I wave a last adieu to the woods, the hills and the valleys and am off in the whirl and excitement of the world again.

But after all I visited the old friends, though they were not with me, and I trust that on the last Great Day we shall all stand hand in hand together and sing the hymns we used to sing long ago.

In the Winter Woods.

High-flung at noon, in chill un! sombre state,
The naked woods uplift their mighty arms,
Silent and grim, to meet the ravening hate
With which the winter scourges waxed and farms,
And chills and nips and blows his mate.
High-flung and grey, athwart the frozen lands
Wind-caverned—stark, the winter forest stands

Here I have wandered all a frosted day,
In faery dream of sheeted ice and snow;
Great raftered branches stretching, mossed and grey,
Ice-hidden pools and drifted snows below,
With formless winds that creep from far away,
Steal in and moan here—the fading light.
While with great stride glooms in the lonely night.

The lofty maples shake their tops and sigh,
The snow-massed beeches stir their beards of leaves,
Still clinging from the autumn long gone by,
And all the woodland dark the ring receives,
Into its snowy-caverned sanctity.
The shadows darken, lower—Lints the sun.
Bright beams the moon when scarce the day is done.

With one red gleam the sun has vanished down
Over the icy forest's bearded rim.
Low croon the winds, blacker the shadows frown,
Across the eerie twilight, far and dim,
Comes a faint gleam from out the twinkling town.
Steals in the night, the grey wood bends and sighs,
Pale glints the moon in frosty reveries.

Keen grows the air from frosts that creep anear,
Night's icy hosts that all the grey wood thrill,
Far overhead the stars grow sharp and clear,
Ice-rending sounds the ringing silence till
From the far river coal in marshes drear.
Across white floors a shadowy phantom flows
From wind-swayed boughs and smoke of drifting snows.

Then back I turn me homeward, wading drifts
In eddied hollows, skirting icy pools;
Dreaming red hearthlogs through the frosty rifts,
While o'er my path the moon throws icy gules
Where overhead the forest's gloom uplifts
Its shadowy bars against the glinting light,—
The awful silence of the arctic night.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

A Mutual Feeling.

Algy (out gunning)—Aw, I wish you wouldn't get behind me that way when I shoot. It makes me nervous!

Cholly—Mebbe; but haw jove, it makes me more nervous yet to get anywhere else

Do not let either discourse or action pass unobserved; attend to the sense and signification of the one, and to the tendency and design of the other.—[Marcus Aurelius.

Politician (angrily)—"These newspapers tell abominable lies about me." Friend—"And yet they might do worse." Politician—"Do worse! What do you mean?" Friend—"They might tell the truth."

Last among them, and the reigning king) "was troubled" that was not unnatural; and "all Jerusalem with him." That was the hard part of it.

HOW TO SERVE GOD.

BY GEORGE HODGES,

"If God will keep me in the way that I go and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God."

That was the bargain which Jacob made with God. Jacob was just then running away from the consequences of one over-cunning bargain, and it came to pass as he stopped to say his prayers, that the phrases of trade crept in among the phrases of petition. And he tried to make a contract with God. He was like some business men who come to church to-day and plan their Monday work in prayer time and do sums in mental arithmetic during the sermon. Even that is better than to imitate the people of the parable, who went their ways, one to his farm, another to his merchandise, one to his leisure at home, another to his accounts at the store, and missed the service altogether.

Jacob was a shrewd and crafty money-maker. Even religion, he thought, might be made to minister to a man's material advancement. If God would give him bread to eat and raiment to put on, if God would build him a good house and furnish it, if God would give him a fair measure of success in his mercantile adventurings, why, then, for his part, he would be perfectly willing to recite his prayers, and sing his praises, and to be on the side of God. So much prosperity, so much praise, so much wealth, so much worship. "Then shall the Lord be my God." It would be a paying bargain. It would be worth while.

That was the idea of God which that Saxon priest of Odin had, who listened to the good Bishop Paulinus as he preached the promises of the new religion and said: "The old gods have profited me little. These long years have I served them, no man more diligently, and yet many are richer and more prosperous than I am. I will try the new." And thereat he rode full-tilt into Odin's temple, and with his lance tumbled the great statue of the god over into the dust.

That was the idea of God which men had in those days when the favorite deity among the Romans was that fickle goddess Fortuna. There are no more pathetic and significant relics of that old religion than the little battered and broken altars dedicated to Fortune. "Let us say our prayers," men said. "To the great god, Good Luck. Let us get him to give us this and that." Toward the end, nothing remained of that ancient faith but this—a serving of the gods to ward off evil and to get good.

To-day, "the negro of Guinea beats his gods when they do not gratify his wishes, and the New Zealander threatens to kill and eat them." Indeed, it was the opinion of the devil in that wonderful play of "Job," that godliness everywhere is merely for the sake of gain. In comes Satan among the sons of God, weary with a long journey. He has been going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it. "And the Lord said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil? Then Satan answered the Lord and said, Doth Job fear God for naught?"

It was the opinion of the devil that any man will serve God faithfully so long as he gets good pay for it. If the Lord gives him bread to eat and raiment to put on, any man will chose the Lord for his God. But let adversity come—and then see! Doth any man serve God for naught?

I am afraid that Jacob's bargains has its parallels in Christian communities. I am afraid that the devil's sneering question must in some instances be answered in the devil's way. The most evident instances are of course to be looked for in connection with the great troubles of life. Adversity comes, and it is not everybody who meets it as faithfully as Job did. People lose their money, or they lose their health, or they lose their friends; and then because they are poor, or sick, or full of loneliness and sorrow, they lose their faith. They begin to stay away from the sacrament, and to be missed out of their places in the church, and presently they are found to say that God does not care for them, and perhaps there is no God at all. If there is a God, why do they suffer? Why does He not send prosperity? What is God for if not to help us? A God who does not serve us, why should we serve Him?

That was not what Job said. No doubt there were plenty of imperfections in Job's religion, but, at least, it was not founded upon selfishness. It was not built upon that shifting sand. It was not constructed out of such materials that it stood up and made a brave show in the sunshine, and toppled over and went to pieces when it raised. Job said, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him." Jacob said, "If he pay me, then will I trust him." There is some difference!

It is said that in these days the commercial spirit of our time has got into religion; that Jacob is still bargaining with God; and this not only in the great adversities which try men's souls, but in lesser matters in some of the ordinary duties of the Christian life. Thus there is a general complaint among the clergy that people nowadays must be paid for everything.

Jacob will give money for Christian uses, he will help the cause of missions, he will assist the poor, he will do his part in building the church and maintaining the parish—if you pay him, if you get up a great supper, and give him something good to eat, or a concert, and let him hear sweet music, Jacob will come to church—if he is well paid for coming, if there is a popular preacher and a fine choir. Provide enough "attraction." Make the services "taking," "interesting," and not too religious, and Jacob will never miss a meeting.

"If God will keep me in the way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house, then shall the Lord be my God"

But we ought to think a great deal more about what we owe to God, than about what God owes to us. The central fact of our religion ought to be the fact of God, rather than the fact of self. The sovereignty of God and the smallness of man, the omnipotence of God and the weakness of man, the inexpressible pre-eminence of God—we ought to think of. It used to be asked of converts, in one of the great religious communions, if they so set God first that they were even willing, if it were for God's glory, to be forever damned. That is a strong way of putting it. But there is a great truth underlying that given question, nevertheless. It is an essential condition of Christianity to look utterly away from self toward God.

There are accordingly two words which we all need to emphasize in our religious life. One word is duty, the other is devotion. There are a great many things which we ought to do, whether they are pleasing to us or not, simply because they are among our duties. I fear that the good word "duty" has not the place which it should have in the vocabulary of modern life. People live in the direction of their inclinations. Whatever good work interests them, they do—as long as it interests them! When it gets to be tiresome or unpleasant, they put it away, like a child. They go where they like, and when they like, and as long as they like. And they take small counsel of that stout imperative "must."

But God expects every Christian to do his duty. Nelson reminded his sailors that England expected that of every Englishman. Napoleon reminded his soldiers, at the Battle of the Nile, that from yonder pyramids forty centuries looked down upon them. There are the two motives. Shall we work to give something, to give our allegiance and our lives to the Power that is over us? or shall we work to get something, to get somebody's good opinion, or to get a gratification of our own pleasure? Shall our offering be a sacrifice or a bargain?

God desires us to do our duty. And one of the characteristics of duty is that it is a thing done out of a sense of obligation. It is our duty, for example, to obey the will of Christ. And that means that we are to do just what He tells us to do, whether we want to or not; obeying not our own inclinations, but his positive commandments. Take for instance the matter of forgiveness, upon which He laid such frequent emphasis. When it is easy for us to forgive, we are probably not obeying Christ nor doing our duty at all; we are obeying our own pleasure. When it seems almost impossible to forgive, and yet we forgive—then we are following the Master, along the hard path of duty.

Indeed, the test of duty is nearly always the presence of difficulty. When inclination says "I don't want to do that," and conscience says "You must," there is a case of duty. Let me illustrate this by two or three everyday applications.

I would say that it is the duty of all Christian people, who are in health and are not imperatively hindered, to present themselves before God in His home upon every Lord's day. This is one of the things which man owes to God. When you are tired with your week's work, or the way is long, or the sky is overcast, or the rain falls, then the test comes. You can go to church, and you don't want to go to church, but you ought to go to church. That is the syllogism of duty. Now you will discover whether your attendance is a matter of duty with you, or not. When there are empty seats upon a rainy Sunday, one-third of those who are absent are infirm in body, the other two-thirds are only infirm in duty.

I would say, further, that it is the duty of every Christian who has time to do some Christian work. This applies to every Christian, but especially to women, because they have most time. The societies of a parish never enroll all the members of a parish; often the members are but a minority of the congregation. This is partly because some of the people have no time. They are mothers who must take care of their children, or who must do their household work. In their case, the call of duty is to stay at home. But there are always a great many other people in every parish who are never seen helping with the good work because they are deficient in a sense of duty. They are doing what they like, not what they ought.

It is also a universal Christian duty to give not only time but money. And this applies chiefly to the men, because they have most money. But every offering in every congregation discovers a lack of the sense of duty. Whoever sees it, and notices what kind of coins compose it, knows that the larger part of it was given simply at haphazard. The plate came by, and the giver felt constrained to give something, and he put his hand in his pocket and gave the first small coin which his fingers lighted upon. That was no honest, Christian giving. That did not count, in God's right, for anything. These men did not say to themselves: Here is this good cause, how much ought I to give? They knew that if they gave nothing, somebody would notice it. And so they gave—perhaps a three-cent piece which looks so much like a dime. Ask the Treasurer of the church how often people come to him, after the day of some special offering, and say: "I could not be at church last Sunday, here is my part of the contribution." That is a measure of the sense of duty.

But there is a better word than duty, and that is devotion.

"When ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants; we have done that which was our duty to do." What! Unprofitable servants still, with all our duties done? Yes; for there is a defect in duty. Duty has plenty of conscience, but no heart. The essential characteristic of it, as I said, is obligation. But that is not the ideal kind of service. "I will take the Lord for my God, because I want to: because I love Him." That is the ideal way of serving God.

Love is better than obligation. Better than duty is devotion. For it is love which enriches, and beautifies, and inspires and consecrates devotion, and lifts it high above all the duty-doing in the world. Love drives no bargains. Love knows no measuring of give and take. It is love's privilege to give. By and by Jacob came to love God; he came to realize his own imperfect service and God's great infinite love and boundless goodness; he came to see that a balancing of divine blessing with human obedience would be the most disastrous thing that could happen to a sinful man.

God is our loving Father. What devotion is too great for us to give Him? Christ from His cross cries: "This have I done for thee." Who shall set a bound or a measure or an end to our willingness and eagerness to do whatever thing we can for Him?

For all who love God the terms of that old bargain are written over again, with a different meaning. Though God lead me along a narrow way, where it is hard to go, and give me of bread and raiment but a scanty measure, and tribulation with it, yet will I serve Him, yet will I devote myself to Him body and soul, and count no sacrifice precious enough for Him, yet will I love Him with all the love of my whole heart, and the Lord shall be my God.

Three Pairs of Shoes.

There they are in a neat little row under the mantel in the children's bed-room, a pair of twelves, a pair of nines and a tiny pair of fives belonging to the baby.

They are all more or less wrinkled and worn and the pair of twelves have holes in the toes which caused me to say a little while ago to the sturdy wearer of them that there was "no sense in his kicking out shoes like that," and if he were not more careful he would just have to go barefooted.

He heard me with the utmost indifference as I know from the fact that the threat was hardly out of my mouth when he asked me if I knew whose little boy he would have been if I had never been born

"You might have been the little boy of some papa who couldn't have bought you any shoes at all," I said reproachfully.

"Oh, well," he says, calmly, in the fullness and beauty of his childish faith, "God has millions and trillions of shoes and I could just ask Him for a pair whenever I wanted them. Don't you see, papa.

Three pairs of shoes! Three pairs of tender little feet upon the untried border of life's mysterious land.

I sit and look at the little shoes wondering where the feet that wear them will be led in the time to come, the little feet that

"—. Through long years,
Must wander on 'mid hopes and fears."

How much I would give to know the future that I might stand between them and the temptations so sure to assail them, that I might guide their feet aright, that I might shield them from pain and sorrow if I could.

There is something strangely appealing and half pathetic to every loving father and mother in the sight of a row of little shoes like those I see before me now. They arouse the tenderest instincts of one's nature. I don't know why.

The wearers of the little shoes may have been very fretful or mischievous or trying all day.

You may have been "all out of patience" with them. You may have whipped the little hands or put the rebellious little ones to bed, declaring that they were "worrying the life out of you," but they are not "worrying" you any now, and you go about picking up a little stocking here and a little shirt there with nothing but tenderness in your heart toward them.

You think only how precious the wearers of the little clothes are, and there is no melody on earth one-half so sweet to you as the music of the baby voices when they knelt around you a little while ago saying "God bless mamma and papa, and keep us all safely through the night." You will hear no sweeter music than that this side of Paradise.

You reproach yourself for your lack of tenderness and patience as you look at that little row of shoes, and sometimes you fall to thinking of the unutterable sorrow that would fill your heart to breaking if the wearer of any one pair of the little shoes would wear them no more—if you should awaken some morning, as heartbroken fathers and mothers have sometimes awakened, and find that the wearer of one pair of the little shoes had gone from you in the night to wear the garments that wax not old.

Three pairs of little shoes! There are tears in your eyes as you look at them now, and perhaps you steal softly to the bedside of the little sleepers to make sure that they are sleeping sweetly and safely and to touch their little hands or their cool, moist brows with your lips, your heart filled with tender memories, with hopes and fears, with unspoken prayers.

Three pairs of little shoes! Three little pilgrims setting out on the voyage of life, their frail barks as yet untouched and unharmed by adverse winds and waves. God bring them all to port!

A Glorious River.

The St. Lawrence is a phenomenon among rivers, says *Nature's Realm*. No other river is fed by such gigantic lakes. No other river is so independent of the elements. It despises alike rain, snow and sunshine. Ice and wind may be said to be the only things that affect its mighty flow. Something almost as phenomenal as the St. Lawrence itself is the fact that there is so little generally known about it. It might be safely affirmed that not 1 per cent of the American public are aware of the fact that among all the great rivers of the world the St. Lawrence is the only absolutely floodless one. Such, however, is the case.

The St. Lawrence despises rain and sunshine. Its greatest variation caused by drouth or rain hardly ever exceeds a foot or fourteen inches. The cause of this almost everlasting sameness of volume is easily understood. The St. Lawrence is fed by the mightiest bodies of fresh water on earth. Immense as is the volume of water it pours into the ocean, any one who has traversed all the immense lakes that feed it, and for the surplus waters of which it is the only channel to the sea, wonders that it is not even more gigantic than it is. Not one drop of the waters of the five great lakes finds its way to the ocean save through this gigantic, extraordinary and wondrously beautiful river. No wonder, then, that it should despise the rain and defy the sunshine.

Sad Deception.

"Have you parted from that grass widow?"

"Yes. We have said farewell forever."

"How did she take it?"

"She said I would be always green in her memory."

"Well, but you won't."

"Why?"

"Because there's nothing green about grass widows."

The Belief in Fairies.

In countries where a good deal of Celtic blood yet remains pure and untainted with Teutonic or Scandinavian a lingering belief in fairies may still be traced in remote parts. A few years ago an old man in the Isle of Man solemnly assured a traveler there that he himself had one night beheld the fairies at their revels in such multitudes "that there was quite a thickness tremenjous of them," and no amount of skeptical questioning could shake the old man in his belief. At the present day, in the wilder parts of Cornwall, a quite genuine belief in being "pisky-led" prevails. "Piskie" (pixie in Devonian) is the common Cornish name for fairies and certain mischievous sprites among them are supposed to derive great pleasure in enticing unwary travelers across the wild moors and hills from the right paths and leading them grievously astray. After landing some unlucky wight in a bog a burst of merry laughter in the air generally informs the traveler who his guide has been. The only way to circumvent these airy sprites is to turn the coat inside out before venturing across a desolate expanse. That they have a certain command over the powers of nature is shown by their having the power to blind and bewilder the traveler by throwing a fog around him, so that he cannot trace his way.

The following account of their personal appearance is preserved in a tale told by old wives in the neighborhood of Lamorna beyond Penzance: An old woman called "Aunt Joan," when on a visit to a neighbor popularly supposed to be a white witch, rubs a little ointment she finds hidden under some fern upon one of her eyes, and the result is that when she opens her eyes "the place was full of sprites and spriggans. In all the folds of the nets and sails hanging from the beams troops of small people were cutting all sorts of capers, the little creatures were tossing up their heels, waving their feathered caps and fans as they launched up and down on the merest bits of sticks or green twigs. Numbers of them were swinging in the cobwebs that hung from the rafters, or riding the mice in and out through the holes in the thatch.

"I noted that all the little men were dressed in green, pinked out with red, and had feathered caps on their heads, high riding boots, with silver spurs on their heels; their ladies were all decked out in the grand old fashion, their gowns were of green velvet, with long trains, some looped up with silver chains and bells or tassels, others had their trains sweeping behind them as they walked in grand state up and down. They seemed to think there was nobody in the house but themselves, prancing about in their high-heeled shoes, sparkling with diamond buckles. The little women all wore high-crowned steeple hats like mine, with wreaths of the most beautiful flowers of all colors around them, sprigs and garlands on all the other parts of their dress and in their hands as well, flirting their fans in the faces of the men. They were the sauciest little mortals I ever did see. What puzzled me most was to see so many sweet flowers with them at at that time of the year. * * * I spied some ugly spriggans seated in the dark corner looking very gloomy, because they are doomed to guard the treasures and do irksome things the merry small people are free from. * * * A troop of the small people entered, playing such sweet strains on the pipes, flutes and other instruments they had made with green reeds of the brook and shells of the shore."

Then follows an account of how the fairy band approached the old dame Chenance (the white witch) and cast bunches of the herbs into her apron, with which she made the healing slaves and lotions. As soon as these fairies retired others came forward, bearing in their hands unopened flowers of the foxglove from which they poured magic dyes, which no sooner touched her dress than it was changed into velvet; others laid silver cord on the quiltings of the petticoat, and decked the old dame out in all manner and variety of flowers. The house is covered with marvelous tapestries, and the old dame so transformed with her fairy attire that Aunt Joan gets frightened and hobbles off, but on glancing back with her unanointed eye sees Dame Chenance in her ordinary clothes sewing; but on looking with the anointed eye the fairy scene is again revealed.

Another story relates how a man, cutting furze on the heath, finds among the bushes a tiny figure asleep. He was no bigger than a cat and dressed in a green coat, sky-blue breeches and diamond-buckled shoes. Uncle Billy takes him home to his children, who make great friends with him, and call him Bobby Griglans (griglans is old Cornish for heath). He is a gay little creature, who sings and dances for hours together, with a great abhorrence of dirt or dust. He only drinks milk and eats blackberries or hips and haws. They keep him a few days, but among the furze one day Bobby and the children meet a little man and woman, the man dressed just as Bobby, only wearing riding boots with silver spurs. The little woman wore a green gown spangled all over with silver stars. Her little steeple-crowned hat was wreathed with heather, perched on her golden curls, and the pretty soul was wringing her hands a crying. "Oh, my dear and tender Skillywidden, where ever canst 'a be gone to, my only joy?" "Now go'e back," said Bobby to the children; "my dad and mam are come. Here I am, mammy." By the time he said "Here I am" the little man and woman and Skillywidden vanished and were never more seen. The children got a good thrashing for letting Skillywidden go, for if they had kept him he would have shown their daddy where crocks of gold are buried and they would all of them have been rich.

This allusion to the crock of gold must not serve to confound the fairies with the "Knackers," who are in reality gnomes and live underground, and have possession of gold and gems. Many a man in Cornwall at the present day will tell you with fear and trembling that he has heard the Knackers at work in the mines, and he knows misfortune awaits him. This class of being has no affinity with the fairies of Celtic fancy, but belongs to the demon and gnome traditions of Teutonic nations.

All things pass away; even our children now will scarcely deign to own belief in one of the purest fancies that ever entered human imaginations, and which in former days great poets deigned to treat as a by no means despicable belief. Fairies are wholesomer diet for our babies' minds than anecdotes of great men and diluted history of human endeavors and failures. Let the children keep their fairies as long as possible, for fairy reverence means simple faith in goodness, and it does no harm for a child to see fairies in the cups of the flowers, even if he afterward has to learn all that can be learnt about vegetable tissues and coloring matter in solution.

The Toboggan.

Now that we have had one good snow storm, with plenty of sleighing and coasting, it is not unreasonable to hope we may have another. There is scarcely a boy in this country who has not enjoyed the fun to be obtained from a sled, and there are few who have not one of those most desirable playthings. But there is a contrivance well known in Canada, which in some respects is better than a sled. This is the toboggan It is the Indian sled, invented by [illegible] were forced to have some form of carrier which would ride on the crust of the snow The toboggan is the companion to the snow shoe, and in its way is as perfect a means to an end.

The advantage of a toboggan when sliding for pleasure lies in the fact that no beaten snow is necessary. It is impossible to use a sled unless one can find a road or path which has been packed down, and coasting is, therefore, confined to places where there has been a good deal of travel. But the course of all others for the toboggan is the open hillside when there has been a good fall of snow, a slight thaw and a sharp frost to set the crust. Over this crust the toboggan fairly flies in its downward runs.

To make a sled requires a carpenter and a blacksmith. To make a toboggan requires nothing but the wood, a jack plane and an ax, together with some rawhide thongs or some copper wire. The first thing to get is the wood for the bottom boards. If you want a toboggan seven feet long get a piece of tough spruce nine feet long, five inches wide and five inches thick. Be sure it is straight grained and without knots. Then with the ax start a split at one end one inch thick. By a careful use of wedges you can rive this off the whole length, when you will have a piece nine feet long, five inches wide and one inch thick. This can be split again into pieces half an inch thick, but it is better to dress it down with the jack plane. Prepare the other four pieces in the same way and reduce the width of each to four inches. Tie them all in place on the sides and let them "set" for a day.

The next work is to get out the cross bars. These are half circles in section, flat on one side, one inch and a-half wide and twenty-two inches long. They may be made of pine or any wood that is easily worked and you will need six of them.

Begin at the flat end of the slat, and two inches from the end lay down one of the cross bars at right angles to the slat. Mark each side with a pencil line. Along these lines make holes with an awl large enough to put the wire easily through. These holes on the two lines should not be opposite each other, but should have about three-quarters of an inch between them. On the under side of the slat cut a shallow groove between the holes for the wire to lie in. Take some No. 10 copper wire, and after securing the end of the cross bar, lace the bar down to the slat with it. When one slat is laced carry the wire on to the next until you have laced all the slats to the cross bar, when make the wire fast. You must allow a quarter of an inch space between each two slats.

Measure eighteen inches along the slats and put on another cross bar. Then another at the same distance. When you have put on five you will find the last one laces to the slats on the inside of the curved up ends. Now take the sixth cross bar and lace it on top of the curved tips of the slats.

The next thing to do is to provide yourself with two rods of some tough wood, about seven and a half feet long and from three-quarters to one inch in diameter. One of these is laid along on the ends of the cross bars and laced down to each with cord or wire. The other is put on the other side of the toboggan, and the two serve as hand rails. Now take some cord and fasten to the end of the sixth cross bar. Bring it down, under the side rod and back to the fourth cross bar, carry it back and forward until you have a good secure lashing. Do the same on the other side and the bent end of the toboggan is securely in place. Then fasten the towing line to the side rails back of the fourth cross bar and the toboggan is complete.

It is amazing what rough usage these things will stand and how you can hang them about. They are the best of all sleds for camping and far better than ordinary sleds for rough work on hill sides or in the field, as they slide over the snow and do not cut into it. They cost the merest trifle for if you can get rawhide to cut into thongs you do not even need to buy wire. Any boy who can use an ax, wedge and jack plane can make one.

Of course you can ornament them in any fashion you please with paint or gold and silver leaf, and as they are very graceful things they always look pretty.

A Hindu Girl.

A Hindu baby girl is an unwelcome addition to the family; her birth is supposed to be no blessing, but a curse and a sign of divine wrath. Rukhmabai says that when the new-born baby is a girl "the father gnashes his teeth and stamps his feet. The mother is sorely disappointed, and although her tenderness may bring its sure wealth of love, she curses both herself and the child. There is, moreover, a notion that women who bear only girls are sinful, and this intensifies the grief." Another Hindu woman gives the same testimony. Ramabai (high caste Hindu widow) says that in no country in the world is a mother so laden with care and anxiety in anticipation of the birth of a child as in India. All her hope of happiness depends upon the sex of the unborn child. A wife who bears daughters and no sons is frequently put away by her husband; husbands sometimes threaten their wives that, if the coming child is a daughter, the offending mother will be henceforth banished from the society of her lord and master; a new wife will be installed in her place and the offending wife will be made into the servant and drudge of the household. Ramabai does not merely make general statements to this effect, but gives several special instances that have come within her own knowledge, among her own friends and acquaintances, of this punishment having been meted out to mothers who gave birth to girls. Mothers try to avert the bad luck of having a daughter by superstitious ceremonies previous to the birth of the child.

Soda as a Sugar Saver.

Have you ever stood despairingly before a crock of stewed cranberries, gooseberries, rhubarb, dried plums—or, worse than all, prunellas—throwing in sugar, tasting, puckering your face and throwing in more, glancing dubiously meanwhile at the lowering of the sugar in your "dollar's worth" can? I remember well my grandmother's rule for sweetening pie plant pies. It was this: "Put in all the sugar your conscience will allow, then shut your eyes and throw in a double handful." Her pies were excellent, but the rule was expensive. Here is a cheaper one: When sweetening extremely acid fruits like the above stir in a little soda before adding the sugar. Experience will guide you as to the quantity you may safely use without injuring the flavor of the fruit, but, as a general rule, I think a half a teaspoonful of soda to a quart of fruit may be easily borne.

Never speak ill of anybody: you can do just as much execution with a shrug of the shoulders or a significant look.

Spring Smiles.

Are women born contrary, or is it acquired.

A man never gets so poor that he can't borrow trouble without security.

"Papa, what is a fad?" "A fad, my son, is somebody else's peculiarity."

Complaint is made that the choir sings out of tune. They should wear tunics.

Marriages are called "matches" because they are sometimes followed by scratching.

A boat is a funny thing, and so polite too. It never goes before the public without a bow.

Lot's wife originated, "Looking Backward" thousands of years before Bellamy was born.

The habitual drinker is hardly an amusing spectacle, and yet he raises a good many smiles.

Experience has established the fact that lawsuits are more wearing on a man than any other.

A man who is crushed under a falling ceiling would not be apt to consider the situation sublime.

A fugitive poem is one that has escaped from its author after it has been out doing time in a scrap book.

Clara—"Oh, I have so much to say to you." Maude—"And I to you. Let's go to the opera to-night."

A woman who married a one-legged man says it doesn't take much to make her husband "hopping mad."

"I," said Blinks, "started life without a cent in my pocket." "And I," put in Hicks, "started in life without a pocket."

Hot water is said to be a sure cure for every complaint, but we never knew a man to feel any better because his wife kept him in it.

Sunday-School Teacher—"Now, little boys, what do you know about Goliath?" Freddy Fangle—"Please, ma'am, he was rocked to sleep."

He—"And you say we are too poor to marry; would you marry me if you were rich?" She—"No, but I would marry you if you were rich?"

Trembling Youth—"Madam, I love you to distraction; will you be my wife?" Girl of the Future—"You may leave your reference and call again."

Kicker—"Why do you keep Smythe in your store? He is no good as a clerk!" Merchant—"No, he would hardly do as the head of a department; but he is all right as a counter-irritant."

Caller—"Please, sir, the master, Deacon Skinflint, died last night and the missus wants to know if you will preside at the funeral?" Long-Suffering Pastor—"Yes,' certainly, with pleasure."

Dolly—"So you've named the mare after me, Jack, you dear, silly boy?" Jack—"Yes rather; she's the fastest little thing in the country."

"Not this Eve, some other Eve," gallantly remarked Adam, when his good wife was accused of having munched the sacred apple.

Aunt Mary—"Now, Jennie, let me see whether you know your lesson. Tell me who first discovered whalebone?" "Jonah. I guess."

Rejected you? Why, I thought she had a great interest in you." "But then love isn't so much a matter of interest with her as capital."

The man who will complain that a twenty-minute sermon is too long will sit half a day watching a couple of chess players making two moves.

Children's Eating.

Some parents compel their children to eat against their will, as when they come to the breakfast table without an appetite, or have lost in prospect of a visit or a ride, or for the sake of "eating their plates clean" in discouragement of wasteful habits. Unless we are thirsty we cannot drink the purest spring water without aversion, and as for eating when there is no appetite it is revolting, as any one may prove to himself by attempting to take a second meal in twenty minutes after having eaten a regular dinner. The appetite, the hunger, is excited by the presence of gastric juice about the stomach; but if there is no gastric juice there can be no hunger, no appetite, and to compel a child to swallow food when it is distasteful is an absurdity and a cruelty.

The amount cleared at the Montreal clearing house in 1890 was $473,084,065, against $454,528,000 in 1889. Of the 61 cities and towns in Canada and the United States where there are clearing houses, Montreal stands twelfth.

A Female Crusoe.

On the 26th day of October, A. D. 1871, the trading schooner Little King sailed out of the port of Singapore, bound for the Kinderoon Islands, to the north, and only one of her crew was ever again met with. For five years before the schooner had belonged to and been commanded by Captain Ezra Williams, a Canadian from Halifax. He traded between Singapore and Sumatra, Java, Borneo, and the smaller islands of the Java Sea, and in May, 1871, died at Singapore of fever. He had been married for three years to an English woman, whose maiden name was Danforth, who had been a domestic in an English family in Singapore. She had accompanied him in all his voyages, and had secured much experience and information. As she could not readily dispose of the schooner, she determined to continue in the business, acting as her own supercargo.

Mrs. Williams secured an Englishman named Parker as Captain, another named Hope as mate, and with three Malays before the mast and a Chinese cook, and with about $7,000 in specie in the cabin, she sailed away on her first voyage, and it was four years later before she was again heard of. The purpose of this narrative is to chronicle her adventures in the interim, as I had it from her own lips.

While it was a bit queer to start on a voyage with a woman virtually in command of the craft, Mrs. Williams had nothing to fear from her crew. The officers were good navigators, and the men willing, and all were anxious for a profitable voyage. She had no complaints to make until the Islands had been reached. The group lies between the Malay Peninsula and the island of Borneo, about 100 miles off the coast of the former, and from 250 to 300 miles from Borneo. There are nineteen islands in the group, covering a length of 120 miles by about forty broad. There are only seven or eight which are inhabited, and at the time of which I write the people were a lawless set, and a share of them out-and-out pirates. The products were dried fish, sea shell, cocoanuts, dye stuffs, various herbs and roots for medicinal purposes, and several sorts of spices. The Schooner had been there once before and made a profitable trip of it. She had clothing, powder, shoes, axes, and a great variety of notions, and where none of these were wanted she paid cash.

On this trip the schooner worked to northward and made her stop at the Island of Quewang, being the third one from the northernmost island of the group. She met with a cordial reception, and at once began bartering for and receiving cargo. She was anchored in a sheltered bay, within 500 feet of the beach, and had been there five days before anything occurred to arouse Mrs. Williams's suspicions that all was not right. She then observed that the entire crew were drinking deeply of a native liquor which the natives were supplying in a liberal manner, and that some of the fellows were becoming impudently familiar. When the Captain was spoken to he laughed at her idea of trouble and promised better things, but the drinking continued. On the afternoon o the seventh day several women

CAME OFF IN THE CANOES.

One of them who could speak English pretty fairly, was presented with some ornaments by Mrs. Williams, and in return she hinted to her that it was the intention of the natives to capture and loot the schooner that night. They had discovered that there was a large sum of money on board, and they had found the crew an easy one to handle. The native women hadn't time nor opportunity to say much, but no sooner had the crowd of natives left the schooner at dusk, as was their custom, than Mrs. Williams set out to sound the alarm. Imagine her feelings when she discovered that every single man on board, from Captain to cook, was so much under the influence of liquor as to be unable to comprehend her words. She doused them with sea water and pounded them with belaying pins, but all to no purpose. The entire lot were stupidly drunk, just as the natives had planned for.

was a perilous situation for th lte woman! to be placed in. If the natives captured the schooner they would murder every one of the crew as a natural sequence, and the first step toward capturing her had already been taken. The step she took showed sound judgment. The schooner's yawl was down, having been in almost hourly use. The native village was about forty rods back from the beach, and as the schooner swung to the ebb tide she presented her broadside to the village. When the yawl was pulled around to the port side she was out of sight. Mrs. Williams's first act was to step the mast; her next to supply the craft with provisions and water. There were an unusual number of lights burning in the village showing that something was on foot, but she had no fear of an attack until a later hour. The natives would wait until certain that all the people were helpless.

Mrs. Williams had determined to slip away from the doomed craft in the yawl, although she had no experience in the management of a small boat. After water and provisions she brought up all her money, which was in boxes she could handle. Not a penny of it was left behind. There was a rifle, revolver, and double-barrelled shotgun belonging to her husband. These she took, together with powder, shot, and fixed ammunition. Then she gathered up all her bedding and clothing, took three or

FOUR SPARE BLANKETS

two suits of clothes belonging to the officers, and when these were in the boat she took pots, pans, dishes, and cutlery, bundled up a lot of carpenter's tools, secured two axes, a lot of small rope, several pieces of canvas, and in brief loaded the yawl with whatever was portable and handy, including the clock, compass, quadrant, sextant, and a lamp and four gallons of oil. She worked for upward of two hours getting these things into a boat, and the last articles taken aboard were meal, flour, beans, tea, and provisions from the lazarette

It was about 10 o'clock when Mrs. Williams took her seat in the yawl and cast off from the schooner, and the tide at once drifted her out of the bay and to the north. The only thing of consequence she had forgotten was a chart of the Java Sea, which she could have put her hand on at a minute's notice, and it was the want of this which made a Crusoe of her for several years. As the yawl went to sea after its own fashion, Mrs. Williams lost the points of the compass at once. Indeed, had she kept them in mind it would have been of no benefit just so then, as she had not studied the chart and could not have told which way to steer to reach another group or the land. She heart nothing whatever from the natives, but several years later it was ascertained that they did not board the schooner until midnight. The men, all of whom were still drunk and asleep, were stripped and tossed overboard to drown, and then the absence of the woman and her money was discovered. Five or six native crafts were at once sent

pursuit, while the people who remained looted the schooner of everything of value to them, and then towed her out to deep water and scuttled her to hide as evidences of their crime.

After drifting three or four miles out to sea the yawl got a light breeze, and after a few trials the woman learned how to manage the sail and lay a course. She had no idea which way she was heading, but ran off before the breeze, and kept going all night and until mid-afternoon next day. She must have passed the Upnong in the early morning, but so far to the westward that she could not see it. The wind hauling at midforenoon altered her course by several points, and the northernmost island of the group, named Poilo, was thus brought in line. The island is seven miles long by three in width at its widest part, well wooded and watered. The woman landed on the east side, at the mouth of a creek which forms

A SNUG LITTLE HARBOR.

She was convinced that this was one of the islands of the Kinderoon group, but she did not know that it was the most northerly one. By consulting the compass she got the cardinal points, but not having studied the chart she could not say in what direction any other land lay. She had seen the sails of two traders that morning, but as they were native crafts she had every wish to avoid them. The boats which were sent in pursuit of her must have taken another course, as she saw nothing of them.

When Mrs. Williams landed on the island she had no idea of stopping there for more than a day or two, or until she could decide on some plan. She had scarcely gone ashore when a gale came up which lasted about thirty hours, during which the yawl was so damaged that she must undergo repairs. She unloaded her goods on the shore, covered them from the weather, and then set out to explore the island, pretty well satisfied that it was inhabited, and hoping, if it was, that her money might secure assistance. Before night she was satisfied that she was all alone, and she made a shelter out of the blankets, and slept the night away as peacefully as if in her cabin on the schooner. Next day she exchanged her apparel for a man's suit and began the erection of a hut. In a grove about 200 feet from the beach, she erected a shelter, 10x20 feet, which withstood the storms of almost four years. While the sides consisted of canvas and poles, the roof was thatched with a long grass which she found on the island in abundance.

It took the woman about a week to construct her hut and move her stores into it and this had scarcely been done when her boat, owing to carelessness on her part, was carried off by the sea, and she now realized that she was a prisoner until such time as the crew of some trading vessel might land and discover her. After her house was completed she made a more thorough exploration of her island home. There were parrots and other birds, snakes of a harmless variety, Borneo rats, and a drove of about 300 Java pigs, which are about the size of the American peccary, but are wild instead of fierce.

The woman had clothing to last her five or six years, but the provisions she had brought from the schooner would not supply her needs more than a few months. While hoping and expecting to be taken off almost any day, she wisely prepared for a long stay. She had fish-hooks and lines in her outfit, and with fish from the sea, meat from the woods, and bananas and wild fruits from the groves, she had a variety and a plenty. Six months after she landed a native craft put in about a mile from her hut, but

CREEPING THROUGH THE WOODS

she saw that all were Malays, and so savage in appearance that she did not dare make herself known. Seven months later a second craft sent men ashore to fill two water casks, but she was also afraid of these. She lived very quietly from that time until nearly two years after her landing, having remarkably good health all the time, but naturally lonely and cast down at times.

One afternoon, as she was in the forest about half a mile from home, having her shotgun with her, a Borneo sailor suddenly confronted her. He was entirely alone, and whether he had been marooned or cast away she never learned. As she was dressed in a man's suit he naturally took her for a man, but his first movement was a hostile one. He advanced upon the woman with a club in his hand and uttering shouts of menace and to save her own life she was compelled to shoot him.

Now and then, all through her stay, trading vessels were sighted in the offing, with now and then a craft known to be manned by Englishmen, but the signals made to the latter by means of smoke were never heeded. Her main hope was that the loss of the schooner would in some way reach her friends at Singapore, and that a searching party might be sent out to her rescue.

One day, when she had been on the island four years, lacking about fifty days, the British survey ship Sahib, then engaged in re-surveying the group, dropped anchor off the mouth of the creek, and sent a party ashore to explore the interior. I had the honor not to only head this party, but to be the first to see and to speak to Mrs. Williams. We found her in excellent health, although tanned and roughened by exposure to the weather. When she had donned her own proper apparel and had time to tidy up no one could find fault with her appearance.

After a few days we sailed for Singapore, where Mrs. Williams was safely landed, and a few weeks later a man-of-war was despatched to the island where the schooner had been seized. Natives were found who gave all the particulars, and the result was that eight men were brought aboard, tried, convicted, and swung up at the yardarm, while three more were shot while trying to escape from the island.

"What is the poetry of motion?" This is a question which has formed an unsettled topic of many discussions, but being of neither political nor religious significance, has as yet failed to produce any deadly feuds or breaches of friendship. Skaters, to a man or a woman, contend that nothing on earth can surpass the movements of an accomplished figure skater, circling and twisting about in all directions with consummate ease. This is especially the case with women, who invariably have the call on the sterner sex.

Although much enjoyment may be found in plain skating and variety obtained by means of racing and games on the ice, the pleasure is more than doubled by learning fancy figures, for the latter can be performed on a pond where it would be impossible to play games, and, moreover, do not require companionship to make them agreeable. Figure skating is an art which requires constant practice to become proficient in. Some persons are better adapted to it than others, but any person of ordinary capacity and physical strength may learn many pretty figures by practice. Some figures, such as the "spread eagle," which require great flexibility of the legs, would be a physical impossibility to many men who might in other respects be very proficient, while there are others who can accomplish all sorts of grotesque movements better than the champion, but fail on regulation figures. Thus it is that there have been certain skaters better than any one else in their own figures, who from lack of knowlege in others had no chance to win a championship contest.

To win a competition requires an all-round skater, unless he can take enough points on what he knows to overbalance what is lost on figures he cannot skate. An example of this occurred in the championship of 1887, when Robinson, the famous Canadian skater of Toronto, went to New York for the main purpose of defeating his countryman, Louis Rubenstein, of Montreal, on neutral ground. The contest was postponed on account of unfavorable weather, and Rubenstein, tired of waiting, failed to put in an appearance. Robinson never dreamed that he would be defeated, but he had to succumb to Frank E. Good of Brooklyn, who won the championship with several points to spare. Although Robinson went through certain movements to perfection, he had not studied the programme, and fell so far short on other figures that Good beat him out. Robinson is considered one of the greatest figure skaters in the world, and many believe he would have won had he practised his weak movements, for a good fancy skater can readily adapt himself to almost anything on ice.

The first requisite for figure skating is a snug fitting and comfortable shoe. There should be no unsteadiness about the foot, for there is quite enough difficulty in keeping the balance at an angle of 75 degrees with everything favorable. Many skaters wear a shoe laced an inch or two further down than an ordinary walking shoe, in order to lace it tighter around the instep. Figure skating consists almost entirely of movements on the outside and inside edges. The outside edge is the right edge of the right skate, and the left edge of the left skate. The inside edge is the left edge of the right skate and the right edge of the left skate. These are really ambiguous terms, for, strange as it may seem, there is practically no outside or inside edge. This is proved by placing one foot directly in front of the other and describing a circle on the ice, when the skater will actually be travelling on both edges. Outside and inside edges, however, are the terms used by skaters to denote the essential movements in figure skating.

A Few Hints About Oil Lamps.

The tank, or reservoir, for holding the oil should be of metal rather than china or glass. Wicks should be dry, be just long enough to reach to the bottom of the reservoir and be softly woven. They should be just wide enough to easily fill the wick holder without being pulled or squeezed in. It is necessary, too, that they be soaked with oil just before using the lamp. When the lamp is lit the wick should be at first turned down, and then slowly raised as it burns. One great essential to avoid all odors from a lamp is to have it thoroughly clean, and all charred wick and dust removed before lighting. In putting out a lamp where it has no extinguishing appliances the wick should be turned down, and a sharp puff blown across the top of the chimney, but not down on it. A little systematic care in the use of a lamp will bring, instead of discomfort, a warm, cheering atmosphere to the home.

He used to drink of pleasures cup
And found it sweet, no doubt;
He seldom with the lark got up,
But oft on one was out.

There's now an end to all his fun
At night with gay carousers;
He's married, and his wife's the one,
They say, that wears the trousers.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

The Star in the Heavens.

BY GEORGE HODGES.

"We have seen his star in the east, and we are come to worship him." They saw, they came, they worshiped; and then they went away again into their own land, leaving behind them the memory of their good example.

One good thing about these "wise men" was that they saw the star—saw it, that is, in the right way. Everybody saw the star. You cannot hide a star. But a great many people who saw it did not see it—did not see it in the right way, did not recognize it. For real sight is not the reflection of an object in the eye, but rather the sort of reflection that goes on in the mind behind the eye. It is the mind that sees. The eye is only an optical instrument which the mind uses. Everybody saw the star—with their eyes. But out of all the world, only this little company of white men seem to have seen the star with their minds.

How they came to be different from other men, and to recognize the star, we know not. Perhaps there was some dim tradition in their country, handed down from the days of Balaam, about a star and a sceptre. Some think that Balaam was a "wise man," one of the magi, past master in the astrological fraternity. And that Balaam, off there in the east, did say something about a star of Jacob and a sceptre of Israel, is plain enough. Perhaps there were more devout Jews in their neighborhood, who had told the wise men about the old prophecies, and so given them a sort of preparation for reading the gospel in the stars.

Perhaps, and perhaps. The truth is, we know nothing about it. None of the explanations begin to explain it. There was a star. The wise men who study the sky in our own day will tell us that. Every 800 years, three great planets met within the boundaries of a single constellation. And their meeting is a sight which everybody who has eyes looks at. We will never see it with our eyes for the last meeting was in the winter of the year 1603. But the wise men saw it. They saw it two years before the date which is agreed upon for the birth of Christ. If they looked up into the sky in May, or October, or December of that year, they could not miss it.

Three times that year, Saturn, Mars and Jupiter stood together in the constellation Pisces. And in 1603, when Kelper saw that sight, a fourth star, bright, glowing, peculiarly colored and evanescent, joined the siderial company. There was a star, and the wise men saw it, and they said one to another, "there is the King's star; He is born in the West," and they came and worshiped Him. And that is all of the story that we know.

The truth of God shines in this world as clear as the everlasting stars. And we all see it—with our eyes, and hear it—with our ears. But a great many of us somehow miss of the recognition of it. And those who do not recognize the truth are very often quite unable to tell us why or how they know it. There is a great difference between their seeing and our seeing. Certain phrases seem to mean a whole world more to them than they do to us. But there does not appear to be any adequate explanation. We are as much in the dark about it as we are about the wise men. But it is a fact. They do see—and we don't see.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or wither it goeth; so is everyone that is born of the spirit." And to recognize the truth of God, and to be born of the spirit of God, are very much the same thing. What a difference in people, in their perceptions — intellectual, æsthetic, spiritual! How many, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not! Up above, the star, and down below, a whole race of blind men! Here, close before us all, the truth of God, "and few there be that find it."

Few there be, perhaps, that really try to find it, that would account for it. The wise men tried; we may be sure of. That they were honest men, and earnest men, desirous of truth, keeping their hearts and minds open to it. We know all that about them, because they found the truth. God never tells His truth to any other sort of men. But to such men always.

We want to know the truth of God. If there are any remarkable stars up there in the sky, we want to see them. God is our Father. The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin. Is that really true? Is it true for you? Follow the best religious light you have; and you will learn whether it is true or not. Why, those wise men were pagans, and yet God spoke to them. Make the most of all the truths you know; do the will of God, as you understand it, fully as you can; put yourself within reach of all the uplifting, spiritual influences which you can find; pray God for light. And God will give you light. You will be like wise men—you will see.

Another good thing about the wise men was that when they saw they did not stop there. They did something. They came. Nobody knows just where they came from. From Arabia most scholars think. Anyhow, from some long distance, over a hard and dangerous way; a two-years' journey, some figure it. They must have been very sure before they started out on such an adventurous quest as that.

Faith and works always go together. Faith is never unfruitful. If there are no fruits of the spirit in a man's life and conversation something is the matter with the man's spirit. There is only one way to be sure that a man has faith, and that is the way by which we discover that a field has been planted. The harvest shows it. No harvest, no seed; or no good soil for seed. No works, no faith. The man who sees the star separates himself at once from the company of blind men and proceeds to do something. And you know that he had seen the star by the testimony of his deed. Whoever saw that star and sat still did not see it, except with the eye.

You can always tell the good Christians the men and women who have seen the star. They are at work. They are not disobedient to the heavenly vision. They are doing something. People took note of the disciples that they had been with Jesus. They knew that by the behavior of the disciples. Whoever knows Christ, as the example of our daily life, as the Saviour from the burden of our sins, as the manifestation of the love of God, of the nature of God, cannot sit down idly as if he had seen nothing. He must follow Christ, as the wise men followed the star.

This company of pagans enters the Holy city and asks for the King of the Jews, and everybody is troubled. By and by the leaders of the Jewish religion answer the pagan question. Bethlehem, they say, is the place. But nobody starts for Bethlehem. The King, indeed, says that he intends to start as soon as the wise men bring him word again. (Yes, and with a sword in his hand!) But no one else even makes so much as a lying promise. There is the difference again between seeing and seeing. The priests and the Pagans are possessed of the same information. But the priests stay in Jerusalem. They point the way to Bethlehem if anyone cares to journey thither, but they take no step. The Pagans go along alone.

And that, as I say, was a pretty hard test of the pagans' faith. People like the encouragement of majorities. It helps us to have the company of the wise and the good. And when we find that we are alone, and that the wise and the good, as men think, do not seem to be touched by the spirit which moves us, we hesitate. It is so hard to go on alone. But the men who saw the star did, And everybody who sees the star to day does.

"This I know," the man says who sees the star. "Obstacles? Arguments? Criticisms? Majorities? What care I? I know!"

And then, to find the King of the Jews in a little, mean, cheap lodging-house—no palace, no retinue, no surroundings of state—a baby, in the arms of a Galilean peasant woman, whose husband is a carpenter—that was another test. That was another hard thing in the way. And after the weariness of the long journey, and after the troubled faces of the people of Jerusalem and the solitary pilgrimage over the hills between, what wonder if their hearts had failed them as they stood in the narrow street and looked at the poor, small house!

The greatest discovery in the whole world is to discover God. God comes in ways most unexpected, under forms most unlikely. There is a deep significance in the old legends. Where the cloak of rags falls away from the beggar's shoulders, and behold, the Christ! To recognize Him always—in His brethren who need uplifting and brotherly hands held out; in temptation, in affliction, in sore pain and trouble, to find Him ministering to us, bringing a blessing—it is the discovery of discoveries.

The wise men found Him. "And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshiped Him." First they saw the star, and then they saw the child. That is the order of spiritual perception. The reward of knowledge is more and better knowledge. Whoever learns one truth of God, and follow that, shall find another and a higher.

And they worshiped him. That is the third good thing about the wise men—they saw, they came, and they worshiped. And they evidenced their worship by giving something. "When they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts: gold, and frankincense and myrrh." Some say that they gave gold as a symbol of his royalty, and incense as a symbol of his divinity, and myrrh (which was used at funerals) as a symbol of his humanity. Probably they brought gold because that was one of the products of their country, and frankincense and myrrh for the same reason—as the natural tribute which strangers would offer at the court of a King. The essential and important fact is that they brought something, the best they could.

Here is a company of men who have come a long journey, and faced dangers and met hardships, not to get anything, but to give something. Why, you would have thought that there was a fortune at the end of all that hard traveling! "Where is He that is born King of the Jews, for we have seen His star in the east and are come—to ask a favor of Him." That would be more like human nature. Gifts? Yes. "Let us bring Him gold, and frankincense and myrrh. So will we get our favour granted." There is no lack of people to bring gifts to kings. But the gifts are apt to be given as a kind of good investment. Here, however, are men who give and go away again, asking nothing at all! Truly, a most notable occurrence.

Sometimes religion is nothing but pious selfishness. We give—we give money, and the time and trouble which our presence at church costs, and some prayer, and some obedience (when God doesn't ask too much of us). But that is not the end of it. Now, what are you going to get? "Behold, we have forsaken all and followed thee; what shall we have, therefore?" Even the apostles wanted to know that.

But here are the wise men, kneeling down in the presence of the Christ, and worshiping Him, and offering Him gifts. They have no eyes and no mind for any sight but the sight of His face. And just to see Him, just to be near him, satisfies them. Their hands are held out toward Him, not that He may put something into them, but that He may take something out of them—a good example for all of us.

God first, and our own selves a long way afterward; to do something for Him, first and chief; to kneel down and worship Him, the supreme purpose of our church going; to serve Him, for His own sake, that we may please Him, because we love Him, the supreme purpose of our life—that is religion.

Early Potatoes.

I will tell you how I met great success in producing good sized, merchantable potatoes inside of ten weeks from planting. To begin, the plants require three very essential things to succeed; namely, carefulness, good, sound seed of an early kind which he knows will suit his locality and very rich ground. I used the Charles Downing, sprouted good, medium sized tubers until the sprouts measured six or eight inches long, pulled off all but two sprouts to each whole tuber (here is where carefulness is required), laid them on trays or in flat baskets and planted them in trenches fifteen inches apart. The trenches were three feet apart and covered or filled nearly level; then I gave them a liberal dressing of my own home-made potato fertilizer, rich in potash and phosphate. I filled the trench up level with the sprouts barely sticking out. If the weather is warm the tops will show green in a very few days. Then cultivate frequently; in fact a person can't do too much work with a cultivator run shallow.

Keep your ground level as much as possible; quit work as soon as bloom buds begin to show. I generally use ground that has been heavily manured the year previous and produced a crop of cabbages. This year I planted on April 4; on April 19 it was cold enough to form ice, but the wind was high and the ground dry on top and did no damage to the potatoes. By the middle of June my crop was ready for market, not ripe, but as ripe as southern potatoes shipped here usually are. Again, I say that the main things are very rich, warm land, good sprouted seed, and not to leave more than two sprouts and not break them off in planting.—E.

"Are those people really grown up?" asked a little girl whose mother had taken her to see the dwarfs. "Yes, dear, but their mammas fed them on condensed milk."

It has been suggested, in view of the serious loss suffered by the electrical companies from time to time by the hasty and clumsy cutting of their wires by firemen, that it would be worth their while to keep a corps of men with wagons equipped with appliances for cutting wires, who should go to fires and watch and handle the wires in the interests of the companies. A still more practical idea is for the companies to keep a man at each engine house, who shall go with the engines to fires and direct the wire-cutting operations.

Sick Headache

IS a complaint from which many suffer and few are entirely free. Its cause is indigestion and a sluggish liver, the cure for which is readily found in the use of Ayer's Pills.

"I have found that for sick headache, caused by a disordered condition of the stomach, Ayer's Pills are the most reliable remedy."—Samuel C. Bradburn, Worthington, Mass.

"After the use of Ayer's Pills for many years, in my practice and family, I am justified in saying that they are an excellent cathartic and liver medicine—sustaining all the claims made for them."—W. A. Westfall, M. D., V. P. Austin & N. W. Railway Co., Burnet, Texas.

"Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered stomach and liver. I suffered for over three years from headache, indigestion, and constipation. I had no appetite and was weak and nervous most of the time. By using three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and at the same time dieting myself, I was completely cured."—Philip Lockwood, Topeka, Kansas.

"I was troubled for years with indigestion, constipation, and headache. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills, used in small daily doses, restored me to health. They are prompt and effective."—W. H. Stout, Meadville, Pa.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

Household Hints.

To stop hiccough take a lump of sugar saturated with vinegar

When suffering from overstrained and tired eyes bathe them in hot water several times a day.

Hands may be kept smooth in cold weather by avoiding the use of warm water. Wash them with cold water and soap.

Procure from your druggist a small bottle of tincture of benzoin and apply to any flesh wound. It will heal immediately and not get sore.

Soak the feet and bind on baking soda dampened, and in the morning you will be surprised to find the soreness all out of corns.

To take the rust out of steel, rub the steel with sweet oil; in a day or two rub with finely powdered unslacked lime until the rust all disappears, then oil again, roll in woolen and put in a dry place, especially if it be table cutlery.

Milk of Roses.—The following formula for an excellent preparation for the complexion is credited to Schubarth. It makes the skin soft, fair and clear and gives it a natural flush which is very attractive. Take three drachms of almond paste, one half pint of rose water and one half-fluid ounce of tincture of benzoin. Make it in emulsion.

Handsome Table Cloths in damask linen that by long wear are cut in the seams can be made into carving napkins or serving cloths by cutting them into squares for putting under the meat platter to preserve the dinner cloth from gravy splashes. They may be either hemmed or fringed and they will serve to cover a large luncheon tray.

Very pretty shades for the candles on the table are white lace over silk the color of the flowers used in decorating and having a spray of the flowers trailing over them. Some are made of colored silk in shape of flower petals, poppies looking especially well, while others are of lace, edged with a garland of flowers.

The following remedy for rheumatism is given in the *Iron Age Mechanic*: One quart of milk, quite hot, into which stir one ounce of alum—this will make curds and whey. Bathe part affected with the whey until too cold. In the meantime keep the curds hot, and, after bathing, put them on as a poultice, wrap in flannel, and go to sleep (you can.) Three applications should be a perfect cure even in aggravated cases.

When the face is usually pale bathe it in tepid water, rubbing briskly with a Turkish towel. Then apply every day the following preparation: Four ounces of rose water two ounces of glycerine and ounce of diluted liquid ammonia. Rub it well into the skin for about three minutes and then wipe off with a soft towel. If any irritation is felt add a little more glycerine to the preparation.

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

To one who has been absent from home for any length of time, what is more pleasant than the news that he may return earlier than he had planned?

Fred Boylst had been in Auckland for three years, being the New Zealand agent for a New York firm. He had been expecting to return at the end of the third year. October came, and though three months yet remained, he was both surprised and pleased to receive an order from the firm for him to return at once.

Up to this time the novelty of being in a strange land the importance he felt in the work being done, and the pleasantness of the social life, prevented even a shadow of home-sickness from disturbing him.

But, on the sudden realization of an early return, a little village in the Vermont hills seemed to show itself with surprising distinctness, and a snug little house seemed to stand out more plainly than any other. It was the scene of his childhood. He had never left it more than a month at a time until when, three years before, he had bade goodby to his parents to start on what then seemed a journey of indefinite length.

With these thoughts now presenting themselves so vividly, the few days that remained at New Zealand seemed more agonizing and interminable than any he had ever spent.

The time was more than filled with little odds and ends of business and a host of goodby calls.

Soon Fred found himself on the broad Pacific, journeying toward San Francisco. Owing to the suddenness of his departure, it had been useless to write home of the change of plan; and, instead of cabling, Fred thought it would be a good joke to surprise them by arriving unexpectedly

The steamer, however, did not hasten across the Pacific. Some of the machinery was disabled by a heavy storm that drove the vessel out of its course. This necessitated a stop at the Sandwich Islands to do some repairing, and two weeks later than was expected the Golden Gate was entered. Six days more were used in crossing the continent, and on a cool morning late in December Fred arrived in New York.

A thousand times during this long and wearisome journey had he pictured to himself his return. Sometimes he thought he would arrive in the early morning, and suddenly drop in upon the family at breakfast. Again and again he pictured to himself the happy but astonished expressions on the faces of his father, mother and little sisters. Sometimes it was at noon that he would arrive, and unceremoniously walk in while the family were at dinner. This plan did not suit very well. In going through the village street many old friends would be met, who would delay him when he was hastening to see his mother once more, and also possibly the news might go before him.

On the whole, the evening seemed the best. In the darkness he could pass unrecognized through the village, and reach the house undelayed. Arrived there, he could enter the family circle around the pleasant fireplace in the sitting-room, and spend the rest of the evening quietly at home. If he arrived during the day, the house would soon be crowded with friends eager to see him, and the first moments with his parents could not be enjoyed alone.

On arriving in New York, Fred went immediately to the firm to report. Mr. Clairvoy, the senior partner, was out of town, and would not return until later in the day. Fred must wait. The trip had seemed long enough, but now to sit down and wait, no one knew for how long, was absolutely cruel. There was nothing to do, so he sat down, and alternately consulted his watch, and looked at the door through which Mr. Clairvoy must come to enter his private office. Every time the outer door was opened he could not help going to see if the absent senior partner was entering. Each time for four hours he was disappointed. At last Mr. Clairvoy returned, and after the business at hand had been transacted, Fred hastened to the Grand Central station.

In planning his return, Fred had paid little attention to the time of arrival of trains. On reaching the station, he found that the first train he could take would reach the much thought of village at 12 that night. Several hours' delay would be caused by waiting for the train that arrived in the morning. This delay would surely be the last straw, and could not be endured.

He therefore took the first train. This would really be much more of a surprise than any of the others. He knew that his parents were sound sleepers. He knew also how the house could be entered at night. "I will crawl in quietly, spend the remainder of the night in my room, and come down to breakfast with the rest."

Slowly the afternoon passed away. The beastly supper, typical of all New England railroad restaurants, was served in a dirty little station. The evening passed more slowly than the afternoon. At least when sleep threatened to become master of the situation, he ordered his berth made up, and soon turned in, strictly charging the porter to wake him at 11:45.

In the midst of a pleasant dream of an indescribable mixture of things, far foreign to the thoughts that were uppermost in his mind when awake, he was rudely aroused. A dark wooly head with two bright, shining eyes, peered in between the curtains, and a voice said:

"Quarter of twelb, sah! Bleeb you wanted to woke at quarter ob twelb, sah."

A week of sleeping car life prepares one for anything, and without taking an extra doze, Fred immediately dressed, neither bumping his head nor putting his right foot into the left shoe.

As usual the train was late, and it was 12:30 before it stopped by the small station of the slumbering village. A very sleepy railroad official, surprised that any one should leave the train at that unseasonable hour, stood waiting upon the platform. Fred left his trunk in the care of this man, and with his valise in his hand, started to walk o the house. A good mile lay between this and the station.

The night was beautiful. The moon, slightly on the wane, re-enforced by countless stars, made the snow covered ground resplendent for miles around. A good path had been trampled in the road, rendering walking comparatively easy.

Three years had made no difference in the quiet village. All the old landmarks remained undisturbed. The houses with which he had been familiar all his life, were in their accustomed places, unchanged. In one field, for years unused, stood a modern Queen Anne cottage. In no less than 10 letters from friends at home had this been accurately described, for it was the only house that had been built since his departure. The old white church stood out, hideous in its plainness, with its ghastly spire pointing toward heaven. The town hall, with its row of half-gnawed horse posts coated with ice, and the town pump, kept free by perpetual use, were as natural as ever, and numerous other familiar objects brought back pleasant memories and recollections.

Not a soul was moving. The stillness was broken only by the occasional bark of a dog n some distant farmhouse, or the subdued imoo f a cow, disturbed, possibly by a draught through some neglected crack. It was with a feeling of unspeakable happiness that Fred tramped along over the slippery ground. How much longer seemed the mile to night than in the days of his childhood, when with his companions he lagged along to the district school.

At last the old homestead was reached. Dark and still it stood as if deserted. No friendly light, no friendly sound, to welcome home the traveller. His mother and father slept within, little dreaming that at that moment their son stood outside the gate Now to enter the house unheard. Every door was bolted and barred, for although in the country, there were too many valuable things in the house to permit of any risk being run. Nevertheless, with all the care that was taken, there was one weak point, known, however, to the family alone. By the use of a knife blade from the outside, a catch on one of the dining-room windows could be easily unfastened. It was one of those little things about the house that had needed attention for years. It had been neglected, as all things are when it is everybody's business to have them repaired.

The crust of the snow in the yard seemed to snap with unusual noise as Fred carefully made his way around to the window. The valise was put down in the snow, and after some trouble the window was unlocked with a jack-knife. The window was an old-fashioned one, without weights, and, although raised with the utmost care, it creaked unmercifully. A forked shaped button held it in place when open. It was a long reach from the ground, and before the window was secured it very nearly dropped back again. A bang so caused would awaken all the inmates of the house. After the window had been secured, the valise was quietly lifted in, followed by its owner. First the head, then the body, then two long legs came silently in. Once more Fred stood in his father's house. He closed the window and prepared to go to his room.

But suddenly it occurred to him that his room might not be in order. Not being expected for two months, the furniture might possibly have been moved out, and certainly the bed would not be made up. At the head of the stairs was a room that was invariably kept in readiness for unexpected guests. It would be far better to spend the night there. Also, as this necessitated the climbing of but one flight of stairs, there would be much less danger of his being heard.

As he started to leave the room he stubbed his toe against a chair. He held his breath and listened. There was no sound, and again he started into the hall. Slowly and carefully he climbed the carpeted stairs. He held the valise behind him that it might not bump against the wall of the balustrade. He had nearly gained the top when another thought presented itself. What if some guest was at that moment occupying the room? There would be nothing then to do but spend the night on the floor in his room or go down to the sitting room and sleep on the lounge. Why had he not thought of that before? He would have made much less noise and would have been sure to remain undiscovered until morning. But as he was so near the chamber, it was best to ascertain if it was occupied. Fortunately the door was open. He put his valise down on the outside and listened for the breathing of a sleeper. All was quiet save the thumping of his own heart, for although at home, there was somewhat of an exciting sensation caused by prowling about in the dark in so secret a manner.

Feeling sure that the room was unoccupied, he entered, and with little difficulty found the centre table. He had but lighted the lamp upon it, when an indescribable sensation came over him. It was the sensation one feels when suddenly realizing that some one is watching. He raised his eyes toward the door at the opposite side of the room, and was startled to see entering, a strange young lady dressed in a long wrapper. In her left hand she held a lighted candle, in her right hand a cocked revolver. The latter was aimed unpleasantly in the vicinity of his head, and considering discretion the better part of valor, he jumped into a small closet at his side and closed the door. The next instant he heard a knee pressed against the lower part of the door, and the key turned in the lock.

His first impulse was to prevent any firing that might take place, and he hastened to cry:

"Don't shoot!"

"I have no intention of doing so," answered a voice from the outside. "I think I have you very securely now, and will be able to keep you here as long as I wish."

Here was certainly a pecular position. To be locked in a closet in his own home by an absolute stranger, was hardly the reception he had expected to have on his return. But he was greatly perplexed to know how to begin a conversation with his fair captor. At last he said

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

"That is a nice question for you to ask. I think it would be more sensible if I asked you that."

This was logical. He had made a fool of himself in beginning, but would try again and endeavor to do better.

"I am the son of the house and have just returned from a journey."

"That is a very likely story," she replied. "It is more foolish than your first remark. The son of the house is now in New Zealand, and will not return for two months or possibly a longer time. If he did, he would not be very likely to come at this unseemly hour and enter in this uncoremonious manner."

This was as logical as her first remark. Circumstantial evidence of the most convincing character was certainly against him.

"But won't you tell me who you are?"

"Certainly I shan't. What good will it do you to know who I am?"

It would, indeed, be hard to make her understand the reason. Nevertheless, something must be done and be done quickly. Although living in the country, Mr. Boylst enjoyed all the modern improvements possible. The house was heated by steam, but owing to its having been introduced many years after the house was built, the pipes were not so conveniently arranged as they would have been in a new house, built to accommodate them. The pipes to the third story passed through the corner of the closet in which Fred was imprisoned. The closet was small and filled with dresses, and there was barely room for a person to stand inside. The poor fellow was uncomfortable, to say the least.

"You don't seem to realize that the steam pipes pass through this closet. I shall suffocate if you don't let me out."

"I am perfectly well aware of the position of the steam pipes, but I have no intention letting you out,"

"But I must have air."

"Well here it is," she said, and taking the bellows from the fireplace, she fitted the nozzel into the key-hole and blew a lot of air into the closet. This had little effect, however, and it seemed necessary that he should start off on a new tack.

"Why don't you call my father? He could certainly help you."

"I don't need any help," she tersely replied.

"But if he was here I know he would recognize my voice."

As she had him in such absolute security there seemed to be no harm in telling him that there was no other man in the house. It would also be best to tell him the truth. Undoubtedly he had heard of the absence of both Mr. Boylst and his son, and had broken into the house in consequence.

"Mrs. Boylst was unexpectedly called to the bedside of her mother, who was suddenly taken seriously ill. Mr. Boylst accompanied her."

"The surprise has greatly exceeded my fondest expectations," thought Fred. "Did they take their daughters with them?"

But thinking the conversation had been carried on far enough, she did not answer him.

Again he was forced to consider how next to approach this invincible jailer, who would neither believe his statements, nor take pity on his sufferings. The heat of the closet was oppressive and something must be done to relieve him.

"I tell you I am the son of the house," he resumed. "I found that I should be able to leave New Zealand earlier than I had expected to, and so came home without cabling them of my early departure. Unfortunately I arrived at night and decided that I would wake no one, but surprise them all in the morning."

"That is a poorer attempt than you have yet made. I suppose that if I had found you down stairs with all the silver and valuables in a bundle, you would have claimed the same thing and explained that you were only making a little surprise for the family. It is of no use for to argue. I shall on no condition release you, and you may as well begin now to wait patiently until morning. At the first opportunity I will hail some passing farmer and have you conducted to the sheriff's house."

That would be well, because any farmer who would pass the house on a winter's morning would be some neighbor who would recognize him. But the thought of spending four or five more hours in that oven, was unbearable. If he did not die for want of fresh air, he would certainly suffer greatly.

Suddenly a happy thought struck him.

"Outside the door you will find my valise, I think its contents will convince you that I am Fred Boylst."

"I shall not leave this door for any reason."

This was discouraging. Then another happy thought appeared.

"I have in my pocket a letter from my mother. If you will open the door I will show it to you."

"On no condition shall I open the door. If you have any letter you would like me to see, you may thrust it under the door."

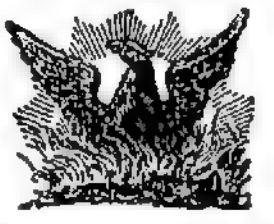
Painfully in the small space allowed, Fred stooped, and with much difficulty succeeded in forcing the letter through the small crack between the door and the sill. Then he eagerly waited her reply.

"This is written to Fred Boylst, but it is dated in Columbus, O., and signed by a man entirely unknown to me."

"Then, in the dark I have made a mistake, and given you the wrong letter. Please examine this one."

Again he stooped and managed to thrust a second letter out into the room, and nervously waited for her to answer.

"Yes, this is from Mrs. Boylst to Fred Boylst. I recognize the handwriting. But it proves nothing. How can I tell that you are Mr. Fred Boylst? Possibly you have



BRISTOL'S

Sarsaparilla.

The Great Purifier

— OF THE —

BLOOD AND HUMORS

met him, robbed him and saved his things to use in a manner similar to this."

Could anything be more aggravating? Try hard as he could, his arguments had no force with his determined guard, who was convinced that he was a burglar. His head was beginning to ache from the overpowering heat. He feared that if he was not soon released that he would faint for want of fresh air. He thought seriously of forcing the door, but if he met with any success in these attempts he would in all probability be shot. Finally, in desperation, he cried:

"Did you ever see Fred Boylst?"

"No."

"Did you ever see a photograph of him?"

"Yes."

"Then do for mercy's sake open the door. I am dying in here, and I promise you I will remain motionless if you will simply open the door and give me some fresh air. I am sure that if you are familiar with my photograph you will recognize me at once."

For a long time she hesitated. Could it be possible that his story was true? If not, could she restrain him with the pistol she held in her hand? The heat of the closet must be terrible, and possibly he was so overcome that he would be passive if his sufferings were relieved. She endeavored to recall his features as she had seen them the moment before he jumped into the closet, but she was so excited at the time that she had no idea about them. At last she said:

"I will open the door, but remember that I will keep the pistol at your head during the whole time. If you make any attempt to move or disarm me, I will shoot."

Fred was in such a state he did not much care whether he was recognized or not. All he wished was a breath of cool air. The key turned in the lock, and slowly the door swung open, and a draught of air from the room, cold compared with that of the closet, came in. Also the revolver, behind which was a determined eye, was thrust in his face. His first impulse was to rush in to the room, but his promise and the revolver restrained him. The door had opened about three inches when it stopped, and a determined foot pressed against it. The young woman all through this trying time had acted with much more bravery and determination than many a man or woman in her place would have acted. Nevertheless, she was a woman, and had a few ideas that are much more common to women than they are to men. She held the door firmly and said:

"Thrust out your hand and let me see if it is the hand of a gentleman.'

If Fred had been one of those technically inclined young fellows, who go into the Thomson-Houston or some engine works, his hands would probably not have passed muster, and the closet door would have been shut again. Although not handsome, the hand was not much calloused, and was free from scars.

The fastidious taste of the young woman was satisfied. Still she remembered that villains had fine hands in some cases and continued to be on her guard. The door opened still farther, and, standing before him, Fred saw the young woman who alternately aggravated and filled him with respect.

"Put your hands behind your back."

"You are standing in the shadow. I cannot plainly see your features. Stand there until I give you permission to move."

Keeping him well covered with the weapon, she slowly walked backward until the table and lamp were between them.

"Step out into the light. Stop!"

The heated air had made him feel so weak that he wanted to sit down in the nearest chair. However, he conquered the feeling, and stood looking her in the face. Fortunately for him, he had strongly marked features. His mother, wishing to continually keep her son's face before her, had placed photographs of him in every room in the house. The young woman saw the resemblance at once, and realized what a mistake she had made. She was about to speak when the revolver fell to the floor, the hand that had held it fell to her side and Fred had but time to dash around the table and catch her as she fainted away.

There was no ammonia at hand. Neither were there any salts or other remedies. Fortunately plenty of water was near, and this was liberally applied with towels. Gradually the color came back to her face, and the eyelids slowly opened. Fred helped her to the lounge, where, for some minutes, she lay quietly, without venturing to speak.

Meanwhile Fred's two little sisters had been awakened by the fall of the revolver. Obtaining no response to their cries, they hurried into the room where the light was burning, and their joy and surprise at again seeing their brother completely reassured their friend, who had tried so nobly to care for the house during its master's absence.

Tomato Culture.

1. The tomato plant is quickly susceptible to careful selection.

2. As elsewhere in the vegetable kingdom, the character of the plant or a whole appears to have more hereditary influence than the character of the individual fruit.

3. Very heavy manuring does not lessen productiveness.

4. Neither nitrate of soda nor muriate of potash alone are profitable tomato manures upon thin soil.

5. Very early setting of stocky plants in the field, even in dark and raw weather, augmented earliness and productiveness this season.

6. Seedlings gave far better results than cuttings.

7. Trimming the plants lightly late in summer gave a greatly increased yield.

8. A double or monstrous flower upon a young plant is no indication that succeeding flowers upon the same plant will be double and produce irregular fruits. But varieties which habitually bear double flowers are also the ones which habitually bear irregular fruits.

9. Cool and dark weather in early fall and early fall frosts are the leading drawbacks to profitable tomato culture in the north. To avoid these dangers as much as possible, plants must be started early and forced rapidly.

10. The essential general points in profitable tomato culture are these: Careful selection and breeding, early sowing, frequent, or, at least, occasional transplanting to obtain stocky plants; rich soil, well prepared and well tilled.

11. There is evidence that varieties of tomatoes run out, even under good culture.

12. The best market tomatoes appear from our tests to be Ignotum, Favorite, Bay State, Atlantic, and perhaps Ruby among the red varieties; Beauty, Mikado, and possibly Potato Leaf among the pink or purple varieties; Golden Queen among the yellow sorts.

13. Among the novelties, Ruby and Chemin market are the most promising.

Your Name by Magic.

By use of the table given below you can ascertain the name of any person or place, providing the rules below the lettered diagram are strictly observed:

A	B	D	H	P
C	C	E	I	Q
E	F	F	J	R
G	G	G	K	S
I	J	L	L	T
K	K	M	M	U
M	N	N	N	V
O	O	O	O	W
Q	R	T	X	X
S	S	U	Z	Y
U	V	V	Y	Z
W	W	W		
Y	Z			

Have the person whose name you wish to know inform you in which of the upright columns the first letter of the name is contained. If it is found in but one column, it is the top letter; if it occurs in more than one column, it is found by adding the alphabetical numbers of the top letters of the columns in which is to be found, the sum taking one letter at a time, in the way outlined above, the whole word or name may be plainly spelled out. Take the word Jane for example. J is found in two columns beginning with B and H, which are the second and eighth letters down the alphabet; their sum is ten, and the tenth letter down the alphabet is J, the letter sought. The next letter, A, appears in but one column, the first, where it stands at the head. N is seen in the columns headed B, D and H, which are the second, fourth and eighth letters of the alphabet; added, they gave the fourteenth, or N, and so on.

The Congo Railway.

The first ten kilometers of the Congo railway are completed and traffic is steadily increasing. A German steamer is to be built for Lake Victoria named after Major—now Baron—Wissman, and to the construction of which Emperor William has contributed 3,000 marks. With railroads traversing Africa and German and English steamers on her great inland seas and great rivers civilization seems at last to have taken firm hold of "the dark continent," and, aside from other considerations, will undoubtedly find it too profitable to allow it to remain much longer in barbarism. Where philanthropy has failed self-interest may yet prevail, and the conquest to civilization, though not made from the highest motives, will be all the surer to hold when it is once demonstrated to be profitable.

Household Pointers.

Apples will not freeze if covered with a linen cloth, nor a pie or custard burn if in the oven with a dish of water.

Turpentine and black varnish is the blacking used by hardware dealers for protecting stoves from rust. If put on properly it will last through the season.

Two apples kept in the cake box will cause moderately rich cake to remain moist for a great length of time, if the apples are renewed when withered.

To make plaster of Paris hard so that it will not break easily, mix it with from three to ten per cent. of powdered marshmallow-root.

Air of the cellar passes into the rooms above when the cellar is closed, and the rooms heated; hence, the importance of keeping the cellar air pure by ventilation.

Every mother knows, though many heed not the fact, that unless she transfers some household duties to the daughter she encourages her child to grow up in sloth and ignorance.

Always dissolve gelatine in an equal bulk of cold water; if put into hot water at first a strong taste will be developed. It will take about fifteen minutes to dissolve, but many stand two or more hours without harm.

To take the rust out of steel rub the steel with sweet oil; in a day or two rub with finely powdered unslacked lime until the rust all disappears, then oil again, roll in woolen and put in a dry place, especially if it be table cutlery.

It is said that whiskey will take out every kind of fruit stain. A child's dress will look entirely ruined by the dark berry stains on it, but if whiskey is poured on the discolored places before sending it into the wash it will come out as good as new.

Scrubbing brushes when kept with the bristles down will last twice as long. Common sense will tell you if you stand them the other way the water will run down and soak into the back, loosening the bristles, whether they be glued or wired.

A New York *Witness* correspondent verifies from experience the statement that fuel can be saved on ironing day by placing over the irons an old tin bucket or similar vessel, bottom side up. "You need a thick iron holder, lined with paper, to handle them with when heated in this way."

A knife, like any other machine or tool, is all the better for being periodically cleaned and oiled, and it is more easily cleaned than most machines. A pin is sufficient to clean out the dirt in the knife, and will serve admirably to oil the knife afterwards.

To clean shepherd's plaid wash carefully in lathers made of good soap and water, not too hot. Soap and water will take out tea stains. Dry at once, and send it to be hot pressed, which raises the colour and makes it like new, if it is not too old and worn.

For keeping stained floors in order one injunction is imperative, do not wash them or mop them up. Tie a half-yard of canton flannel around a broom and polish the floor with this, which will remove all footmarks. If any grease has been dropped and allowed to get dry on a dining-room floor, then you may use a sponge dipped in hot water, but remember that stained floors need only dry dusting with the canton flannel, which effectually cleans and keeps them fresh.

For a soiled linen basket procure an ordinary wicker one, and cover with cretonne or cambric as preferred, gathered into folds and adorned with ruchings and pleatings. Put on the top of the basket a piece of bright-coloured satin, or velvet or flannel, upon which is worked the initials of the lady of the house in crewel silk or arrasene. Fasten this on to the cretonne, hiding the edge under a small ruching, and bind the edgings of the ruchings with narrow bright-coloured ribbon or braid, which adds both to the strength and to the effect.

The will of Mr. John Noble, varnish maker, of Park Place, Henley-on-Thames, is a curious one. He leaves his widow £12,000 per annum; which is to be reduced to £1000 if she re-marries. His eldest son is eventually to have Park Place, with an income of £12,000, but only provided that he quarters the arms of Noble. This gentleman is to have an immediate allowance of £6000, but it is to be reduced to £4000 per annum whenever he is not a member of the House of Commons. Whether Mr. Noble's widow re-marries or not, or whether his son does or does not quarter the arms of Noble, are matters which must be indifferent to the worthy varnish maker now that he has withdrawn from this planet. When, however, he fines his son £2000 if he does not manage to win his Parliamentary election, I am inclined to think that it is questionable whether this stipulation ought to be allowed to stand, for it gives the son a direct pecuniary advantage in winning, and it is, consequently, in the nature of a bribe

Rheumatism,

BEING due to the presence of uric acid in the blood, is most effectually cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Be sure you get Ayer's and no other, and take it till the poisonous acid is thoroughly expelled from the system. We challenge attention to this testimony:—

"About two years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatic gout, being able to walk only with great discomfort, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make a trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months, and am pleased to state that it has effected a complete cure. I have since had no return of the disease."—Mrs. R. Irving Dodge, 110 West 125th st., New York.

"One year ago I was taken ill with inflammatory rheumatism, being confined to my house six months. I came out of the sickness very much debilitated, with no appetite, and my system disordered in every way. I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to improve at once, gaining in strength and soon recovering my usual health. I cannot say too much in praise of this well-known medicine."—Mrs. L. J. Stark, Nashua, N. H.

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The Robin and Sir Richard.

The day before his death (says Lady Burton, writing of her late husband, the great African Traveller,) he saw a little robin drowning in a tank in the garden, crowds of birds sitting round on the trees watching it drown and doing nothing for it. He got Dr. Baker to get it out and warmed it in his hands, and put it in his fur coat, and made quite a fuss until it was restored, and put in a cage to be kept and tended until well enough to fly away again. He was very fond of kittens, too, and always had one on his shoulder. When he laid dead, his kitten would not leave him, and fought and spat to be allowed to remain. He was very particular about the taking of life, and would not allow anything in the house to be killed, saying we had no right to destroy life. One of his great remorses was shooting a monkey. "It cried like a child," he said, "and I can never forget it."

Some Tested Recipes.

APPLE FRITTERS.—Slice apple into a batter made of one pint of milk, two teacupfuls of flour, three eggs beaten stiff, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Drop in hot lard. Eat with maple syrup.

RICE WAFFLES.—Beat three eggs separately. Add to the yolks a teacupful of boiled rice, a lump of butter. Sift in one and a half pints of flour, add a pint of sweet milk, a little salt, and lastly whites of eggs. Bake in waffle irons.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup sugar, one cup melted butter, one cup New Orleans molasses, one cup strong coffee, one egg, one teaspoonful baking powder, one teaspoonful ground cloves, one tablespoon ground cinnamon, one-half pound each of raisins and currants, four cups sifted flour.

CHEESE CANAPES.—Cut slices of bread half an inch thick, then with a large round cutter cut in circles; then cut these in half; take a tablespoonful of butter, put in a small saucepan—more if you have much bread; fry your pieces a light brown; when done take them up and set on tin or on your stove pans and heap them with grated cheese and sprinkle on them a little pepper and salt; set aside until ready for serving, and then put in the stove a few minutes until nicely browned.

APRICOT BLANC MANGE.—Cut one and a half dozen apricots in two and take out the stones; boil them in a syrup made of half sugar and half water, let them cook till they are very tender, then rub them through a sieve. Put three cupfuls of fresh milk and half a cup of sugar, to boil, in a farina kettle. Beat well the yolks of eight eggs and add them to the milk when it just comes to the boiling point. Stir this faithfully till it thickens, but do not let it boil. Have one ounce of gelatine dissolved in a little water, strain the custard, add the gelatine and stir till nearly cold. Mix the apricots with the custard and pour it into a buttered mold. Serve when it is stiff and very cold with or without whipped cream.

SOUR MILK PIE.—1½ cups sour milk, or buttermilk, 1 heaping cup sugar, 1 cup chopped raisins, 1 tablespoonful strong vinegar, 3 eggs, 1½ teaspoonfuls flour or corn starch, 1 teaspoonful, each, cinnamon, clove, nutmeg. Bake in two crusts, which should be very rich and flaky. This will make two pies.

GERMAN CREAM PUFFS.—Make a batter for a sponge cake, and bake it in round, gem pans. While they are hot cut off the tops and take out all you can of the soft inside, then replace the cover and set them where they will dry. Just before tea time fill them with whipped cream and a little jelly.

OYSTER STEW.—Put one quart of oysters and their liquor with half a pint of cold water in a porcelain kettle, or a bright tin-pan if you have nothing better; iron spoils the flavor. Add what salt they require, and heat them scalding hot. The scum will rise as soon as they begin to heat, and must be removed. Just as they are about to boil, skim out all the oysters into your soup-tureen, add to their liquor one half-pint of cream or rich milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg, as much pepper as you like, and a little finely-rolled cracker crumbs. When this is boiling hot, pour it on to the oysters and serve. The crackers to be eaten with the soup should be heated, as it makes them more brittle.

POTATOES AND ONIONS.—Pare and slice eight potatoes and one-half as many onions; put in stew kettle with two tablespoonfuls of butter or lard, and a little water, salt and pepper, and let it stew till they are soft and well mixed together, stirring often to prevent burning.

FRUIT CAKE.—3 eggs, well beaten, 1½ cups sugar, 1 cup rich sour cream, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, ½ teaspoon cloves, ½ teaspoon lemon extract, 1-5 teaspoon grated nutmeg, 1 pound raisins, stoned and chopped. Stir all well together, then add two level teaspoons pulverized soda and two cups flour. Bake in a moderate oven.

Tribute From a Jealous Rival.

The San Francisco *Call* is continually directing attention to our trade progress on the Pacific with the hope of inducing the Washington government to do something more than it is doing to encourage United States trade in that direction. The *Call's* latest diatribe is so splendid a tribute to Canadian enterprise and energy, that we cannot refrain from quoting it. Says our contemporary: "The Pacific Mail Steamship Company and the Occidental and Oriental Company had better look to their laurels. The three new steamships which the Canadian Pacific Company has built for the Asiatic trade are nearly completed, and will go to sea, at intervals of a month, in January February and March next. They will be magnificent vessels, each 5,700 tons gross, 485 feet long and 51 feet beam. Of course, they do not compare with the monster steamships which ply between Liverpool and New York. The Teutonic is 9,685 tons gross, 582 feet long and 57 feet beam. But they surpass the largest American built vessel sailing out of this port, the City of Peking, which is only 5,000 tons gross, 408 feet long and 47 feet beam. The contract under which they were built requires them to make 19 knots in a smooth sea, which is considerably more than any captain would get out of the Peking. It is reckoned that they will make the voyage from Vancouver to Yokohama, sailing in the circle of the forties, in something like 12 days. Under the pressure of competition the steamers which now sail out of this port for Asia will make better time than they do. But they will not strive as they may, cross the ocean in as short a number of days and hours as the Canadian steamers, which follow the shorter sailing circles; and if merchandise and travellers do not take the shorter voyage in preference to the longer, it will be the first instance on record in which they have not done so. The danger that these new steamers will seriously interfere with the Asiatic trade of this port is real and imminent. The energy with which the Canadians are stretching forth a long arm to grasp that trade is as noteworthy as the supineness with which their efforts are witnessed on this side of the line. Ten years ago it did not seem possible that British Columbia and its chief city (Victoria) could ever compete with California and San Francisco for the commerce of the Pacific ocean. The British colony possessed none of the prerequisites for foreign trade. It had no surplus products to export, and no population that could consume foreign imports. It had no money, no banking facilities, hardly any people, and no connection with the Atlantic coast. But all these drawbacks have been overcome. British Columbia has a railroad which carries passengers and tea as swiftly from the Pacific coast to New York as they can be conveyed over our own lines. It is gaining population, and great English banks have established agencies and corresponding banks at Victoria. Now it is going to have a line of steamers faster and larger than those which sail out of this port. The struggle for traffic is going to be no child's play.

He Worried About It.

"The sun's heat will give out in ten million years more,"
And he worried about it;
"It will surely give out then, if it doesn't before,"
And he worried about it;
It would surely give out, so the scientists said
In all scientifical books that he read,
And the whole mighty universe then would be dead,
And he worried about it;
"And some day the earth will fall into the sun,"
And he worried about it;
"Just as sure, and as straight, as if shot from a gun,"
And he worried about it;
"When strong gravitation unbuckles her straps
Just picture," he said, "what a fearful collapse!
It will come in a few million ages, perhaps,"
And he worried about it.
"The earth will become much too small for the race,"
And he worried about it
"When we'll pay thirty dollars an inch for pure space,"
And he worried about it;
"The earth will be crowded so much without doubt,
That there'll be no room for one's tongue to stick out,
And no room for one's thoughts to wander about,"
And he worried about it.
"The Gulf Stream will curve, and Canada grow torrider"
And he worried about it;
"Than was ever the climate of southernmost Florida,"
And he worried about it.
"The ice crop will be knocked into small smithereens,
And crocodiles block up our mowing machines
And we'll lose our fine crops of potatoes and beans,"
And he worried about it.
"And in less than ten thousand years there's no doubt"
And he worried about it;
"Our supply of lumber and coal will give out,"
And he worried about it;
"Just then the Ice Age will return cold and raw,
Frozen men will stand stiff with arms outstretched in awe,
As if vainly beseeching a general thaw,"
And he worried about it.
His wife took in washing (a dollar a day),
He didn't worry about it;
His daughter sewed shirts, the rude grocer to pay,
He didn't worry about it.
While his wife beat her tireless rub-a-dub-dub
On the washboard drum in her old wooden tub,
He sat by the stove and he just let her rub,
He didn't worry about it.

S. W. Foss.

Short Lived Beauty.

The woman who is pretty is far too liable to think that that is enough; she will conquer her kingdom by means of it; and when the day of reckoning, the day of fading comes, the kingdom will be hers by right of possession. Indeed she does not consider the day of fading; it is something as difficult for her to realize as death itself is to the young; it is far off, vague, allbut impossible; how is she ever going to look other than she does now, and still be herself? And at any rate there are always the means to make the repairs of beauty, and sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. And so, in an average of more than half the instances, says *Harper's Bazar*, she goes dancing off about her pleasure like a fly in the sun, as full of the present, as careless of the future; she makes no preparation for the impending fate which is sure to come to her if she live longenough; she relies on her fair face, her blushes, her dimples, her radiance, her smiles, her glances, her sweetness. To please, to attract, to marry, to marry well, is the mark she has set before her; and it does not need cultivation of the sterner virtues for that; the sterner virtues are not greatly called into account in this quest, have little opportunity of asserting themselves, or even of being missed.

Nor is great intellectual cultivation in the scheme of our pretty woman's life: according to her plan of action it is entirely unnecessary. Who cares for syllogisms, lectures, instructions, she unconsciously argues from rosy lips? Who will stop to ask if the bright eyes have dulled themselves over dry pages of scholastic lore? Let who will be learned; it is enough for her to be gay and happy.

What, then, has our pretty creature left for the dim passages of middle age, when beauty has fallen away, but there still is left the desire to hold captive what once beauty gained? The time is coming when there will be deep crescents round the mouth whose lovely curves have been dragged down by flaccid muscles, when there will be fine spider-web lines about the eyes, when there will be hollows in the cheeks, when the red and white of the skin will have become blurred and mottled or overlaid with yellow sallowness, when perhaps there will be present in the vacuous face only "that divine smile which has lost the two front teeth?"

Let the pretty girl remember that in the darkness of that middle passage the beauty that she had before she entered it will not signify; all faces are in the dark together then, the girl that was plain with the girl that was beautiful; the wreck of beauty signifies then no more than the wreck of what never was beauty. It is the sweet voice, the kindly manner, the burden of what is said, the tender-heartedness of what is done, that tells with any effect then. It will not be long before she arrives at this time, which, in comparison to the blaze of youth, neighbors close on the dark; and she will need then all with which she can have filled her intellect and fed her soul, all that wit and virture and breeding can have given her, in order to retain anything of that kingdom to which in the early days she felt herself born by right divine.

How to Take Life.

Take life like a man. Take it just as though it was—as it is—an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you personally were born to the task of performing a merry part in it—as though the world had waited for your coming. Take it as though it was a grand opportunity to do and to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes; to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be heartbroken, brother. The fact is, life is undervalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half as much of as should be the case. Where is the man, or woman, who accomplishes one tithe of what might be done? Who cannot look back upon opportunities lost, plans unachieved, thoughts crushed, aspirations unfulfilled, and all caused from the lack of the necessary and possible effort? If we knew better how to take and make the most of life, it would be far greater than it is. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labours earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and straightway becomes famous for wisdom, intellect, skill, greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, idolises; and yet it only illustrates what each may do if he takes hold of life with a purpose. If a man but say he *will*, and follows it up, there is nothing in reason he may not expect to accomplish. There is no magic, no miracle, no secret to him who is brave in heart and determined in spirit.

The lawyer believes in "millions for defence" and the same amount for prosecution.

The Book of Lubon.

A man without wisdom lives in a Fool's Paradise. A Treatise especially written on Diseases of man containing Facts For Men of All Ages! Should be read by Old, Middle Aged, and Young Men. Proven by the sale of Half a Million to be the most popular, because written in language plain, forcible a instructive. Practical presentation of Medical Common Sense. Valuable to invalids who are weak and nervous and exhausted, showing new means by which they may be cured. Approved by editors, critics, and the people. Sanitary, Social, Science, Subjects. Also gives a description of Specific No. 8, The Great Health Renewer; Marvel of Healing and Kob-i-noor of Medicines. It largely explains the mysteries of life. By its teachings, health may be maintained. The book will teach you how to make life worth living. If every adult in the civilized world would read, understand and follow our views, there would be world of Physical, intellectual and moral giants. This book will be found a truthful presentation of facts, calculated to do good. The book of Lubon, the Talisman of Health brings bloom to the cheeks, strength to the body and joy to the heart. It is a message to the Wise and Otherwise. Lubon's Specific No. 8 the Spirit of Health. Those who obey the laws of this book will be crowned with a fadeless wreath. Vast numbers of men have felt the power and testified to the virtue of Lubon's Specific No. 8. All Men Who are Broken Down from over work or other causes not mentioned in the above, should send for and read this valuable treatise, which will be sent to any address, sealed, on receipt of ten cents in stamps to pay postage. Address all orders to M. V. LUBON, room 15, 50 Front Street E., Toronto, Canada.

To show what an Indian can stand when he has to, I may tell of an incident which happened during the winter I was with them. Toward evening on a very cold winter day, when it was snowing just a little and drifting a great deal, an Indian came to the log house with a jug half full of whisky and with his rifle. I imagine that the jug had been entirely full of whisky when he started, and by the time he got to the house he was in rather a jolly condition. The jug and the rifle were taken away from him, and he was ordered to get to his wigwam as quick as he could before darkness came on. He left, and was supposed to have gone to the camp, but early next morning his squaw appeared at the house and said he had not come home that night, and as the night was cold she had been anxious about him. Then the search for the lost Indian began.

He was found in one of the sheds near the barn under a heap of drifted snow, and the chances are that the snow that was above him had helped to save his life. The searchers for the Indian had gone in different directions, and it was his own squaw who, with true Indian instinct, had tracked him out, and she was alone when she found him. Apparently the Indian was a frozen corpse. She tumbled him out of the snow bank and pulled off his blankets and dragged him down to the creek, where a deep hole was cut in the ice for the purpose of watering the cattle. Laying the Indian out on the snow, she took the pan that was beside the hole, and, filling it repeatedly, dashed pailful after pailful of ice water over the body of the Indian. By the time the other unsuccessful searchers had returned she had her old man thawed out and seated by the fire wrapped up in blankets. There is no question that if he had been found by the others, and had been taken in the house frozen as he was, he would have died.

THE FUTURE ROAD.

Two Hundred Miles an Hour.—Pennington's Air Ship and What it can do.

"In a few months from now a man will be able to fly over to the continent of Europe on Saturday night and return in time for business on Monday morning," said Mr. W. C. Dewey, of Grand Rapids, after witnessing the working of the Pennington air ship at Chicago a few days ago and subscribing largely to the stock lists. "It is really the simplest practical matter in the world," he asserted, "and if successful it will revolutionize the world even more than the railroad or telegraph has done. We are already in correspondence with the Post Office Department in Washington, and have been assured that the mails will be sent by our airships as soon as we can go faster than the present mail trains.

GROWS ON YOU.

"The thing grows on you as you consider it. It is cheap, and that recommends it. There are no lobbies to pay, no franchises to purchase, no tunnels to dig and no tracks to lay. The air is free."

While hundreds of partly successful attempts have been made in the direction of the solution of the problem of navigating the air, the reason the feat has never been accomplished, Mr. Pennington says, is that knowledge of electricity has not until now reached the necessary point of perfection.

The Pennington airship will carry cars about the size of the present Pullmans, and will contain fifty persons each, special cars to be manufactured for quick mail and passenger service. The airship that

TO BE GIVEN A TRIAL

in a short time, will weigh about thirteen hundred and fifty pounds. It will be in shape very much like the hull of an ordinary sea vessel, and the crew will consist of but two men, who will however, have the most perfect control of her. On either side, and extending the entire length, are large wings, arranged so as to be convertible into parachutes in case of accident. At the ends of these wings there are propeller wheels by means of which the ship can be raised or lowered at will. A large propelling wheel at the bow furnishes the power by which she can be made to go either forward or backward.

The vessel proper is a huge buoyancy chamber composed almost entirely of aluminum, and the ship that makes the test trial will be 107 feet in length, with a diameter of 28 feet. Underneath this is a storage carrying a 100 horse power engine, weighing 90 pounds. When every compartment is filled of hydrogen, which is the buoyancy power used to elevate the vessel, the full lifting power will aggregate 5,500 pounds. The plan for carrying the hydrogen gas is an aluminum cylinder, which will act as a counterbalance, so that in fact the vessel will weigh practically nothing.

STEERING BY ELECTRIC FORCE.

Above the buoying chamber is a rudder for steering upward or downward. Just in the rear of this is a smaller one to steer either to the right or left. The cabin, or car, is suspended immediately beneath, while under it are the storage batteries, which also act as ballast. At the front of the car is the place for the pilot, who is provided with levers for switching the electrical appliances, the rudders and propellors being controlled by electricity. The chief factor in this final and successful (according to the inventor) solving of the problem of aerial navigation has been aluminum. The company manufacturing the ships makes own aluminum at a cost, it is stated, of about ten cents per pound. It is also stated that the cost of the vessel will be but about $3,500.

LITTLE DANGER OF ACCIDENTS.

All the machinery in the new vessel is of entirely new design, and of the lightest weight possible. One feature of the airship is that in order to cause the vessel to fall or cause the engineer to lose control of its management, the rudders, wings, propeller wheels and buoyancy chambers must all break at once, for any one of them would keep it suspended in the air. But even should anything break, the automatic parachutes, formed instantly by the side wings, would allow the ship to decend gently to the ground, and as special cars are to be made for crossing the ocean the ship would float on the water, should anything happen while making the voyage.

TWO HUNDRED MILES PER HOUR.

When everything is in readiness for a trip the machine will be lifted into the air at the height desired by the aerial engineer by a vertical propeller. The height as it is proposed the ship shall attain is about one hundred and fifty feet above the ground, and when that point is reached a propeller in front of the machine will be started. The gas used to supply the machine is to be furnished from a cylinder by a gas engine through a hose, and when the vessel has been directed on its course it is expected that it will whirl through the air at the rate of fully two hundred miles per hour, according to the computations made of the resistance of the air. It will be steered by an electrical appliance whereby a compass course will be laid and the ship automatically guided through the air.

Another company has been formed in Chicago to manufacture ships after the mode invented by F. N. Atwood, which is in many respects like the Pennington invention. The Pennington company has a capital of $20,000,000, and the Atwood company $200,000.

Japanese Bath-houses

Next comes the bathhouse. If you do not recognize the furo-do by the Chinese or hiragana characters stamped on the blue curtains fluttering outside its door, you shall know it by the boys and men emerging from the "honorable hot water," with hands and feet bright red, by reason of the parboiling which they have just undergone; or, by the women with wet hair brushed back from their foreheads, and tied up at the end in a triangular piece of paper.

When these latter get home, O Kami San, the coiffeuse, will come and dress their moist, black tresses for the next two or three days, in one of the many modes prescribed by fashion. There is the mage for married women, where the hair is drawn over a pad in a solid, shining, single boss; and there are other elaborate styles for unmarried damsels, musumes girls and geishas, not to be achieved without much applance of camelin-oil, gold and silver strings, and Kanzashi—the carved and tinselled hairpins.

Inside the bathhouse are to be seen tubs, tanks and a sloping wooden floor, the spaces for males and females being divided, if at all, by a mere lattice as often as by any solid partition. The Japanese are not in the least ashamed of the body, the "city of nine gates" which the soul temporarily inhabits. In summer time there is not much of anybody concealed, especially in the country villages, where the police are not particular, as sometimes they show themselves in the towns. This frank exposure goes with the most perfect modesty, and indeed leads to it.

He would be considered a very ill-bred person who gazed with eyes of too much curiosity at what the bathhouse, or the toilet in the shop front, or the maternal duties attended to upon the pavement should casually reveal. Morality rather gains, and sentiment decidedly loses, by its candor of Japanese manners as regards nudity, for no one looks at what all the world may see, and it is the veil which makes the sanctum.

The Hawaiin Islands.

As touching the Hawaiin islands which for upwards of a hundred years have been known to the civilized world—having been discovered by Capt. Cook in 1788—they are the most important Polynesian group in the North Pacific. They are twelve in number, eight inhabited, and four uninhabited. The natives which belong to the Malayo-Polynesian race, are thus described by a writer in the Britannica: "The Hawaiians are a good-tempered, light-hearted, and pleasure loving race. Their reddish-brown skin has been compared to the hew of tarnished copper. The hair, usually raven black, is straight or at most wavy; the beard is thin, the face broad, the profile not prominent, the nose rather flattened, and the lips thick. The bulk of the population are of moderate stature, but the chiefs and the women of their families are remarkable for height." Like the natives of Polynesia generally the Hawaiians were orignally idolaters and cannibals. Despite the moral and material progress which has been made in the islands since the introduction of Christainity in 1820 the race is dying out, and, indeed is threatened with extinction in the course of a few years. Captain Cook estimated the natives at 400,000; in 1823 the Americans calculated them to be only 142,000; the census of 1832 showed the population to be 130,313 and the census of 1878 proved that the number of natives was not more that 44,068. This decadence is attributed to the poisoning of the blood of the natives by the introduction of foreign diseases. Another instance in which the vices of Christians (?) have brought desolation and death to the native races.

Secretary Blaine thinks the United States was purposely snubbed by the English Government in not being invited to be represented at the Jamaica Exhibition.

Superstitions in Royme.

Cut your nails on Monday, cut them for news;
Cut them on Tuesday, a pair of new shoes;
Cut them on Wednesday, cut them for health:
Cut them on Thursday, cut them for wealth;
Cut them on Friday, cut them for woe;
Cut them on Saturday, a journey you'll go;
Cut them on Sunday, you'll cut them for evil,

For all the next week you'll be ruled by the devil.

Marry Monday for wealth,
Marry Tuesday for health,
Marry Wednesday, the best day of all;
Marry Thursday for crosses,
Marry Friday for losses,
Marry Saturday, no luck at all.

Born on Monday,
Fair of face:
Born on Tuesday,
Full of God's grace;
Born on Wednesday,
Merry and glad;
Born on Thursday,
Sour and sad;
Born on Friday,
Godly given;
Born on a Saturday,
Work for a living;
Born on a Sunday,
Never shall want;
So there's the week
And the end on't.

Sneeze on a Monday, you sneeze for danger,
Sneeze on a Tuesday, you'll kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on a Wednesday, you sneeze for a letter;
Sneeze on a Thursday, for something better;
Sneeze on a Friday, you sneeze for sorrow;
Sneeze on a Saturday, your sweetheart tomorrow;
Sneeze on a Sunday, your safety seek—
The devil will have you the whole of the week.

A Golden Wedding.

"Where are you going, all dressed up as fine as a fiddle?"

"I have been invited to attend the golden wedding of Tim Spickens."

"Did you say you were going to attend his golden wedding?"

"Yes."

"People celebrate their golden wedding when they have been married fifty years, don't they?"

"Certainly."

"Then we're not talking about the same man, for the Tom Spickens I mean is not more than thirty years of age, and he wasn't married at all six months ago."

"We are talking about the same man, but you see there are different kinds of golden weddings. I call Tom's wedding a golden wedding because the fair bride, who is a sixty-year-old widow, is said to have thirty thousand dollars all in twenty dollar gold pieces."

Stop that
CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For *Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility* and *Wasting Diseases*, there is nothing like

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Is not worth a
Minute's Proof
It don't take many minutes to prove that
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will wash clothes, will clean house—will do it well—will save you time; labor; wear and tear; will reduce drudgery; will not hurt your hands; your clothes or paint, and besides will cost you no more than common bar soap. One honest trial will prove all that. Why not accept the testimony of the millions who use it, as proof of its virtue. Among your friends you'll find those who have used Pearline for years—ask them—they will tell you "can't do without it."

Beware Pearline is the original Washing Compound—used by millions, but imitated by thousands who peddle their stuff or give worthless prizes. Pearline is never peddled, but sold by all grocers.
158 Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York

Family Finances.

Underlying the family life, in a sense the plan, lave soil from which spring its flowers and fruits, is the family finance, says an exchange. Though so fundamental, it is a matter that is surprisingly often neglected. In the poverty stricken old world a calculating economy is felt to be vital to existence. But in our rich young land are homes of both high and low degree whose one financial principle is practically, "Spend as you make," a principle which has an alarming propensity to stretch out into "Spend before you make, in anticipation of your making." And so another cause of fret and strain and break down is added to our American living.

The pity of it! It is so easy, let one but think so, to plan intelligently for the home of our love. It is so delightful to unite systematically, now in a wise outlay, now in a glorious extravagance, now in sturdy self-denial. The delight of it gilds poverty and adds a new luster even to wealth.

Systematically, we say. And certainly, if system is ever needed in our workaday world, it is when the heads of the family meet in council upon a peak of time to consider the family finances.

In the ideal system our first care is the setting of the scale of expenditure. Too often this is set lightly, after the scale of our childhood's home, or that of our social circle, or of our next door neighbor; or it is even set unwittingly, by an accident, a friend's gift, or an unwary purchase of our own. We now set it deliberately, recognizing it as the vital point of our system. We set it solemnly, realizing that, sooner or later, everything is cost in heart and brain and soul as well as in current coin. We have no vulgar shame of simplicity. Unhappily we know that were "plain living and high thinking" to rule more widely among our republican homes, there would be many a winged spirit set free for lofty fight that shall now be cribbed, cabined and confined for baser uses through all its mortal life.

Next we make a schedule of the family needs. It is to be a complete one, with the completeness of well rounded living. And our items shall be charmingly promiscuous—fuel, schooling, furniture, books, benevolences, millinery, music and so on. We linger over this part of our work, determined to prevent the crowding out of any of those more subtle wants which are apt to be disregarded in our busy days and careless moods, haunted by some old, old words, "Is not the life more than meat and the body than raiment?"

And now, with our scale of expenditure set and our budget of needs completed, we are ready for the great work of family statecraft—the just apportionment of our resources among our need items. One practical suggestion ere we begin it. Over and above our apportionments let us be as careful to "leave a margin" as were ever the unfortunate young financiers in "great expectations." Only our margin must be a real one, kept for unexpected emergencies. "It is the unexpected which counts."

When we have stood aside to watch the drama of life we have seen strange sights—parents starving the minds of children in order to pamper their bodies, women devoting wealth to the one coarse purpose of display, men hardening themselves against the suffering and sorrow of their fellows into brutal callousness, to go their own ways undisturbed. And now as we ourselves are called upon to judge of the varied values of life needs, how shall we be just? How shall we keep our domineering wants from playing the part of the lean kine of King Pharaoh's dream? Oh, for a scale in our weighing that shall weigh for us the impalpable things.

Abusing the Missionaries.

Notwithstanding the presumption of the Governor of Manilla, the capital of the Philippine islands, that if any disturbance had been taking place in the neighboring islands he would have been informed of it, it can no longer be doubted that the Spaniards have been conducting themselves in a high-handed manner towards the American Missionaries stationed on the Caroline Islands. Letters received from several of the missionaries give accounts of the shelling of the mission and of other circumstances by which the station was entirely broken up, and of other restrictions which have practically brought about a suspension of all missionary operations. A despatch from Boston to the New York *Tribune* states that in view of the information received the American Commissioners for Foreign Missions have laid the matter before Secretary Blaine, who, supplied with copies of the letters relating to the general wreck of the mission property, has brought the matter before the attention of the Spanish Government and given notice that reparation would be asked for the destruction of the property and for the interruption of the work of the missionaries There can be no doubt that the case is one of gross violation of the terms of the treaty made three years ago, by which in lieu of the United States agreeing to recognize the sovereignty of Spain in the Caroline islands the Spanish Government guaranteed to protect the American Missionaries and to allow them to continue their religious work uninterrupted and unhindered. For over forty years American Missionaries have been laboring on these islands, during which time they have acquired important property rights as well as developed a strong religious cause. To deprive them of the fruits of their toil without good reasons would be an injustice which it is not likely the United States will tamely allow.

A Turkish Diogenes.

There is reason to believe, writes, Dr. Buckley in the "Christian Advocate," that except in the supernatural elements, the story of "Arabian Nights' Entertainment" has been paralleled over and over again in the history of Constantinople. One of the Sultans not so very long ago was in the habit of going about like the famous Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid in disguise. On one occasion, passing a place where a man excavating a cesspool, he heard him say to himself in a loud voice: "Persevere, my soul, or I will plung thee into deeper filth than this."

A few hours afterwards an officer approached the unfortunate man and said to him "Come with me." Horror took possession of the laborer, who, when found by the officer, was dressed like a gentleman, and was taking his ease in a *cafe*. He tried to ascertain from the person who had him in charge why he was wanted; for some went into the secret place under the control of the Government and never came out; but no satisfactory answer could be given. After being detained for a long time in fearful suspense, he was at last brought into the presence of a very high official, and detained there. Finally, he was taken into the very presence of the Sultan. The Sultan was astonished to see the man, who had been covered with filth a short time before, so well dressed and intelligent in appearance. He said to him: "Are you the man whom I saw at work in a cesspool?"

"I am."

"How is it that I find you dressed in this way?"

"I am well paid for my work, which is very filthy and disagreeable; and afterward I cleanse myself and take mine ease."

"But what did you mean when you said: 'Persevere, my soul, or I will plunge thee into deeper filth than this?'"

The man trembled, knowing that at a word his head might be smitten from his shoulders. *Speak!* said the Sultan. He answered that a man often says in anger what his heart will not acknowledge.

"But what dost thou mean?"

He hesitated, and the Sultan reiterated his command: "What dost thou mean? What deeper filth is there than that in which thou dost work?"

He still hesitated. The Sultan assured him that no harm should come to him, and the man then replied:

"My work was disagreeable, and I was almost tempted to leave it when I thought, 'I am still free, I am obliged to flatter no one; if I give up this work I may be compelled to take service under the Government, to live by flattery and falsehood,' and so I said to my soul: "Persevere, or I will plunge thee into deeper filth than this.'"

The Sultan, according to the story, was so pleased with this answer that he gave him a handsome present and allowed him to go away unmolested.

The Canadian Psalm of Life.

Get a wiggle on, my lad,
Don't walk at a funeral pace;
Don't stand lazy, moping sad;
Don't sit with that drowsy face.
Hustle around, and do your share,
In the town, or in the bush,
Rustle here, and bustle there;
Hustle, rustle, bustle, push.
Push out; don't stand idly by;
Elbow forward, push and squeeze;
You will get there if you try;
Swing your shoulders, brace your knees.
Don't live in a little den;
Don't go half-starved, hungry, cold;
Pigs were made for such a pen;
Wiggle, work, and push out bold.
Don't jump if your shadow moves;
If the world won't go with you,
Let it slip in its old grooves;
Strike out bold; try something new.
Get a wiggle on, my lad;
Get a bustle in your talk;
Get a vaseline; get mad;
Get a hustle in your walk.

"How is it that you call the Hubers 'cousins?' Are you related?" "Only in a way. Their favorite pug and ours are full brothers."

1891 1891

THE LADIES' JOURNAL BIBLE COMPETITION!

NO. 27.

In the next issue of THE LADIES' JOURNAL the editor of that popular monthly will announce a new competition. The questions will be as follows:—Where in the Bible are the following words first found: 1. MONEY. 2. COAL. 3. WOOD.

The fact that this is the twenty-seventh competition speaks well for their popularity. We can recommend the LADIES' JOURNAL and these prizes to our readers. They will find them all that is represented.

The list of rewards enumerated below is as large and attractive as in any of the former competitions, which have given so much satisfaction during the past nine years. To the sender of the first correct answer received at office of the LADIES' JOURNAL, will be given number one of these rewards, the SADDLE HORSE. The sender of the second correct answer number two, one of the Gold Watches, and so on till all these first rewards are given away.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

First one Lady's Saddle-Horse, nearly thoroughbred, well broken, sound, kind, good jumper, will follow a lady like a lap-dog; but a good traveller, not afraid of anything. Valued at	$ 250
Next Five, Each a Lady's Fine Gold-filled Hunting Case Watch. Value $50 each	$ 250
Next Six, Each a Fine Black Cashmere Dress Length. Value $16	$ 96
Next Fifteen, Each a Set of Dinner Knives,—one doz—in a neat case. Value $10	$ 150
Next Twenty-One Each a Lady's Fine Silver Watch, Excellent movement Value $15 Each	$ 315
Next Fifteen, Each an Elegant Breakfast Cruet, extra quadruple plate, hand-painted bottles, very neat, $4	$ 60
Next Four, Each a Fine China Dinner Service, (100 pieces,) an extra choice design, $35	$ 140
Next Six, an Extra Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Service (4 pieces,) satin finish, a beautiful set, $40	$ 240
Next Five, Each a Gentleman's Hunting Case Gold Filled Watch, extra heavy cases, beautifully engraved, non-magnetic, Waltham Movement, full jewelled, pinion set, stem winder, $50	$ 250
Next Five, each a Fine Black Corded, Silk Dress length, $25	$ 125
Next Fifteen, each One doz. Quadruple Plate Tea Spoons, extra quality $5	$ 75
Next Ten, each a Beautifully Bound Family Bible, with concordance, maps, Engravings, dictionary and magnificently illustrated $15	$ 150

To the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last will be given number one of these middle rewards. Next number two, and so on.

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

First one an Elegant, Upright, Rosewood Piano	$500
Next One Drawing Room Suite Upholstered in Raw silk beautifully finished in every particular	$ 100
Next one Lady's Bicycle, latest improved Machine,	$ 130
Next Five, Each One Lady's Fine Gold Filled Watch Hunting Case, beautifully engraved good movement, full jewelled at $50	250
Next Ten, Each a Lady's Companion, beautifully lined in plush containing Bevelled Glass, Fine Hair Brush, Comb, etc. $3	80
Next Five, Each a Fine China Tea Service, Extra Choice design, Especially Imported, $10	50
Next fifteen, Each a Fine Pair of Razor Steel Scissors. Value $2	$ 30
Next Five, Each a Handsomely Bound in Morocco Cover, Family Bible, Beautifully illustrated, containing the Revised Edition, Commentary Dictionary, etc., etc., $15	$ 75
Next Ten, Each a Lady's or Gentleman's Coin Silver Watch, with good movement—a correct time-piece, $15	$ 150
Next Five, Each a beautifully chased full Quadruple Plate, Satin Finish, Waiters or Salvers, $10	$ 50
Next Twenty-four, each a very fine solid nickle straight line lever Genuine Watch. This watch is well constructed and an extra time-piece, and no way to be compared with cheap nickle watches, $6	$ 144
Next Three, Each a well finished Family sewing Machine, $70	$ 210

To the sender of the last correct answer of the whole competition, postmarked where mailed, not later than 25th March, 1891, will be given number one of these rewards. To the one preceding the last, number two, and so on, counting backwards till all these rewards are given. So even the residents of the most distant places have as good an opportunity as those living in Toronto.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

First Five each a fine Black Corded Silk Dress length, $25	$ 125
Next six, each a handsome hand-painted brass finish, Drawing Room Lamp,	$ 36
Next Fifteen, each one dozen full Quadruple Plate Tea Spoons, $5	$ 75
Next Ten, each a beautifully bound Family Bible, with concordance, maps, engravings, dictionary, and magnificently illustrated, $15	$ 150
Next Six, each a full quadruple plate Berry Dish, with beautifully colored and white glass bowl, a very showy, choice article, $15	$ 90
Next six, each a Gentleman's Filled Gold Open Face Watch, Waltham movement, exact time-piece, $50	$ 300
Next six, each a Lady's Gold Hunting Case Swiss Watch, a reliable timer, $40	$240
Next fifty, each a Lady's Fine Solid silver Thimble, $1.50	$ 75
Next six, each a Fine Quadruple Silver Plated combined Sugar Bowl and Spoon Holder, with one dozen extra value Tea Spoons, $12	$ 72

All persons competing must send with their answers, one dollar, for which THE LADIES' JOURNAL will be mailed to any address for one year. THE JOURNAL has been enlarged to 28 pages and a handsome cover added, making it one of the most attractive publications on the continent for the money. There is something in each issue to interest every *lady*, young or old, and you will find, even if you do not get any of the above prizes, that you have received your dollar's worth in THE JOURNAL.

The names and full addresses of the winners of the first, middle and consolation rewards will be published in THE JOURNAL immediately at the close of the competition. The editor has in his possession thousands of highly complimentary letters of the winners of prizes in previous competitions. Doctors, lawyers, merchants clergymen, members of parliament, publishers, printers, railway men, in fact nearly every trade and profession is represented in our list of winners. Address, Editor LADIES' JOURNAL, Toronto, Canada.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

LADIES
INCREASE YOUR COMFORT BY WEARING
FEATHERBONE

THEY ARE MORE DURABLE
THEY ARE MORE GRACEFUL
THEY ARE MORE STYLISH
CORSETS.
THAN ANY OTHER CORSET IN THE MARKET.
TRY A SAMPLE PAIR.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
MADE ONLY BY CANADA FEATHERBONE Co. LONDON, O.

Put Me In My Little Bed.

I am dizzy, dizzy, dizzy;
And I want to go to bed,
I've no appetite to eat,
And headache racks my head.

In other words, I am suffering from a bilious attack, but Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets will bring me around all right by to-morrow. They often cure headache in an hour. I have found them the best cathartic pill in existence. They produce no nausea or griping, but do their work thoroughly. They are convenient to carry in the vest-pocket, and pleasant to take. In vials; 25 cents.

Laugh and the world laughs with you doesn't always hold so good when you laugh too heartily at your own story.

Each season has its own peculiar malady; but with the blood maintained in a state of uniform vigor and purity by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla little danger need be feared from meteorological influences. No other blood medicine is so safe and effective.

The Crimes Act has been put in force in the town of Carlow and revoked in portions of Sligo County.

Dark and Sluggish.

Dark and sluggish describes the condition of bad blood. Healthy blood is ruddy and bright. To cure bad blood and its consequences, and to secure good blood and its benefits in the safest, surest and best way use Burdock Blood Bitters, strongly recommended by all who use it as the best blood purifier.

Patience is the strongest of strong drinks, for it kills the giant despair.—[Douglas Jerrold.

Miss Mary Campbell, Elm, writes: "After taking four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, I feel as if I were a new person. I had been troubled with Dyspepsia for a number of years, and tried many remedies, but of no avail, until I used this celebrated Dyspeptic Cure." For all impurities of the Blood, Sick Headache, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Costiveness, etc., it is the best medicine known.

Every street has two sides, the shady side and the sunny. When two men shake hands and part, mark which of the two takes the sunny side; he will be the younger man of the two.—[Bulwer-Lytton.

The palm of the hand moistened with *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, exerts a wondrous control over pain, speedily and entirely subduing it. The eclectric healing influence of this highly sanctioned medicine is manifested by the rapid disappearance of sores and abrasions of the skin when used.

The Papal Congregation of Rites has decided not to beatify Columbus. A prominent member of the Congregation told a journalist of Rome that Columbus was a perfect gentleman and an excellent Catholic, but not a saint.

One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle and see if it does not please you.

In Minneapolis on Sunday, Rev. Neville Fanning, Congregational, had just finished a sermon on "Is Life Worth Living?" when he fell down and died of apoplexy.

Recommended by one of the most eminent physicians on the American continent as an aid to digestion, Adam's Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold everywhere, 5 cents.

Madame Patti was arrested at Berlin on an order from St. Petersburg, issued on the ground of breach of contract.

Knights of Labor.

The Knights of Labor aim to protect their members against financial difficulties, etc., Hagyard's Yellow Oil protects all who use it from the effects of cold and exposure, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sore throat, and all inflammatory pain. Nothing compares with it as a handy pain cure for man and beast.

"A good deed is never lost," but it is filed away so carefully sometimes that it is hard to find it again.

The true philosophy of Medication is not to dose for symptoms, but to root out disease. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, the Great Blood Purifier, has proved itself equal to this task. It is a most searching without being a violent remedy for Constipation, Biliousness and Indigestion. It is as well adapted to the needs and physical temperaments of delicate females as to the more robust sex, and is a fine preventive of disease as well as remedy for it.

Lives of others oft remind us
Married life may be sublime.

We trust to be forgiven this parody of lines from Longfellow's immortal "Psalm of Life." Husbands who are wise and thoughtful, know that the happiness of the home depends largely on the health of the mistress of the home. Many are the tasks which daily confronts her. How can a woman contend against the trials and worries of housekeeping, if she be suffering from those distressing irregularities, ailments and weaknesses peculiar to their sex? Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a specific for these disorders. The only remedy, sold by druggists under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers. Satisfaction *guaranteed* in every case, or money refunded. See printed guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

A man sometimes means well even when he lives beyond his means.

Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum is a luxury that will invigorate digestion and never fails to create an appetite. Sold by all druggists and confectioners, 5 cents.

The world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel.

A. D. Noyes, Newark, Michigan, writes:—"I have enquired at the drug storers for *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, but have failed to find it. We brought a bottle with us from Quebec, but it is nearly gone, and we do not want to be without it, as my wife is troubled with a pain in the shoulder, and nothing else gives relief. Can you send us some?"

An under writer—one who goes down into a coal mine to describe it.

Pure Cod Liver Oil and Emulsions properly made from it are undoubtedly the best remedies for pulmonary complaints. Many emulsions have been placed on the market but none seem to have met with the success accorded to SLOCUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL. Their Laboratory at 186 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Ont., is kept constantly going and every druggist in the country is supplied with the famous remedy.

Even a genius needs common sense at times in order not to be mistaken for a fool.

Stanley Books.

Stanley books are now as common as coughs and colds. To get rid of the latter use Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, the best Canadian cough cure for children or adults. It cures by its soothing, healing and expectorant properties, every form of throat and lung trouble, pulmonary complaints, etc.

Energy and persistence conquer all things.

"Ayer's Medicines have been satisfactory to me throughout my practice, especially Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has been used by many of my patients, one of whom says he knows it saved his life."—F. L. Morris, M.D., Brooklyn, N.Y.

The whole world was made for man, but the twelfth part of man for woman.

To lessen mortality and stop the inroads of disease, use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. For all diseases arising from Impure Blood, such as Pimples, Blotches, Biliousness, Indigestion, etc., etc., it has no equal. Mrs. Thomas Smith, Elm, writes; "I am using this medicine for Dyspepsia. I have tried many remedies, but this is the only one that has done me any good."

All love is sweet, given or returned. They who inspire it most are fortunate, but those who feel it most are happier still.

A. B. Rochers, Arthabaskaville, P. Q., writes:—"Thirteen years ago I was seized with a severe attack of Rheumatism in the head, from which I nearly constantly suffered, until after having used *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* for nine days, bathing the head etc., when I was completely cured, and have only used half a bottle."

The pleasures of the palate deal with us like Egyptian thieves who strangle those whom they embrace.

A Natural Filter.

The liver acts as a filter to remove impurities from the blood. To keep it in perfect working order use B. B. B., the great liver regulator.

I used two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters for liver complaint, and can clearly say I am a well woman to-day.

MRS. C. P. WILEY, Upper Otnabog, N. B.

Never trouble yourself about a man's parentage; he is sure in the true estimate to be the son of his own deserts.

Hard and soft corns cannot withstand Holloway's Corn Cure; it is effectual every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.

The Bird of Wisdom.

An owl sat up in a hickory tree,
And said in an impudent manner to me,
"Ter-hoot! ter-hoot! ter-hoo!"

I asked her, politely, "You lovely old bird,
"Have you of the 'Golden Discovery' heard?"
She ruffled her feathers and spoke but a word—
That dreary monotonous "Who?"

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a *warranted* lung, liver and blood remedy, a powerful tonic and alterative, and a reliable vitalizer for weak persons; a panacea for scrofula, hip-joint diseases, fever-sores, swellings and tumors; contains no alcohol, and is a medicine without a peer. There is no risk in buying a *guaranteed* article. Your money back if it don't benefit or cure.

Generosity to be perfect should always be accompanied by a dash of humor.

Volumes of bombast have been published about the multifarious and irreconcilable effects of many proprietary remedies. The proprietors of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery content themselves with facts susceptible of proof. They state their Purifier to be what it has proved itself to be, an eradicator of Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver and Kidney troubles, and a fine general alterative.

Is there anything so grave and serious as an ass?

Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidote to pain, throat and lung remedy, and general corrective, *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*. It may be used without the slightest apprehension of any other than salutary consequences. Coughs, rheumatism, ear-ache, bruises, cuts and sores, succumb to its action.

Everybody cannot grow rich, especially if he had got his growth before becoming wealthy.

It is worse than madness to neglect a cough or cold which is easily subdued if taken in time, but becomes, when left to itself, the forerunner of consumption and premature death. Inflammation, when it attacks the delicate tissue of the lungs and bronchial tubes, travels with perilous rapidity; then do not delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that grasps this formidable foe of the human body, and drives it from the system. This medicine promotes a free and easy expectoration, subdues the cough, heals the diseased parts, and exerts a most wonderful influence in curing consumption, and other diseases of the throat and lungs. If the parents wish to save the lives of their children, and themselves from much anxiety, trouble and expense, let them procure a bottle of *Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup*, and whenever a child has taken cold, has a cough or hoarseness, give the Syrup according to directions.

Society is like a large piece of frozen water; and skating well is the great art of social life.—[L. E. Landon.

Editorial Evidence.

Gentlemen,—Your Hagyard's Yellow Oil is worth its weight in gold for both internal and external use. During the late La Grippe epidemic we found it a most excellent preventive; and for sprained limbs, etc., there is nothing to equal it.

WM. PEMBERTON, Editor Delhi *Reporter*.

It is difficult to bear with a friend's infirmities, when you have to lug him home on one of his off nights.

The Laws of the Medes and Persians were not more immutable than those of nature. If we transgress them we suffer. Sometimes however, we break them inadvertently. Damages frequently take the form of Dyspepsia, Constipation and Biliousness, which can be easily repaired with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, the Great Blood Purifier and renovator of the system.

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Jacob H. Bloomer, of Virgille, N. Y., writes:—"*Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* cured a badly swelled neck and sore throat on my son in forty-eight hours; one applications also removed the pain from a very sore toe; my wife's foot was also much inflamed—so much so that she could not walk about the house; she applied the Oil, and in twenty-four hours was entirely cured."

I'm down on your cheek, as the beard said to the youth.

Napoleon's Head

Napoleon's head was of peculiar shape, but that did not protect him against headache. Sick headache is a common and very disagreeable affection which may be quickly removed, together with its cause, by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters, the never failing medicine for all kinds of headaches.

Singers and public speakers chew Adams Tutti Frutti Gum to preserve and strengthen the voice. Sold by all druggists and confectioners, 5 cents.

Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue.—[Walton.

A lady from Syracuse writes: "For about seven years before taking Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, I suffered from a complaint very prevalent with our sex. I was unable to walk any distance or stand on my feet for more than a few minutes at a time without feeling exhausted, but now I am thankful to say, I can walk two miles without feeling the least inconvenience." For Female Complaints it has no equal.

A wise knowledge of parliamentary usage will not always prevent your liver being out of order.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.*

Those who live on vanity must not unreasonably expect to die of mortification.—[Mrs. Ellis.

The people of this country have spoken. They declare by their patronage of *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, that they believe it to be an article of genuine merit, adapted to the cure of soreness or lameness, hurts of various kinds, tumors, throat and lung complaints, liver and kidney disorders, and other maladies.

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the great art in life is to have as many of them as possible.—[Bovee.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by grocers, labelled.—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

The smoke of glory is not worth the smoke of a pipe.

The Book of Lubon.

A man without wisdom lives in a Fool's Paradise. A Treatise especially written on Diseases of man containing Facts For Men of All Ages! Should be read by Old, Middle Aged, and Young Men. Proven by the sale of Half a Million to be the most popular, because written in language plain, forcible & instructive. Practical presentation of Medical Common Sense. Valuable to invalids who are weak and nervous and exhausted, showing new means by which they may be cured. Approved by editors, critics, and the people. Sanitary, Social, Science, Subjects. Also gives a description of Specific No. 8, The Great Health Renewer; Marvel of Healing and Koh-i-noor of Medicines. It largely explains the mysteries of life. By its teachings, health may be maintained. The book will teach you how to make life worth living. If every adult in the civilized world would read, understand and follow our views, there would be world of Physical, intellectual and moral giants. This book will be found a truthful presentation of facts, calculated to do good. The book of Lubon, the Talisman of Health brings bloom to the cheeks, strength to the body and joy to the heart. It is a message to the Wise and Otherwise. Lubon's Specific No. 8 the Spirit of Health. Those who obey the laws of this book will be crowned with a fadeless wreath. Vast numbers of men have felt the power and testified to the virtue of Lubon's Specific No. 8. All Men Who are Broken Down from over work or other causes not mentioned in the above, should send for and read this valuable treatise, which will be sent to any address, sealed, on receipt of ten cents in stamps to pay postage. Address all orders to M. V. LUBON, room 15, 50 Front Street E., Toronto, Canada.

Be on Hand

If you are going to do anything, do it promptly. The longer you wait and think about it, and dread it, the worse it will be. Be on hand. Life is a great deal pleasanter to the man who promptly does what he is required to do.

Don't keep your friends waiting. You have no right to waste the time of other people. If you are one-half hour behind time in fulfilling an engagement you may cause a dozen other parties to break engagements, and untold perplexities and delays may come out of just that little shortcoming of yours which you look upon as such a trifling thing.

To an active, energetic, wide-awake person there is nothing more trying and more annoying than to be made to wait. Brace up and make an effort, you shiftless, indolent, always behindhand folks, and see if you cannot come to time. If you have agreed to be at a certain place at a certain time, be there, unless you are sick, or dead. In either case you might be excused, but not otherwise.

If you are a man, don't keep your wife waiting dinner for you, unless there is some good and sufficient cause—and generally there is not. Waiting a dinner spoils not only the dinner, but the temper of the woman who is managing it.

If you are a woman, and your husband says he will be round at four o'clock to take you to drive, be ready for him. Have your bonnet and gloves on. Don't keep him dancing on the sidewalk for half an hour clinging to a fidgety horse, while you leisurely get on your wraps, and look at your back hair in a hand-glass, and hunt up your gloves and your parasol, and wonder whether you had better take an extra shawl or not. Have all these things attended to and decided on before the time he has fixed.

A little system, and a good deal of determination, will help you to be prompt. And after you once get in the habit of it, you will like it. It is refreshing to do business with a party who is always on time, and who, you know, *will* be on time. He begets courage and confidence in everybody with whom he comes in contact. He is a power in society. He is a blessing to the world. When he dies he will be missed.

Teach the children early to be prompt. Teach them to respect a promise. Bring them up to tell the truth and stick to it. A broken engagement is a lie. Sometimes it is worse than a lie, and may cause a great many more unpleasant complications than a lie. Be careful in making agreements, but when you have once agreed, stick to the terms of the agreement.

And if you follow out the prompt punctual, preserving method of doing everything when it needs to be done, there are ninety-nine chances out of a hundred that you will be successful in life; and if you are not, you will have the delightful consciousness of knowing that you have deserved success, and you will not be continually beset by the remorseful thought that if you had only come to time—if you had only been on hand—you would have achieved success instead of failure.

Look Out for Mother.

Many wives and mothers are laboring with hand and brain almost incessantly, day after day and year after year, to supply the oft returning wants of their families; no other class lead such lives of daily self-sacrifice as do our patient, plodding mothers. They anticipate all our wants and needs, come and go at our slightest wish, with untiring love and interest in all that concerns us, from early infancy until they sink beneath the burdens and cares of this life.

From force of habit, brought about by the tender devotion of their hearts, they are always thinking and doing for others. Yet in many homes no one seems to think of the mother's comfort, or that she can have any need for relaxation. Now, every woman who has led an active life needs to be released from constant toil by the time she is 40 years of age. Those who love her should learn this before it is too late, and make it possible for her to take life easier and lay by a store of physical force against a time of need fast approaching.

The much-needed rest the mother will always protest against taking so long as she feels that any of the family need her care and labor, but her future health, and in many cases her life, depend upon a few years of rest, rest, rest!—physical and mental. Who will say she has not earned it? Can you let the time slip quietly by and do nothing when the life of one you dearly love is slowly wearing away in a treadmill round which she is a daily necessity to the family?

Arouse yourselves; see to it that your mother gives up her cares entirely for a time even though your comforts are lessened. Send her to visit a sister or some dear friend and make her stay a good long time—six weeks or more. When she returns see that some one is installed to share the burdens that have always fallen upon mother. Take her out to ride often. Encourage her to take walks and call on her neighbors and friends. If she has long regretted that she was always too weary to make the effort to attend church, see that she has a day of absolute rest preparatory, and then offer to accompany her. Make her feel young again by your thoughtful care; she has done so much for you.

Household Hints.

Tenderloins broil better if first brushed over with olive oil.

Soak clothes that fade over night in water in which has been dissolved one ounce of sugar of lead to a pailful of rain water.

Boiling-hot liquid may be safely poured into a glass jar or tumbler by first putting a silver spoon in the dish. Be careful, however, that a draft of cold air does not strike the vessel while hot.

Every housekeeper knows how important it is to keep the refrigerator clean. Wash the shelves and ice racks in soap, ammonia and water. Vinegar and water will remove every stain from the zinc.

Milk porridge, carefully prepared and almost as thick as a custard, is a delicacy when properly sweetened and flavoured enjoyed alike by invalids and the robust.

To colour lace curtains, before starching take a little saffron, tie it in a muslin bag, and squeeze into the starch while hot. Any shade may thus be obtained from ecru to dark yellow. For red cochineal may be used.

PLAIN PEA SOUP.—One pint of split peas, three quarts of water, a pound and a half of beef, a pint bowlful of spinach, one slice of ham, a little ground cloves and nutmeg, a few sprays of mint, one lump of sugar, a saltspoonful of pepper, the same quantity of salt, or enough to suit the taste; boil the peas in the water until quite soft, then add the beef and ham cut in pieces, and cook it about two hours, adding the spinach and seasoning after the meat has been boiling an hour; when the soup is done rub it through a sieve or colander, heat well, adding the sugar and a dessertspoonful of butter; serve with fried bread cut in dice.

ROAST TARGET OF LAMB.—A target of lamb is the breast and neck joints not separated. The flap bones must be taken from the neck, the chine bone sawed off and the ribs well chopped. Wash it well and wipe dry, season well with pepper, salt and a very little sage; cover well with melted butter and place it in a shallow pan, and brown it well in a quick oven. Baste frequently with butter and flour, adding cracker crumbs just before taking it from the oven. Dish it up with the sauce from the pan poured over it, and serve with mint sauce in a tureen.

VENISON HASH.—Cut some cold venison into nice slices, and season lightly with salt and pepper, put the bones and any cold gravy with a sufficient quantity of water to cook well, stir slowly one hour, then strain off the liquor and season it well with a little cayenne, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, half a shallot, a dessert-spoonful of butter, add flour enough to thicken it and salt to suit taste, add three tablespoonfuls of port wine, put in the slices of venison, and when thoroughly hot, serve with currant jelly and sippets of bread.

BAKED GERMAN PUDDING.—Yolks of four eggs, whites of three, two tablespoonfuls of flour, half a pint of cream, two tablespoonfuls of butter melted, two tablespoonfuls of good wine, a little nutmeg, and sugar to suit taste, mix all these ingredients well together adding eggs well beaten last, bake in cups in a brick oven, and serve with a delicate sauce flavored with vanilla.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents,—My horse was so afflicted with distemper that he could not drink for four days and refused all food. Simply applying MINARD'S LINIMENT outwardly cured him.

Feb, 1887. CAPT HERBERT CANN.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents,—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT for bronchitis and asthma and it has cured me. I believe it the best.

Lot 5, P. E. I. MRS. A. LIVINGSTON.

The marriage ceremony among the early Anglo-Saxons consisted merely of hand fastening, or taking each other by the hand, and pledging each other love and affection in the presence of friends and relatives.

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows

THE OWEN

Electric Belt & Appliance Co.

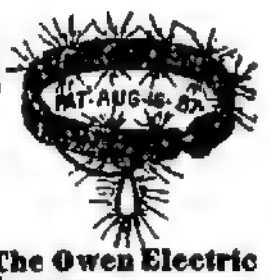
(Head Office, Chicago, Ill.)

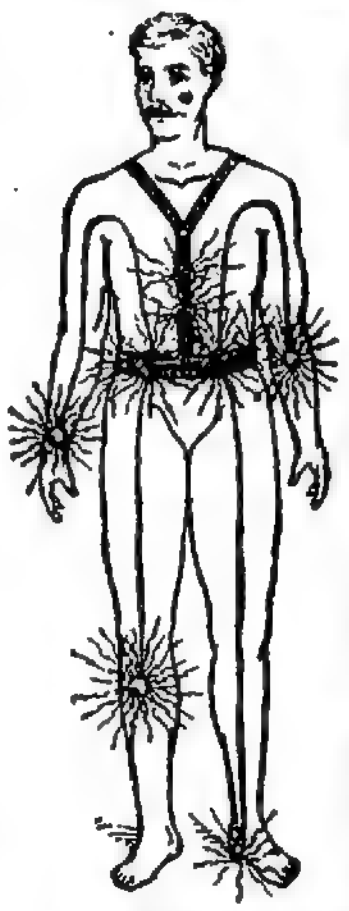
Incorporated June 17, 1887, with Cash Capital of $50,000.

(Patented in Canada, December, 1877.)

71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

G. C. PATTERSON, Manager for Can.





Electricity as Applied by The Owen Electric Belt and Appliances

Is now recognized as the greatest boon offered to suffering humanity. It has, does and will effect cures in seemingly hopeless cases where every other known means has failed. Rheumatism cannot exist where it is properly applied. By its steady, soothing current, that is easily felt it will cure.

Rheumatism	Liver Complaint
Sciatica	Female Complaints
Spinal Diseases	Impotency
General Debility	Constipation
Neuralgia	Kidney Disease
Lumbago	Varicocele
Nervous Complaints	Sexual Complaints
Spermatorrhea	Epilepsy or Fits
Dyspepsia	Lame Back.

RHEUMATISM

It is not pleasant to be compelled to refer to the indisputable fact that medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. We venture the assertion that although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined. Some of our leading physicians recognizing this fact, are availing themselves of this most potent of Nature's forces.

TO RESTORE MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD.

As man has not yet discovered all of Nature's laws for right living, it follows that every one has committed more or less errors which have left visible blemishes. To erase these evidences of past errors, there is nothing to equal Electricity as applied by the Owen Electric Body Battery. Rest assured, any doctor who would try to accomplish this by any kind of drugs is practising a most dangerous form of charlatanism.

We Challenge The World

to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we would on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. Other belts have been in the market for five or ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than any other makers combined.

ELECTRIC INSOLES. Dr. Owen's Electric Insoles will prevent Rheumatism and cure Chilblains and Cramps in the feet and legs. PRICE, $1.00 SENT BY MAIL.

EXTRACTS FROM CANADIAN TESTIMONIALS

"For eight years I have suffered with rheumatism, and am now out of pain and growing better daily and in my 75th year. Can confidently recommend the Owen Belt when everything else fails." A. Menzies, Niagara Falls.

"Having some knowledge of electricity and its power, and having used other belts prior to my use of yours, I can say that it is the best I have ever worn." Jas. Blair, Port Dalhousie.

"Am much pleased with belt; it has done me a great deal of good already." J. Sorgerim, Galt, Ont.

"Saved my life when I had muscular rheumatism." Mrs. Caroll, West Market St.

"Your Electric Belt cured a violent attacked sciatic rheumatism of several months' standing, in eight days." Jas. Dixon, sen., Grand Valley, Ont.

"Have been a sufferer for years from nervous headaches and neuralgia. After trying one of your belts am more than satisfied with it. Can knock out a headache now in fifteen minutes that used to keep me in bed for days." Thomas Gales, Crawford Street, Toronto.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS AND CHEAP BELTS.

Our attention having been attracted to the many base imitations of "The Owen Electric Belt," we desire to warn the public not to be deceived by the false statements of men calling themselves electricians, who lacking brains sufficient to produce an Electric Belt of their own creation, have copied as near as they dare in appearance, but only in appearance, the "Genuine Owen Electric Belt" that has stood the test of years and with more than a continental reputation.

In justice to ourselves and generous public we are determined to expose such unprincipled trickery, and prevent, if possible, the unsuspecting from being guiled by such men and means.

The Owen Electric Belt Co. is not afraid of fair and open competition, as their goods have no equal in this or any other country, and will bear inspection by those competent to judge—and so great are they in demand that there are more of them made and in use than all other makes combined—their Chicago factory alone being the largest of its kind in the world.

Our Trade Mark is the portrait of Dr. A. Owen, embossed in gold upon every Belt and Appliance manufactured by the Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Co. None genuine without it.

The cheap so-called Electric Belts advertised by some concerns are perfectly worthless as a curative power and dear at any price. A genuine Electric Belt cannot be manufactured and sold at cheap prices. Send six cents for illustrated catalogue of information, testimonials, &c.

The Owen Electric Belt Co., 71 King St. West

Mention this paper.] **Toronto.**

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A Marvellous Triumph Over Disease

WITHOUT MEDICINE.

The full knowledge of this discovery, by which all future outlays for medicine or losses from ill health may be avoided, costs but $4, and will last a person for life.

The Most Wonderful Discovery of This or Any Age

All who have received the **Microcosm Extra** should order and receive the **Health Pamphlet** from **Toronto**

Local agents supplied from Toronto as required at New York rates. Save trouble with customs and avoid delay. Orders being filled the day they are received.

Do not send your orders to New York when you can be supplied from Toronto more speedily.

Correspondence invited. Further particulars sent on application.

C. C. POMEROY.

49½ KING ST. W., TORONTO.

Love's Lost Labor.

The Reverend Cecil Varian's study was, in its way, as attractive and elegantly decorated as a lady's boudoir.

There is something essentially refined and feminine in the nature of a cultivated man, and Mr. Varian liked to surround himself with beautiful things.

In this occupation, fortune and destiny seemed to aid him. Mr. Varian was rich, single and handsome, and, moreover, was the spiritual pastor of a church which boasted a goodly proportion of young ladies. These two combined facts might well account for the embroidered screens, the braided slippers, the cigar-cases and the point lace tidies which surrounded our young pastor in his learned solitude.

A low, clear coal fire burned on the hearth; the carpet was of deep purple velvet, and the silken window hangings matched it exactly in color. A marble statue of Psyche in the oriel-window was half hidden by the creeping vines which grew about its pedestal and grasped with green, clinging tendrils at every salient point; and a rare old painting of the beautiful "Madonna and Child" hung above the carved black-walnut mantle. A banner of tarnished blue silk, brought from a Jerusalem convent, was festooned over the doorway, and an Eastern chibouk, relic of Reverend Cecil's Oriental travels, occupied a stand beside the book-shelves. As for these latter they were filled with scarce editions, scented Russia bindings and illuminated folios, and the very inkstand on the desk was of costly bronze, simulating a Vesuvian incense cup. A Swiss vase of violets diffused a soft odor through the rooms, and the young pastor himself looked singularly handsome in his black velvet dressing gown, with a book in his lap.

"But this won't do," said Mr. Varian, flinging aside the volume of Tennyson over which he had been dreaming. "I must call on Miss Applewood, and read to little Charlie Cowper yet, this afternoon."

Miss Applewood was the only daughter of Mr. Hugh Applewood, the rich tea merchant; Miss Applewood, albeit she had been only a dashing society belle, up to the time of the Reverend Cecil's dawning on the social horizon, had suddenly become anxious about her soul.

"I have been so giddy, so unreflecting, all my life," Miss Applewood said, with clasped hands and down-drooping lids. And Mr. Varian could not help thinking how lovely she was, although it never once occurred to him that Miss Valencia Applewood was in love with him.

Miss Applewood was a spoiled child. All her life long she had had just what she wanted, and it did not seem among the possibilities that anything could be beyond her reach, even the favor of Mr. Varian.

"It would be so delightful to be the mistress of that lovely little gothic rectory," she thought. "And I could be perfectly happy if he loved me."

Miss Applewood made herself especially agreeable to her pastor when he called that afternoon—agreeable in that soft, beseeching sort of way which always appeals directly to the sympathies of the stronger sex. She knew that Mr. Varian was fond of music, and she sang him a new Easter hymn which was just out. She was well aware that he was a finished biblical scholar and she begged him to explain a knotty passage in the Old Testament which she declared had always puzzled her. She volunteered to visit any of the sick poor on Mr. Varian's list, to whom she could be useful, and she gently hinted that she did not intend to forget Mr. Varian's birthday, which was only a few days off.

"Only a bit of simple embroidery," said Valencia, blushing delightfully, under the dark light of Mr. Varian's handsome eyes, but it is the work of my own fingers, and I should like to do a little something for one who has done so much for me."

Valencia Applewood had never looked prettier in her life; and if the Reverend Cecil Varian had been a man of impulse, he would have been tempted to propose for her then and there.

"What a minister's wife she would make," thought he. "So artless and ingenuous—so anxious to help in the cause—so amiable and innocent."

And Mr. Varian went away, thinking that he would seriously consider the question of offering himself to Miss Applewood, as soon as he reached the sanctum of his studio.

"It is not good for a man to be alone" pondered the young divine. "and Miss Applewood is certainly a pattern of loveliness and piety!"

But the next place at which he called soon dissipated these reflections. Cecil Varian was quite in earnest in his work, and when he knelt by Little Bobby Elliott's sick-bed, in the dreary back room of the tenement house, his whole soul was in the pious words that he poured out from a full heart

Bobby was dying of hip disease—dying slowly, and in agony—and Bobby's mother and sisters were forced to toil hard to keep bread in their mouths. Mrs. Elliott was a skillful confectioner, and superintended one of the departments of a fashionable restaurant—it is hardly necessary to add, at starvation recompense. M. Bruttini was engaged in making his own fortune, and accordingly ground down every one of his subordinates to the lowest possible point of wages. What was it to him, whether they lived or died, so long as he drove his carriage in the park, and boasted of the price of his high stepping horses!

And Polly, the eldest sister—little Polly, with the red cheeks and velvet-blue eyes, stayed at home to take care of Bobby, and eked out their slender livelihood between whiles by taking in fancy-work at any remuneration she could get.

"But where is Polly, to-day?" said Mr. Varian, looking kindly around when he had comforted Bobby with a few kind words and timely suggestions.

"Please, sir," said Bobby, in whose eyes the young pastor was neither more nor less than an angel of light, "She's a-cryin', in the back bed-room!"

"Crying! What for?"

"Polly is in a deal of trouble, she is, sir," answered Bobby, wistfully.

"But crying never mended any trouble yet. Call her, my lad."

And Bobby, lifting his weak, piping voice to its highest treble, squeaked out, "Polly! I say Poll, Mr. Varian wants you! He says it's no good cryin', and no more it ain't!"

In obedience to this summons, Polly crept in, with heavy eyelids and pale face; a dimpled sixteen-year-old child, just blossoming out into the rich promise of womanly beauty.

The pastor laid his hand kindly on her head.

"What is it, Polly? Tell me," said he.

"Please, sir," faltered Polly, I got a job of work to do—braiding on velvet, sir, with a gold braid, a gentleman's slipper case, sir—and I was to have five shillings for it. It was a rich lady gave it to me, sir, through mother, as helped her out with the salads and pasties and things for a grand party. But—I don't know how it happened—but a drop of Bobby's bitter medicine got on the gold braid and discoloured a bit of the pattern. We've tried our best, sir, to take it out; and, indeed, I don't think anybody as doesn't know of it before hand would notice it; but the young lady is awful put out, and has made me pay for the material, besides losing all my work."

"Let me see it, Polly?" said Mr. Varian, kindly.

Polly brought her work—a slipper case of black velvet, braided in complicated pattern of ivy leaves and gilt berries, with long gold tassels drooping on the side. Mr. Varian had to look twice before he discovered on one of the leaves a tiny tarnished spot.

"That's nothing to signify, Polly!" said he. "Look here, I'll take it, and pay you for it!"

"Oh, but you can't, sir," said Polly. "The lady is to call for it to-night."

"Why, she has no right to it, after you have paid for the material!" cried Mr. Varian.

"I don't think she has, sir," answered Polly. "But, all the same, she insists she'll have it, and said something about the police when I made bold to ask if I couldn't keep it."

Varian's brow darkened; he did not like to view human nature in this aspect.

"I am sorry for you, Polly," he said. "Here is some money for you. Get Bobb some oranges and a glass of jelly. And I'll speak to the landlord about waiting a little for the rent, when I go down-stairs."

So Mr. Varian went away, thinking moodily about the velvet slipper-case, and the greed and rapacity of its owner.

Just three days subsequently to the events above described, a little scented package arrived for the Reverend Cecil Varian—a package wrapped in silver paper, tied with white ribbon, and accompanied by a card.

"With the best wishes and birthday congratulations of Miss Valencia Applewood."

He opened it, his calm pulses moving with a quicker thrill, perhaps, than before, and there lay the velvet slipper-case, with its intricate pattern of ivy leaves and gold berries, its long, drooping tassels, and the very tarnished spot over which Polly Elliott had shed so many unavailing tears.

Cecil Varian frowned and set his lips. Then sat down and wrote a brief and scathing letter:—

"My dear Miss Applewood:

"I chanced to be a visitor at the house of Mrs. Elliott last Monday, where I saw the enclosed article, and heard its whole history. Permit me to decline accepting a gift marred with tears, smirched by the stain of injustice and rapacity, and coming hither under false pretence of being your own work, when it was in reality embroidered by Mary Elliott.

"Yours very truly,

"CECIL VARIAN."

Valencia Applewood burst into tears of anger and futile mortification when she read this by no means reassuring note.

"Was ever poor creature so unfortunate?" sobbed she. "How was I to know he would find out it wasn't my own work!"

And so the handsome young pastor escaped the Scylla and Charybdis of Miss Applewood's lovely eyes, and the young lady herself discovered that there was one thing in the world which her money and her beauty could not buy—the love of an honest man's heart.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

The inhabitants of parts of Algeria are dying from cold and hunger.

Purifies the breath and preserves the teeth, Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold by all druggists and confectioners, 5 cents.

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Send name and address for THESIS, with REPORTS of CASES, to

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ALASKA CREAM

FOR CHAPPED HANDS, FACE, LIPS, AND ALL ROUGHNESS of the SKIN.

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TO THE INVESTOR: READ!

The Safest and Best Investment in the World is Stock in the Southern Land Company.

12 per cent. and also Equal Profit. Interest and Profits Payable Every Three Months. Shares $10 each.

WE ARE AUTHORIZED by the Southern Land Company to place on sale Ten Thousand Shares of Stock at the extreme low figures of TEN DOLLARS EACH ($10 per share), with a guarantee and pledge of not less than 12 per cent., and also an equal proportionate share in the profits arising from the investment of total capital in proportion as a number of shares purchaser holds bears to the total number of shares issued.

BY THIS PLAN a purchaser may invest any amount from $10 to $1000 with a guarantee of 12 per cent. thereupon, and an honest, equal share in the profits.

PURCHASERS are secured by the actual holdings of the company of which they become a part and parcel, amounting to over Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars, and consisting of Improved Real Estate, Investments, &c.

UNDER NO CONSIDERATION whatever will the total number of shares issued exceed Ten Thousand, nor will any one purchaser be allowed to subscribe and pay for more than one thousand shares nor less than one single share, at the uniform rate of Ten Dollars per share.

SHARES MAY BE WITHDRAWN at any time upon 30 days' notice, the holder thereof being entitled to interest thereupon within the first 3 months, and to both interest and dividends for the time thereafter—profits or dividends being declared or Divided Equally every three months. There is no system of forfeiture penalty or enforced holdings of shares for a time beyond what may be inconvenient or impossible for the purchaser to hold out. The profits are not gobbled up by a few.

THE LIMITED NUMBER of shares offered and the low purchase price make this the safest, surest, and most profitable investment ever offered in Washington.

BETTER THAN A SAVINGS BANK—
Because it pays about four times the interest.
Because the shares are on the same security.

BETTER THAN A WESTERN MORTGAGE—
Because it pays three times as much interest.
Because shares are on established values.

BETTER THAN AN INSURANCE POLICY—
Because you do not have to die to win.
Because you get the profits of your investment at any time if you wish to withdraw it.
Because you protect yourself as well as your family.

BETTER THAN GOVERNMENT BONDS—
Because it pays five times the interest.
Because you can realize quicker and it is just as safe.

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Because there are more profits and no risk.
Because shareholders are not liable for anything—they own everything.

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Atlantic Building, - - 928 and 930 F Street.

HOW TO CURE A COLD.

BY A TRAINED NURSE.

There is not a more undignified ailment in the whole list of the ills that flesh is heir to than a cold in the head. Pocket handkerchiefs are at a premium, and the sufferer feels that silk ones are the one luxury in life worth having.

Vigorous treatment in the beginning will abort it if it is commenced with the first symptoms. Send to the druggist for a mixture containing sulphate of atropia one two hundred and fortieth of a grain; bi-sulphate of quinine two grains, and Fowler's solution, five drops, to each dose. Take a dose once in two hours for three or four times, until the throat begins to feel slightly dry. If this does not entirely relieve the symptoms, repeat the treatment the next day. Copy this prescripton carefully, and use it with careas some of the ingredients are poisonous. There is no danger in using it if the directions are followed exactly.

Before going to bed take a warm bath. The next morning sponge the body rapidly with tepid water, rubbing it hard until the blood circulates quickly and the skin is in a glow.

Take more exercise than usual, and do not sit in a hot room with the windows shut.

Mix a teaspoonful of cream of tartar in a tumblerful of water and drink it during the day. If there is constipation take a gentle laxative, as a rhubarb pill. It is very important that all the avenues of the body for carrying off waste matter should be wide open.

If a cold in the head is neglected it may end in chronic catarrh. The membrane that lines the nose becomes permanently inflamed, and a cure is very difficult if not impossible.

The early symptoms of measles are like those of cold in the head. This should be borne in mind, especially with children, and the rash watched for. It appears in small, dark red dots, first on the forehead and temples, near the hair.

A cold on the chest, as it is popularly called, is a far more serious matter than a cold in the head. This is particularly the case when the lungs are delicate and there is a predisposition to disease of the chest.

It begins with a feeling of tightness and soreness across the chest; perhaps now and then a sharp darting pain and some oppression, as if a weight were resting on it. There is a slight fever and later a cough.

The whole surface should be well rubbed with warm camphorated oil, and covered with cotton batting, secured in place by a broad strip of flannel. This should be worn day and night and removed piecemeal by pulling off part of the batting every night.

The feet should be soaked in hot water with two tablespoonfuls of mustard to the gallon, and a glass of hot lemonade taken. If the invalid bears quinine well, five grains may be given and repeated twice in twelve hours. If there is much pain apply a mustard plaster until the skin is red; when there is a hard dry cough relief will be obtained by inhaling the steam from a pitcher of boiling water. As the cough becomes looser and the invalid begins to expectorate, a teaspoonful of a good cough mixture every two hours will help to soothe; flaxseed tea, a warm drink of gruel, hot milk or beef tea is vrey grateful after a fit of coughing. A person with a cold on the chest should stay in-doors, and will get rid of it sooner in bed than out of it. If obliged to leave the house, warmer stockings should be worn than usual and the feet well protected against dampness.

The best way to get rid of a cold is not to catch it. Warm underflannels and stockings should be worn in winter and not left off until the weather is really hot. Then they should be exchanged for thinner ones. The feet should be carefully shielded from damp by thick solid boots, or India rubbers.

Draughts should be avoided, particularly a cool breeze on the back of the neck, a peculiarly sensitive spot. No one who values health should go from a hot room into the the open air without an extra wrap for protection.

A flannel jacket should be worn over the night-dress at night, and the habit formed of sleeping with the window open.

If the top sash is let down one inch and the bottom one raised the same distance the ventilation will be better than if either alone were opened two inches.

Mrs. Lucy Wixom and her twin sister, Mrs. Wood, have just died in Oakland and Ionia counties, Michigan, respectively, aged 91 years.

Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum is entitled to special praise and recognition. The American nalyst. Sold by all druggists and confectioners, 5 cents.

"German Syrup"

Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewiston, and the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people and things up for what they are worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled with colds, and he often coughs enough to make him sick at his stomach. Whenever he has taken a cold of this kind he uses Boschee's German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion? Listen! "I use nothing but Boschee's German Syrup, and have advised, I presume, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup in the market." ①

Hereditary Consumption

An Infant in an Incubator.

In one of the wards of the Babies' Hospital, at New York, a baby, born prematurely is thriving in an incubator. The expectation is that the child will emerge from the incubator in about two weeks about as well equipped to enter upon the struggle for existence as is the ordinary weakly infant.

The incubator is a box about 3 feet long and 18 inches wide. There is a shelf in the box, which serves as the foundation for the thick bed of soft cotton upon which the child lies. Over the box is placed a glass cover, one end of which is slightly raised by a bit of wood for the purpose of giving ventilation. The heat is supplied through a tin tube about three inches in diameter, and is obtained from kerosene lamps, which are kept burning day and night, regulated as to the amount of flame by theremometers inside the incubator. The intention is to keep the temperature inside the incubator at about 92°.

Stretching, twisting, rolling, and squirming, the infant whose life the hospital people have undertaken to save is passing comfortably through the period of incubition, and while at first sight of him one as somewhat shocked at his meagreness and skinniness, he gradually gazes at him contentedly, impressed and reassured by the history of his case as related by the hospital physician and his nurse.

The little boy was born about two months in advance of the proper time, and his mother died just as he came into the world. Had he at once been placed in an incubator there would have been no doubt that he would do well. But a friend of the boy's mother undertook to bring him up and kept him in her care for four weeks. When she turned him over to the Babies' Hospital he weighed but three pounds and was terribly emaciated. It was decided at once that there was but one way to save the little fellow's life, and that was to put him into an incubator.

The boy has steadily improved. He takes his milk twelve times a day, part of it from the bottle and part of it from the breast, and he enjoys every mouthful. When he came to the hospital he had practically but one lung, the other had collapsed. To-day the collapsed lung has become serviceable again.

It seems almost too much to believe, but there is a probability that the helpless, pitiable atom in the box may develope into a strong, handsome man.

A famous German *restaurateur* went into the Bankruptcy Court the other day. Judge of the sensations of his customers when they learned that he owed a bill of 15,000 marks to a knacker for supplying him with the carcases of horses and donkeys! To the ingenious question as to what he wanted with these animals, the man had to answer, "Why, my customers ate them as vension!"

Dreadful.

"Where's mamma?"

Dotty stole down from the nursery to see mamma for a little while; but mamma had gone out.

It was twilight and the sitting-room was nearly dark except for the glow which came from the fire in the grate.

"Who's zis?" said Dotty, going toward the lounge.

There was quite a heap on it. Edith, her big sister, often threw her hat and cloak there when she came in from school and now they were mixed up with the slumber-robe, and somebody must be sleeping under them, for a bit of black hair peeped out from one end.

"Poor papa!" said Dotty, going up and stroking the hair with her soft little hand. "He's tum home wiv a headache again. I'm sorry. I'll tomb his head and I won't 'sturb him one bit."

She brought a comb and carefully worked away at the black locks, whispering to herself:

"Papa always likes his head tombed when he's dot a headache."

"He's fast as'eep, I dess," she went on finding that he did not move. She put her little face close down to the hair and half-whispered.

"Papa, does I 'sturb 'ou"?

But Papa did not answer, so she kept on combing, saying to herself:

"How g'ad he'll be when he wakes up and finds his headache all don"!

But just then the comb caught in a tangle.

"Oh papa, did that pull"?

No answer, and the combing went on. Another pull and the head moved a little.

"Oh papa, I'll be more tareful, 'ou see if I don't."

But a harder tangle came. The head moved toward her and fell upon the floor at her feet.

"O-o-o-o-o"! What a scream went before Dotty as she rushed into the hall.

"What's the matter"? cried Edith, who was just coming down stairs.

"What's the matter?" asked mamma, who was just coming in the street door.

"O-o-o-o-o!" Dotty was too much terrified to answer, but Edith caught her in her arms as she tried to run up stairs.

"What is it, dear?" she asked.

"O-o-o-o-o?" cried Dotty, sobbing as if her heart would break. "Papa! Papa!"

"What about papa? He's down town."

"No—I've—pulled his head off."

"Nonsense, Dotty. What do you mean?"

"O, I have—I did. In there." She pointed to the sitting room, but kicked and screamed when Edith carried her toward the door.

"Papa isn't here," said mamma.

Dotty hid her head on Edith's shoulder as mamma lit the gas, but took a little peep out as Edith said: "See. Papa isn't here."

"O-o-o-o-o! Yes, he is—he's on the lounge."

Mamma tossed over the things on the lounge. No papa was there.

"But—look on the floor," sobbed Dotty.

Mamma picked up the thing of long, straight black hairwhich lay there.

"It's my new monkey skin muff," said Edith.

Life's race well run,
Life's work all done,
Life's victory won,
Now cometh rest.

Sorrows are o'er,
Trials no more,
Ship reacheth shore,
Now cometh rest.

Faith yields to sight,
Day follows night,
Jesus gives light,
Now cometh rest.

We awhile wait,
But soon or late
Death opes the gate,
Then cometh rest.

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"TRUTH'S" SPRING BIBLE COMPETITION

NO. 22.

LIST OF REWARDS ARRANGED IN TWENTY-ONE DIVISIONS.

SEND NOW! DON'T DELAY!

In these latter days there have arisen many false schemes and many scores of imitations of TRUTH'S Competitions, but one after another have failed and utterly perished, yet TRUTH prevails, and makes good all its promises. Its reputation is now too well established to risk damaging it, and as it has cost a very large amount of money and many years of care and labor to build up, the publisher could not afford to fail in carrying out all his agreements to the letter. Please note that there are twenty-one divisions, instead of three as formerly, of the largest list of bona fide prizes ever offered and ever actually given away by any publisher in the world. The total value of prizes in this Spring list is about $10,000. Send one dollar and answers to the five following questions: Where in the Bible are these words first found: 1, GRAIN; 2, CORN; 3, WHEAT; 4, BARLEY; 5, RYE. If your answers are correct, and your letters arrive in time, you are almost sure to get a reward, as there are so many and every one sending in cannot always find correct answers to all these questions. All the five answers must be correct to get any prize, but you will get full value for the dollar in TRUTH if you don't get anything else. There have been very few dissatisfied prize-winners in previous competitions, considering that we have given away during the past eight years scores of thousands of prizes. Some people expect a piano for every dollar sent, and are mad if they don't get it. We wish it were possible to give every subscriber a gold watch or a piano or both, but we can't do it. Some publishers intimate they will, but nobody can do it for any length of time. Send one dollar and correct answers and you won't regret it; and bear in mind that we do not guarantee that everybody whose answers are correct will get a prize, but this we do say, that all those prizes in the twenty-one different lists will be given away:

FIRST REWARDS.

One Very Fine Toned and Well Finished Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm $500

One Gentleman's First-Class Safety Bicycle, Ball Bearings, a superior machine $120

Next Five Each an Extra Quadruple Silver Plate, Double Walled Ice Pitcher, $15. $75

Next thirty, each a beautiful Morocco bound copy of the Revised Version of the New Testament, $3 ..... $90

Next Twenty-Four, Each a Child's Extra Quadruple Silver Plated Set, Knife, Fork and Spoon, in Fine Satin Lined Case, $3 ..... $72

SECOND REWARDS.

First Three Each Fine Family Sewing Machine, with all latest improvements, solid walnut case, hand polished, retailed at $70 ..... $210

Next Two, Each a Fine Double Barrelled English Breech Loading Shot Gun, top action, pistol grip, rebounding locks, solid walnut stock, twist barrels, $30 ..... $60

Next Three Each a Lady's Fine Gold Watch, hunting case, beautifully engraved Waltham Movement, stem winding, pinion set, full jewelled, $50.. $150

Next Ten, Each an Elegant Breakfast Cruet, extra quadruple plate, hand painted bottles, very neat, $4 ..... $40

THIRD REWARDS.

First Three, an Extra Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Service, (4 pieces), satin finish, a beautiful set, $40 ..... $120

Next Three, Each a Colts New Lightning Magazine Rifle, sixteen shots, a magnificent fire arm, $25 ..... $75

Next Four, Each a Fine China Dinner Service, (100 pieces,) an extra choice

Next Thirteen, Each a Pair of Excellent Steel Scissors, $2 ..... $26

Next Twenty-five, each a ½ Dozen Set Silver Plated Forks, useful for extra service, not heavily plated, $2 ..... $50

FOURTH REWARDS.

First Three, each a Gentleman's Hunting Case Gold Watch, extra heavy cases, beautifully engraved, non-magnetic, Waltham Movement, full jewelled, patent pinion set, stem winding, $50 ..... $150

Next Fifteen, Each a Fine Quadruple Plate, fine [illegible] Dish, $3.. $45

Next Twenty-one, Each a Fine Solid Gold Stiffened Thimble, any size, $5.... $105

Next thirty, each a beautiful Morocco bound copy of the Revised Version of the New Testament, $3 ..... $90

FIFTH REWARDS.

First Five, each a Ladies' Open Face, Solid, Plain Gold Swiss Watch, stem winding, a beautiful little watch and good time keeper, $30 ..... $150

Next six, each a Gentleman's Silver Open Face Watch, Waltham movement, exact time piece, $50 ..... $300

Next six, each a Ladies' Gold Hunting Case Swiss Watch, a reliable timer, $50 $240

Next fifty, each a Ladies' Fine Solid Silver Thimble, $1.50 ..... $75

SIXTH REWARDS.

First Three, each a fine Black Corded Silk Dress length, $25 ..... $75

Next Fifteen, each Half Dozen full Quadruple Plate Tea Spoons, $3 ..... $45

Next Ten, each a beautifully bound Set of Macaulay's History of England 5 vols., $10 ..... $100

Next Six, each a Ladies' Fine Solid Silver Watch, a good article, $10 ..... $60

SEVENTH REWARDS.

First Six, each a set of half doz. extra full quadruple silver plated Table Spoons $5 ..... $30

Next Six, each a set of half dozen of extra full quadruple silver plate Dessert Spoons, $4.50 ..... $38

Next Six, each a set of one dozen extra full quadruple silver plate Dinner Knives, in neat case, $10 ..... $60

Next Six, each a set of one dozen extra full quadruple silver plate Tea Knives, in neat case, $8 ..... $48

EIGHTH REWARDS.

First Four, each an Extra Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Service, 4 pcs., satin finish, a beautiful set, $40 ..... $160

Next three, each a Colt's New Lightning Magazine Rifle, sixteen shots, a magnificent firearm, $25 ..... $75

Next Four Each a Fine Cashmere Dress, sufficient to make up a Ladies' Dress, $10 $40

Next Fifty, Each a Half Dozen set of light Silver Plated Forks, suitable for extra service when they will not be much used, $2 ..... $100

NINTH REWARDS.

First Five Each a set Carvers' Knife, Fork and Steel, very fine, $7 ..... $35

Next Two, Fine Family Sewing Machine, with all the latest improvements solid walnut case, hand polished, retailed at $70 ..... $140

Next, three, each a double barrelled English Breech Loading Shot Gun, top action, pistol grip, rebounding locks, solid walnut stock, best twist barrels, $30 ..... $90

Next Three, Each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, Hunting Case, beautifully engraved, Waltham movement, stem winding, pinion set, full jewelled, $50.. $300

Next Ten, Each an Elegant Breakfast Cruet, extra Quadruple Plate, hand painted Bottles, very neat, $4 ..... $60

TENTH REWARDS.

First One Fifty Dollars in Cash $50

Next Five, each a beautifully chased full Quadruple Plate, Satin Finish, Waiters or Salvers, $10 ..... $50

Next Ten Each a very fine solid nickle, straight line lever Genuine Watch. This watch is well constructed and an exact time piece, and no way to be compared with cheap nickle watches, $20 $144

Next one, a French music box, plays ten airs, Harp, Harmonica and Piccolo, changes air at will, in handsome Rosewood case, with inlaid cover, size $20

Next Three, each a handsome hand painted brass finish, Drawing Room Lamp, $5 ..... $15

ELEVENTH REWARDS.

First three, each a Fine Black Corded, Silk Dress, $25 ..... $75

Next fifteen, each Half Doz. Quadruple Plate Tea Spoons, extra quality .....

Next Ten Each a New Pattern extra quadruple plate Cake Basket, very pretty, $7 ..... $70

Next Five, Each a Full Quadruple Plate Berry Dish, with beautifully colored and white cut glass bowl, a very showy, choice article $15 ..... $75

Next Six Each a Fine extra quadruple plate Dinner Cruet, $7 ..... $42

TWELFTH REWARDS.

First Three, each a Ladies' open face, Solid Gold Swiss Watch, stem winding, a beautiful little watch and good time keeper, $30 ..... $90

Next three, each a Gentleman's Gold Open Face Watch, Waltham movement, exact time piece, $50 ..... $150

Next fifty, each a Ladies' Fine Solid Silver Thimble, $1.50 ..... $ 75

Next six, each a Fine Quadruple Silver Plated, combined Sugar Bowl and Spoon Holder, with one dozen Tea Spoons, $12 ..... $72

THIRTEENTH REWARDS.

First Five, Each a Gentleman's Hunting Case or Open Face Gold Watch, extra cases, beautifully engraved, Waltham Movement, full jewelled, pinion set, stem winder, $50 ..... $250

Next Twelve Each a Lady's or Gentleman's Fine Gold Pencil, very useful and pretty, $2 ..... $24

Next thirty, each a beautiful Morocco bound copy of the Revised Version of the New Testament, $3 ..... $90

Next twenty-one, each a Fine Solid Gold Stiffened Thimble, (any size,) $5 ..... $105

FOURTEENTH REWARDS.

First Five Each, a set of half a dozen of extra full quadruple silverplate Table Spoons, $5 ..... $25

Next Seven, Each a set of half dozen of extra full quadruple silver plate Dessert Spoons, $4.50 ..... $31.50

Next Six Each a set of one dozen extra full quadruple silver plate Tea Knives in neat case, $8 ..... $48

Next Twelve, Each a set of half dozen extra full quadruple Plate Tea Spoons $5 ..... $60

FIFTEENTH REWARDS.

First, One very Fine Toned and Finished Upright Piano, by reliable maker..... $500

Second, One First Class Lady's Safety Bicycle, ball bearings, a superior machine $110

Next six, each an Extra Quadruple Silver Plate, double Rolled Ice Pitcher, $15 $90

Next twelve, each a Ladies' Fine Silver Watch, a beautiful article, $7 ..... $84

Next twenty-four, each a Child's Extra Quadruple Silver Plated Set, Knife, Fork and Spoon, in fine Satin Lined Case, $3 ..... $72

SIXTEENTH REWARDS.

First Three an Elegant China Dinner Service of 104 pieces, $50 ..... $150

Next Five Each a Fine French Tea Service of 44 pieces, specially imported, $40 $200

Next Seven Each a complete set of George Elliott's Works, bound in cloth, 3 vols. $15 ..... $105

Next Five Each a a superbly bound volume Dore Bible Gallery, a beautiful gift book, $2 ..... $10

SEVENTEENTH REWARDS.

First One Twenty Dollars in Cash $20

Next Five an Elegant China Tea Service of 44 pieces, $25 ..... $125

Next Five, Each a Beautifully Bound Gift Book, Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, $2.50 ..... $12.50

Next Seven Each a Complete Set of Macaulay's History of England, as entertaining as a novel, bound in cloth 5 vols., $15 ..... $105

Next Seven Each a Ladies' Fine Gold Open Face or Hunting Case Watch $30 ..... $210

EIGHTEENTH REWARDS.

First Fifty Dollars in cash $50

Next Two Each a Fine Family Sewing Machine, $50 ..... $100

Next Three Each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, $50 ..... $150

Next Five Each a Fine Triple Silver Plated Tea Set (4 pieces) $40 ..... $200

Next Nine Each a Ladies' Fine Silver Watch, an excellent article, $10 ..... $90

NINETEENTH REWARDS.

First One, an Elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm $500

Second One, One Hundred Dollars in cash $100

Next Fifteen Each a supremely bound Teacher's Bible, $3 ..... $45

Next Twenty Each a Lady or Gentleman's Fine Gold Carved Ring, $1.50 30

Next Eleven Each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet.. $55

Next Five Each a Beautiful Quadruple silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) $40 $200

TWENTIETH REWARDS.

First One Twenty Dollars in cash $20

Next Eighteen Each a Gentleman's Handsome Silver Open Face Watch, Waltham Movement, $20 ..... $360

Next Five Each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, $50 ..... $250

Next Forty-five Each a handsome long Silver Plated Button Hook $55

TWENTY-FIRST REWARDS.

First one, Twenty-Five Dollars in cash .. $25

Next Fifteen Each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, $7 ..... $105

Next Twenty-nine Each a Complete Set of Dickens' Works, handsomely bound in cloth, 10 vols., $3.0 ..... $531

Next Twenty-one Each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, new design $5

Next Five Each a Beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) $40 $200

Next Twenty-five a Teacher's Fine Well Bound Bible, with concordance, $4 $100

This competition remains open only until the last day of June next, inclusive, and the prizes will be immediately distributed to the successful ones. Ten days will be allowed for letters to reach us from distant points after the 30th June. All, however, must be postmarked where mailed not later than the 30th June, or any time between now and that date. Address S. Frank Wilson, "Truth" Office, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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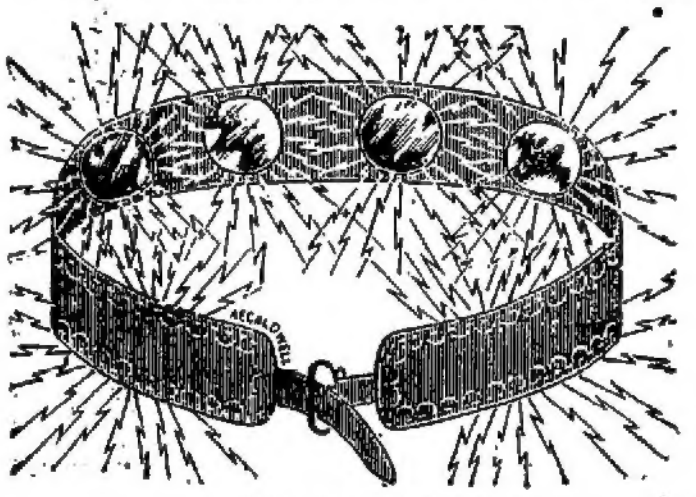

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A. E. Caldwell, Engraver, 71 King street, City, Rheumatism in the knee cured.

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W. J. Gould, Gurney's Stove Works, City, not able to work for three weeks, cured in four days—Sciatica.

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C. C. Rockwood, 16 Bulwer street, City, cured of Lame Back in a few days.

Mrs. Geo. Planner, City, Liver and Kidneys, now free from all pain, strong and happy.

Miss Flora McDonald, 21 Wilton avenue, City, reports a lump drawn from her wrist.

Josiah Fennell, 287 Queen street east, City, could not write a letter, went to work on the sixth day—Neuralgia.

Mrs. Wm. Bennett, 14 King street west, City, after years of sleeplessness now never loses a wink—Butterfly Belt.

Mrs. S. M. Whitehead, 578 Jarvis street, City, a sufferer for years, could not be induced to part with our Belt.

Mrs. F. Stevens, 140 Lisgar St., City. Blind with Rheumatic Inflammation—cured in three weeks by Actina, Butterfly Belt and Insoles.

Geo. H. Lucas, Veterinary Dentist, 168 King street west, had dyspepsia for six years, entirely cured in eight weeks—Butterfly Belt and Insoles.

Richard Hood, 40 Stewart street, City, used Actina three months for a permanent cure—Catarrh.

Alex. Rogers, Tobacconist, City, declared Actina worth $100. Headache.

E. Riggs, 220 Adelaide street west, City, Catarrh cured by Actina.

John Thompson, Toronto Junction, cured of Tumor in the Eye in two weeks by Actina.

Miss E. M. Forsyth, 18 Brant street, City, reports a lump drawn from her hand, twelve years' standing.

Senator A. E. Botsford advises everybody to use Actina for Failing Eye-sight.

Miss Laura Grose, 106 King street west, City, Granulated Eyelids, cured in four weeks—used Actina and Belt.

Mrs. J. Stevens, 82 Tecumseth street, City. Rheumatism in the Eyelids, spent three weeks in the hospital, eyes opened in two days.

Mrs. M'Laughlin, 84 Centre street, City, a cripple from Rupture, now able to attend to her household duties.

Giles Williams, Ontario Coal Co., says Actina is invaluable for Bronchitis and Asthma.

J. H. McCarthy, Ag't N. P. & M. Ry., Altamont, Man., Chronic Catarrh and Catarrhal Deafness for seven years, entirely cured by Actina.

THOMAS JOHNSON, New Sarum, suffered with Weak Lungs and Asthma—Lungs strengthened and Asthma cured.

Mrs. Beard, Barrie, Ont., cured of Catarrh of three years' standing—Actina and Insoles.

Rev. R. W. Mills, Brinston Corners, Ont., entirely well, had Catarrh very bad—used Actina and Insoles.

H. S. Fleetwood, a wreck mentally and physically. Cause, nightly emissions. Perfectly cured.

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Thos. Bryan, 541 Dundas street, City, Nervous Debility—improved from the first day until cured.

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J. A. T., Ivy, cured of emissions in three weeks. Your Belt and Suspensory cured me of Impotency, writes J. A. I would not be without your Belt and Suspensory for $50, writes J. McG. For General Debility your Belt and Suspensory are cheap at any price, says S. N. C. Belt and Suspensory gave H. S., of Fleetwood, a new lease of life. K. E. G. had no faith, but was entirely cured of Impotency.

W. T. Brown, 73 Richmond street west, City. Varicocele, tried several doctors; all advised the knife. Cured in six weeks with Butterfly Belt and Suspensory.

John Bromagem, Varicoceles, cured in five weeks—Butterfly Belt, Suspensory and Insoles.

Reuben Silverthorn, Teeterville, was almost a wreck. Entirely cured by the Belt and Suspensory.

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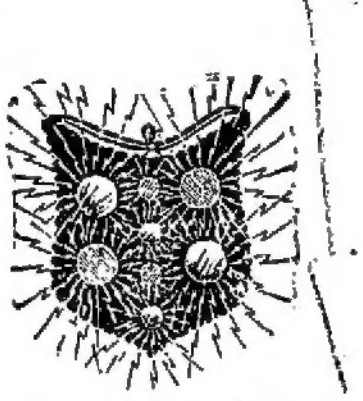

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